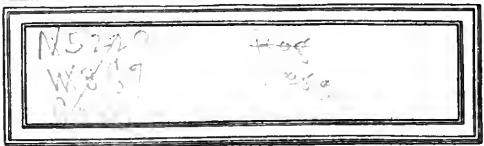
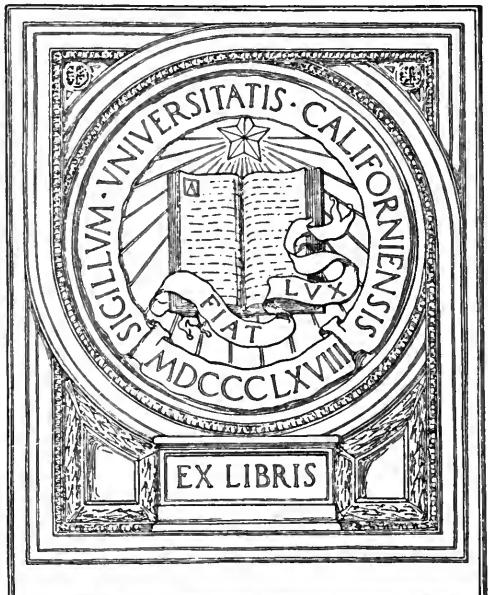
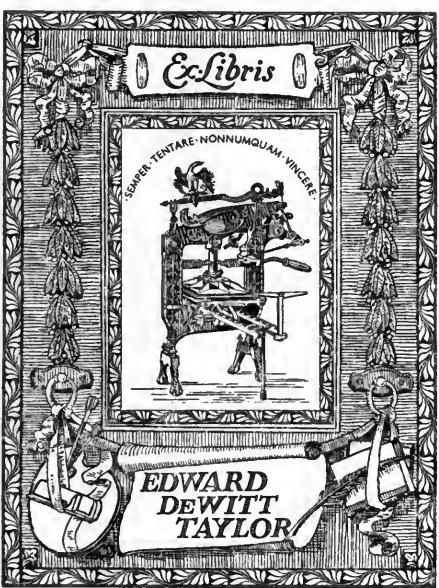


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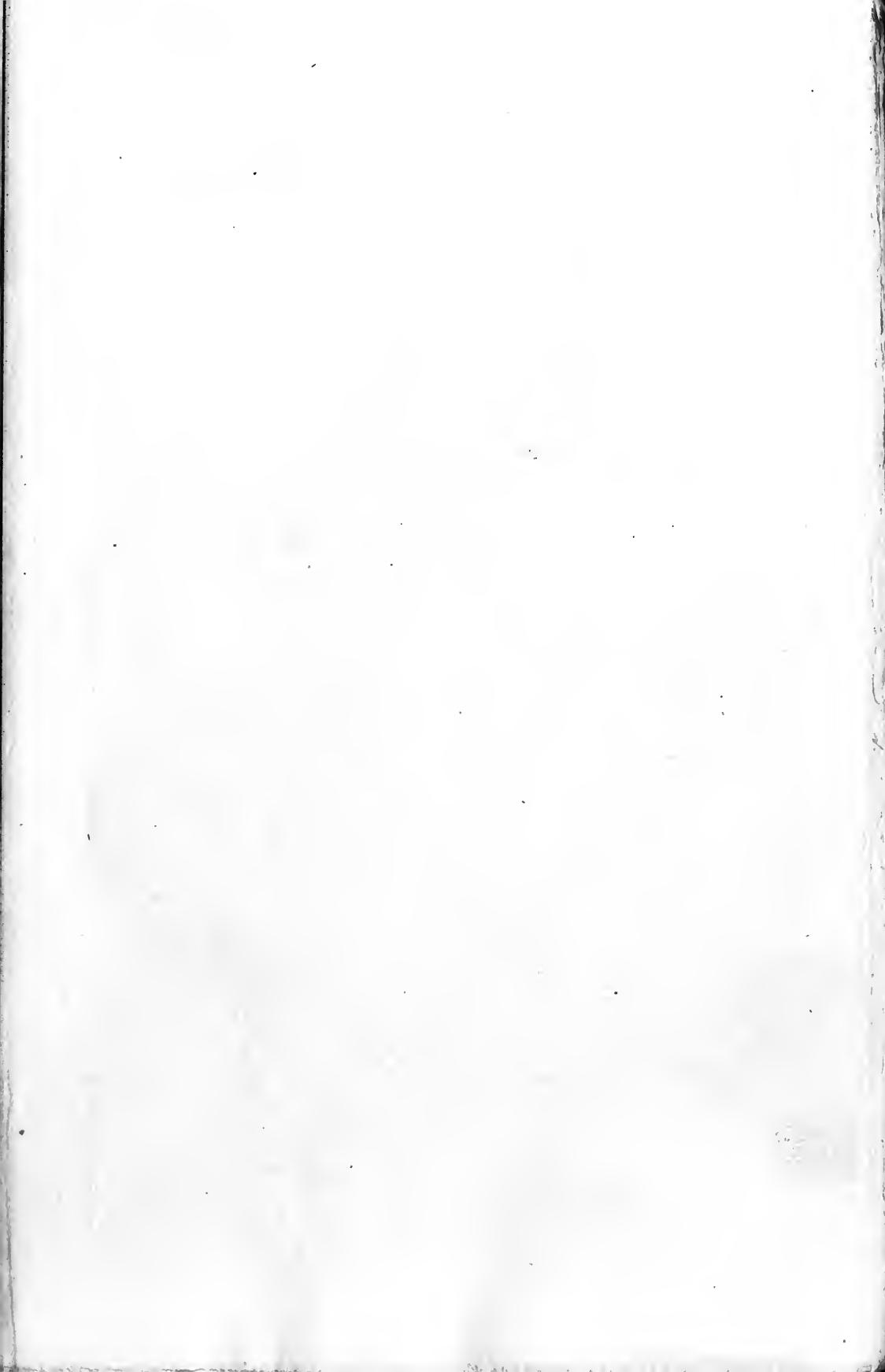
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Gift of Herman Phager

Kathy Taylor
1920





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COLLECTION OF
W·T·WALTERS



J·M·BOWLES EDITOR
AND PUBLISHER

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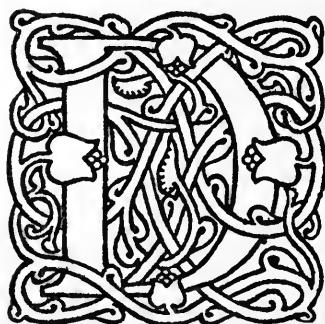
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INTRODUCTION



URING a visit to Washington in the spring of 1892 I had the extreme pleasure of spending a day with Mr. Walters' pictures at Baltimore. The first thing that impressed me on entering the gallery was the personality of the collection. Another thing I noticed was its wide range, both in regard to subject and style. It was confined to no school or nationality, and while there were scores of the greatest paintings ever brought to our country, there was not a bad picture in the room. You felt that you were surrounded by the works of the strongest painters, and there was nothing in the decoration or arrangement of the gallery that in any way interrupted or marred their effect. In taking a hurried glance around the room I was attracted to a portrait, a three-quarter length, of a gentleman. The subject was a business man, short and compact, with strong features and healthy color. This picture was painted with such vigor, force and realism that I was startled for the moment and could not get away from it. I found myself continually returning to it and trying to analyze the man, not the picture, for it seemed to me to be a real living Ego. The man appeared to be related to the pictures about him. They

"The city of Baltimore possesses an institution of which any city might well be proud, ** a private collection which has been gradually unfolding during the last half century until it has reached proportions of unrivaled magnitude and far-reaching influence." Martha J. Lamb

INTRO- DUCTION

seemed to fit together. As there was no name on the picture save that of the painter, Léon Bonnat, inquiry revealed the fact that it was a portrait of the proprietor, Mr. Walters. Then I saw at once the relationship between the portrait and the pictures surrounding it. They were brought together as a result of his personal taste, and revealed him as a man of broad human sympathy. In the fall of 1892, at the earnest request of Mr. J. M. Bowles, the writer was induced to attempt to describe some of the great pictures of the collection for "Modern Art," a publication then about to be placed before connoisseurs. Entirely inexperienced, it was with fear and trembling I approached the sacred spheres of the works of the greatest masters of the century, lest in some way I should mar or do discredit to their matchless beauty by a feeble attempt to translate into words these pictures, born of feeling. Encouraged by the reception given to the articles in "Modern Art," the present publication was determined on. With this enlarged work in view the writer has made many pilgrimages to this Mecca of art, gathering the inspiration from the pictures that was necessary to its fulfillment. In the arrangement of these papers I am greatly indebted to Mr. Bowles, who has carefully edited them and whose personal taste is represented in the artistic form of the book.

Besides the various articles described in this little volume there still remain worlds of beauty unmentioned. This household is from garret to cellar a veritable museum, stored with objects of art. To the artist as well as the public the educational value of the collection can not be overestimated. It is an honor to our country and stands as a beautiful monument of the true use of wealth. Of him whose life

"The primary consideration in selection has been that of the beauty of a picture—beauty, pure and simple. It is because of this fact that the gallery has gained its great celebrity among the truest critics, one of whom says enthusiastically that it comes near being the realization of a connoisseur's dream, and another—the eminent authority upon all art matters, M. Durand Gréville—to exclaim, 'Too much riches—and such incomparable riches.' "

Alfred Mathews

INTRO- DUCTION

work is treasured in this residence, words of praise are unnecessary. The objects themselves speak with far more eloquence than could the pen of the most accomplished. It is a grand realization of the dreams of his youth, dreams whose fulfillment then was visible only in the boundless possibilities of the great world that lay before him. Like a gardener on the silvery side of life, who is found among the plants and flowers which he has nurtured and seen grow into the fullness of nature, so has he for years watched the development of this beautiful collection, and with loving care constantly added and weeded out until one would linger long ere displacing a single object. Between him and many of the most illustrious of the artists represented bonds of friendship have existed which greatly endear their works to him. In gathering the data from which these articles have been written nothing could have exceeded the kindness shown the writer by Mr. Walters, whose work exemplified in the formation of this collection implies a genius as peculiar and distinct in its way as that of any of the masters whose names appear on these pages. To this work and to him who accomplished it I humbly dedicate this book, brought as a cluster of wild flowers plucked from the wayside.

Richard B. Gruelle

Indianapolis, July, 1894



I



Jean François Millet

LET Who can overestimate the value of the life and work of this serious master? Displaying a strong talent for painting, he received a small pension from the municipal council of Cherbourg which enabled him to go to Paris, where he entered the studio of Delaroche. These early years, like his whole career, were marked by a continuous struggle for existence. It was at this period that he became acquainted with those kindred spirits, Corot, Rousseau, Diaz, Dupré and Barye. The latter was struggling to teach man the grandeur of the animal kingdom, and make him more sensitive to its value and beauty, while he, Millet, was destined to call out a higher appreciation of the men who delve in the fields. At first he conformed to the prevailing taste of the times and painted popular subjects, and with some success, but his heart yearned for deeper and better things. He turned toward the peasants, drawn by the earnestness of his nature, the memory of his kindred and their humble lives, and the deep impressions received from them since his earliest childhood. The burden of humanity seemed to lie heavily upon him. It was as if some unseen power had said, "These are

"The gay side never shows itself to me. I don't know where it is. I have never seen it. The gayest thing I know is the calm, the silence, which is so sweet both in the forest and in the fields."

Millet

MILLET

"My programme is Work. 'Thou shalt gain thy bread in the sweat of thy brow' was written centuries ago.—Immutabile destiny which none may change!"

Millet

"The aim of a great painter is not to fly away toward the moon and the stars; it is to walk with a firm step and a feeling heart in the path which he chooses, always sincere toward himself, toward men, and toward nature. This aim Millet had; and it was that which made him incomparable and immortal."

Théophile Silvestre

my children, go paint them;" teaching the world that underneath their coarse and unpolished exteriors there were living souls striving for something better. To the serious, religious nature of Millet the path of duty lay plainly before him, and without regard to circumstances or external conditions he walked therein. He was a poet whose heart beat in perfect unison with the life about him. He sang the songs of the peasants' joys and sorrows with such earnestness that the heart of humanity has been touched and quickened into a higher appreciation of their beauty and worth. In fact, Millet's art has entered largely into the civilization of our time, teaching in its silent way the brotherhood of man. The clouds of adversity which had hung over him for thirty years were just breaking when he fell, tired and weary with the struggle. He alone of all his companions was destined to go without reaping the rewards of his life's work. To him, honors, like flowers, were strewn upon his bier.

Millet was one of the most original painters of the century and unlike any of his predecessors. His soul was completely absorbed in his work, notwithstanding the poverty and want that constantly stalked beside him. With the exception of Frére and Breton, no one else has truly painted the peasant, before or since; save perhaps in those bits of home life painted early in the century by Chardin and Fortin. Hundreds have tried to paint them, but few have gone beyond the picturesque; the outer or objective side. Millet, being a peasant, painted the true conditions of the life which he humbly shared. Save in one or two instances, hope is always found associated with his peasants. They are ever concerned in and preparing for the morrow. Whether digging or gleanling they

are never despondent, though their condition is expressed with pathos. There are three grand examples of his powers in the main gallery here, beautiful, original and distinct in style, while in the water color room there are several matchless drawings.

MILLET

One of Millet's most poetic pictures is "The Sheepfold." Here you have silence painted, perhaps as never expressed before. In this little moonlight is seen a simple flat plain such as Millet has painted in most of his pictures. On the left there is a pen or sheepfold, made of slender poles. At the gate stands the shepherd; beside him his faithful dogs. Moving around and from you, toward the fold, is a herd of sheep huddled closely together, while just above the horizon hangs the moon. Into this little picture there is painted such a great sense of vastness that you lose all thought of dimensions and feel the real depth and breadth of nature. The whole scene is pervaded with an air of repose, a stillness that is filled with mystery, heightened by the manner in which the sheep huddle together as if some awful sound might break the stillness. That they sense the feeling of solitude, you can not help but feel. As you look at the sky you are seeing into endless space. The moon is so luminous and surrounded with such a wonderful light that you fall into the prevailing sentiment of the picture and are transported to the place, to become a part of the scene. You feel the moon coming forward in full relief and then gradually sinking back into the far distance, so softly, so tenderly, so lovingly that you are entranced with its beauty. It is a really luminous light-giving orb, and for the first time in my life I find a moon painted so that you would never mistake it for a wafer. The tone of the picture is of a bluish, silvery, pur-

No. 141
"THE SHEEPFOLD
— MOONLIGHT"

MILLET

plish hue. The outlines are very indefinitely, very tenderly, let into the background, yet everything has a firmness and solidity that could not be surpassed. The light from the moon throws long, mysterious shadows across the ground, indescribable in effect. There is always something wonderful in the color of the little touches of shadow that you find in Millet's landscapes—a mouldy purple, but a very subdued one. This, too, is a picture that speaks to the inner senses as well as to the material sight. Millet was essentially a religious painter. He saw and felt the beauty that existed unappreciated in the humble life about him. Many artists had painted pictures of peasant life, but no one had attempted to paint them save as boors engaged in drinking or having a good time. But to Millet their humble life was full of the grand poetry of humanity. To paint this and compel the world to acknowledge it was his mission. That he would suffer while doing this great work he undoubtedly realized, but the inner forces of nature working out the development of man pushed him forward, and without turning to the right or left he worked with this one great object in view. The struggles and suffering that came to him only unfolded the real, tender, loving spirit within him. While "singing the songs of the lowly" he was unconsciously developing his own nature and gaining for himself a name, an immortality that should mark an epoch in the evolution, not only of art, but of all that is good, true and beautiful. In his work breathes the sentiment of the religion of the future, the religion of humanity; live, vigorous and based on the universal brotherhood of man. In this picture you feel the relationship of all things; in fact, you feel in all Millet's pictures that he had not simply a passing acquaintance, but a ten-

"It was in the full bloom of that commanding style that Millet came forward with his veritable peasantry, in their energetic attitudes, and with their clothes that little by little had taken the earth color, so completely had man assimilated himself with the soil. 'This lacks poetry,' people said; in other words, this lacked falsehood. There was no arrangement for dazzling the eye; in this style everything addressed itself to the thought.

It was not on the surface of the canvas that the poetry lay—it was the essence of those creations."

Albert Wolff

der, loving sympathy for all things. Hence, we call his art sympathetic and we love to think of him as "the brother," because he gave his life for the benefit of those about him.

"The Potato Harvest" is a very characteristic Millet and full of his best inspiration. All the distinguished beauties of his art are found here and it is undoubtedly one of his noblest pictures. The coloring is of a rich, deep, glowing kind that appeals to the emotions. A tender olive tone runs through the entire picture, and while it is quiet and restful, yet there is a strength of both color and drawing that is powerful in effect. There is a great sense of largeness, a characteristic that is found in all of Millet's work. Every touch on the canvas is the result of careful, serious plodding, as it were, to attain the desired end. He worked and dug until he reached the full realization of his subject. In this picture you feel the vital forces of the man.

In the immediate foreground a peasant woman holds a sack into which a man is emptying potatoes. These figures are round and statuesque. They have the movement of living realities, the real ponderosity of life. Size and vitality are felt at once. The costumes are somber and in harmony with the sentiment of the nature about them, a thing Millet never missed. Just back of the figures are sacks filled with potatoes. They are stacked, ready to be loaded into a picturesque and awkward cart which stands beside them. The left side of the picture is dark and sober in color. A shower is passing by and the dark purple gray of the rain as it falls from the clouds is marvelously realistic. There is a truth about the painting of this shower that has rarely been attained by any one. You can see the passing

MILLET

No. 60
"THE POTATO HARVEST"

MILLET

of the clouds, and the effect of movement in the falling rain is remarkable. You almost hear it roar as it pelts upon the ground, and feel the balmy breeze blowing across the plain. The right distance is flooded with rich golden sunlight which, seen through the pelting rain, is glorious in its glowing. The horizon stretches out into infinitude, a horizon in which you feel the roundness of the earth. Its wondrous beauty creates an indescribable feeling of longing, the sensation felt when looking at such a sky in nature. Against this wonderful horizon a group of peasants is dimly seen. They are back a short distance from the group in the foreground and are digging potatoes; near them is a woman picking them up. The intentness with which they do their work, the seriousness of the entire picture, show the devotedness with which this master painted the conditions of peasant life, just as he found them.

What glorious colors! They come from the twilight of the soul, those sympathetic, universal chords that emanated from Millet's harmonious nature. It is a coloring that is found in no other artist's work and that goes deeply into one's sympathies and there abides. You can never get away from the tones Millet introduced into his paintings. They are vital; they were born of a deep, sensitive soul that had but one thought, the realization of the work he had set out to accomplish.

Now let us look at another wonderful example of his art, the "Breaking Flax." This woman with her back turned toward you is stooping over a strange looking device with which flax is broken. She is dressed in light blue homespun and as she bends, the drapery, striking the salient points of her figure, lends itself to the lines of her form and reveals its

beauty, a robust beauty that belongs to rustic life. It has a charm like that of a flower of the field compared to the cultured ones of the hot-house, and is none the less beautiful because of its humbleness. The elements of this little painting are so simple, so quiet, that many pass it by, failing to at once see its charm; in doing so they lose one of the delights of the collection. There is something so wonderful about it. In the first place, the realization of form in this picture is as fine as Millet, or any other painter, ever executed. It is genuine, solid flesh and bone that is in its way worthy of Michael Angelo. There is the same intentness on what is being done that you always find in Millet's peasants. They need no explanation; they speak for themselves. The background is dark, transparent and olive in tone. There are no bright colors nor anything on which the eye can satisfy the decorative sense. But instead there is a subtle beauty that is so wonderful that you can always come to it and linger. This is great art. It touches the soul and at the same time gratifies the artistic sense. On these qualities this picture rests its claim. It is a beautiful example of the power of a man who possessed deep feeling and the capacity for expressing himself beautifully and in perfect harmony with nature.

MILLET

"Do you know that they are terrible, Millet and Rousseau? They are like rocks; their ideas are immovable. They are just like two fakirs, and nothing can make them modify one of their opinions."

Thoré



HÉODORE ROUSSEAU No artist ever delved deeper into the profound mysteries of nature than Rousseau. There was something deeply serious and sensitive in his soul which made him a fit instrument for the rendering of those grand melan-

ROUSSEAU

"One can see that nature spoke very directly to you, and that you saw with your own eyes. It is yours and not some other's."

From a letter to Rousseau from Millet

choly harmonies of her more dramatic side. The struggles through which he passed turned his sympathies toward the solitude of nature. Here alone he found solace. The subjective beauty and character of deep shadowy landscapes studded with trees never had a more serious interpreter. The gathering gloom of evening, the velvety shadows of massive oaks, the glorious coloring of sunset, all found in him a master who was not content with a passing glance but entered deeply into the spirit of it all. But he was combated by the artists of his day, save the few kindred souls who dared to express that which they felt. Two especially true ones were Dupré and Millet. Dupré forced the dealers to a recognition of Rousseau's merits, and Rousseau, when fortune smiled just a little, turned to poor Millet and out of his scanty means bought some of his pictures, pretending they were for an American collector. In the forest of Fontainebleau, whose primitive grandeur has never been disturbed by the ravages of modern civilization, Rousseau drew his inspiration from the eternal source of beauty. At times, while under the influence of some powerful mood, he reached a climax in his work, a dramatic expression that is unparalleled in art. Strange as it may seem, his native country failed to recognize his greatness until other nations had paid him tribute. By the power of his genius he finally triumphed, but the neglect he had suffered left its sting, and at last, broken in spirit, the great soul took its flight.

No. 103
"LE GIVRE—
WINTER SOLITUDE"

This collection is rich in his works, as it contains the grandest product of his genius, "Winter Solitude," a landscape that stands alone, unsurpassed in any age or epoch of art. What a strange picture! with its weird color—some-

ROUSSEAU

thing so different from anything you ever saw before. It has a curious effect on you. You think of Liszt's arrangement of the "Erl King," such a strange, greenish whitish gray, such indescribable coloring.

A simple plain, slightly undulating toward the front of the picture. There are patches of half melted snow, with here and there some tufts of grass and weeds, and earth and rocks creeping out. The sky is heavy with leaden gray clouds stretching away into space. Near the horizon a shaft of sunlight tears its way through the clouds and lights their ragged edges with gold and red. This bit of light is so real that you can almost see it changing from gold to vermillion. You feel that if you wait a moment it will change to crimson and then gradually fade away until only the faintest traces of color can be seen; as a wave of melody passes farther and farther away until the sound dies into perfect stillness. This light does not touch any part of the landscape, but the whole earth is shrouded with a strong greenish tone of such indescribable color that you can not think of anything with which to compare it, unless it is the dull greenish phosphorescent light of the glow-worm. It is a picture that you feel you can not coolly analyze. Its existence is the result of a mood, an influence that the artist was trying to rid himself of. He had made a promise, to another artist, that disturbed him. Feeling that he must get away from its influence, he took a canvas and painted this wonderful picture in just eight days. That he saw what he painted no one will doubt. That those gray clouds did cover the sky and that the light did break through with its bright hopeful color, is true, yet you feel that he put into the picture those emotions that were constantly pressing

"This admirable picture was but another sad trial in Rousseau's life. No one desired this pathetic drama. It required twenty years to make it understood."

Alfred Sensier

ROUSSEAU

his inmost nature and demanding an expression. Under these conditions he painted one of the saddest yet one of the most beautiful pictures that ever came from the genius of man, and thus the vital forces of Rousseau's great nature made an imprint on canvas that will live as long as man is sensitive to beauty and the human heart can feel.

No. 93

"EARLY SUMMER AFTERNOON"

"The grand aspect of landscape and its tenderness are equally familiar to him. He renders with the same mastery the smile of creation and its terrors."

Wolff

An entirely different phase of Rousseau's art is shown in the "Early Summer Afternoon." It is nature, beautiful and supreme. A feeling of calmness steals over you as you gaze on it, and there is a sense of silence that you feel is only broken by the twittering of birds or the droning of insects. It is a joyous, cheerful picture, full of hope and promise. Here is painted the real velvety texture of trees in luxuriant foliage, a foliage full of rich, juicy sap and so luminous as it receives the warm summer sun bath that it seems to refract both color and heat. A shower has just passed; everything is bathed in a warm light. You scent the spicy verdure, you almost feel the deep cool shadows and hear the varied sounds that express the gladness of nature. All seem to join in one grand chorus that finds an echo in the colors with which nature is clothed. The upper sky is of a soft tender gray which merges into beautiful pure blue. The lower part is luminous with a light through which cumulous clouds drift. On the right is a grove of magnificent oaks; their broad, friendly branches, reaching out, are freighted with masses of green foliage. These oaks are studied with a truth that is refreshing in these days when a smudge of green and a splash of violet pass for trees. They are real living monarchs of the forest that have withstood the storms of centuries. To Rousseau's serious nature all life had a purpose,

a meaning. Nature was something to look up to and he was responsible for the report he gave of her. On a point of land extending out into the river a glimpse is caught of the red roof of a cottage imbedded in a dark mass of foliage. There is so much beauty in the mysterious, shadowy, uncertain way in which it is painted that it sets the imagination to work. You would like to know more of the place. From a landing near the cottage a man is seen in a boat, pushing out into the stream. The water which makes up the larger part of the picture extends into the foreground and is wonderfully painted. It lies like a mirror, reflecting trees, sky and all charmingly. This is one of Rousseau's best pictures, painted in a joyous mood, yet possessing all the serious qualities that distinguish his art. It is distinct, and very different from the "Winter Solitude," which was the result of a sublime inspiration, grand and terrible in its expression, while the "Summer Afternoon" is the direct opposite. It is calm, peaceful; filled with repose and contentment.

ROUSSEAU

"He emancipated the landscape painters as Moses liberated the Hebrews. ** The young landscapists forced an entrance to the Salon, and it was Théodore Rousseau who broke down the door. He led them into a land of promise, where the trees had leaves, where the rivers were liquid, where the men and animals were not of wood."

Edmond About

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot



One of the most beautiful characters among the revolutionists of 1830 was Corot, a man of marvelous gifts. Thoroughly saturated with a love for art, he abandoned the mercantile business, for which he was unfitted, and entered the studio of Victor Bertin, a painter of classic landscapes wherein nature was carefully revised to suit the requirements of so-called true art. But endowed with a positive and original genius, with an intense love of nature and a sensitiveness

COROT

"I dream my pictures;
later, I shall paint
my dreams."

Corot

"To surprise nature, to
express it on the wing
amid the eternal
movement of things, and
to that end confine
himself to leading traits;
to insist on these and
sacrifice the rest—
this is Corot."

Rousseau

to her more delicate beauty, Corot was not the kind of man out of whom Bertin could construct a painter. Returning from a trip to Italy, he found the great artistic revolution well on. Joining forces with the band of artists clustered around Barbizon, Corot went directly to the fields, giving up his enthusiastic nature entirely to her wondrous charms and reveling in her joyousness. Thus he began to develop the art that was to be the delight of future generations. One by one nature unfolded to him beauties that through his interpretation have given humanity these poems of life, light, and joyousness. Without regard for external circumstances or conditions, with never failing enthusiasm, earnestness and energy, he worked always with the same careful self-examination, striving to reach his ideal. Happy and joyous in childhood, old age found him singing the same gladsome songs. In his heart there was no dross, no envy nor guile; only the purest gold was there. Life to him was but a development. All nature was grand, and revealed to him her most poetic side. To surprise her and catch her tender vibrating harmonies, to express them with a spirit jubilant with gladness, was his supreme gift. Like the dawning of the glorious mornings which he loved to paint was the coming of his art, a revelation of light and airiness. Serene, calm and joyous, he painted the beauty about him with deep devotion to nature, to whom he was thoroughly attuned. It is said of him that his art was a window open to nature. The essence of it was to express her gladness. As joyous as the songs of birds, as light and airy as the gossamer, with all the beauty that is found amid fields and flowers, his pictures came on the art world like a ray of sunshine falling in some dark, dingy

place from whence all light had been carefully excluded. After years of struggle, always mingled on his part with songs and joyousness, Paris awoke to the knowledge of his greatness. The reaction was the extreme opposite to the neglect of years. Fortune smiled on him almost too freely. With loving hands this great generous soul dealt out to his less fortunate brothers in art the gold for which he cared little. Offended by the neglect of this great genius, his companions had awarded him a medal, giving him the name of "Father" Corot. He in return, from the fullness of his heart, called them "his children." His love was broad and universal, as his pictures show; they but reflect the beauty of his own nature. M. Wolff said of him, "His grand passion outside of art was music. On Sunday he could always be seen at the popular concerts—thoughtful, softened—touched sometimes to tears when they played an adagio of Mozart, his favorite master, the brother soul of the grand artist, who was himself the Mozart of painting." At the announcement of his death, Dupré exclaimed, "It will be hard to fill the place of the painter; it will be impossible to fill the place of the man."

In this collection is "The Martyrdom of St. Sebastian," one of Corot's most celebrated pictures. It is painted on a large canvas, upright in shape. To the right is a group of large trees full of rich, dark, somber greens, much darker than this painter usually affects. Underneath and between the trunks of the trees you get a glimpse of banks of earth of a rich, brownish color. On the left are three or four tall and slender trees; so delicately painted, so tenderly touched with that tremulous, quivering movement that only Corot could get. Their slender branches reach up and across the top of the

COROT

No. 13
"THE MARTYRDOM
OF ST. SEBASTIAN"

COROT

"Water, which he loves next to light, glimmers and sparkles under its rays. Shadows and reflections are alive with it. The densest vegetation opens before it. Every-where light penetrates without a reminder of either brush or pigment. Corot is the painter of air."

Jarves

canvas, forming an arch with the tops of the trees on the other side. Nothing could be more beautiful than this group of trees and their delicate treatment, coming up so gently against the sky. Between the two groups of trees is a patch of warm, tender, creamy light. The foreground is bathed in deep, mysterious shadows, wonderful in their depth and richness of color. Lying on the ground, in the center of the picture, is the form of St. Sebastian, with two women stooping over him and drawing the arrows from his wounds. Just over them and near the top of the picture are two angels descending, bearing in their hands a wreath and a crown. These are the elements of this great picture.

Why any one like Corot should want to introduce this tragedy into the beautiful picture is a mystery to me, but as a landscape it is one of the masterpieces of modern art. The whole feeling of the canvas is so somber and grand in sentiment that you are completely carried away. There is something in it so deep, so beautiful, that you never think of St. Sebastian and his suffering, but feel rather the grandeur and reality of a wonderful vision of nature in one of her finest moods. The painting of the two angels surpasses anything of the kind I have ever seen. You feel that they are really denizens of the air. The somber tones of the picture, dull green, brown, purple brown, silvery gray, are pitched in a key that takes hold of you and lingers always in the memory. You can not forget, because it becomes a part of you. That is one of the qualities of good pictures like this; though you never see them again they still cling to you. They come into your nature and lift you up. And thus the artist becomes a factor in the civilization of his time.

"The Fisherman's Cottage" is a little picture which contains all the gladness of Corot's art. It is painted in his lightest and most poetic manner and possesses all those qualities which make his art supreme in its way. It is dream-like, full of delicate refinement, rich yet chaste in color. Filled with the tenderest of sentiment, fairly shimmering in brightness of light, it is charming in its simplicity and beauty. On the left of the canvas are some trees whose leaves and slender branches quiver against the sky. They are beautifully painted, with that wonderful tremulous movement which was a distinct characteristic of Corot. In the far distance you catch a glimpse of the sea, calm and blue in color. Crowning a little rise of ground is a fisherman's cottage whose white wall is in sunlight, giving an accented touch that contrasts beautifully against the blue of the sea. Near it the masts of a small boat rise up against the horizon. Extending down to the foreground is a flat plain with slight patches of weeds and sand. House, masts and beach, are all bathed in a dazzling sunlight that almost dances and quivers as you gaze at it. The entire picture is pitched in a high key and has the essence of Corot's best art expressed in his most poetic manner. Silvery in color, delicately painted, dreamy but happy in sentiment, it is one of the most delightful of his pictures. The sky is charmingly painted, wonderful in its light and rendered with all the marvelous atmosphere that was his delight.

"The Evening Star" is a picture of rare beauty. A clear sky full of bright, glowing, pale yellowish color shades down to a horizon full of mystery which merges into the low hills that form the distance. Against this is a group of trees and houses of great depth of color;

COROT

No. 159
"THE FISHERMAN'S
COTTAGE"

No. 26
"THE EVENING
STAR"

COROT

"Alfred de Musset, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, noticed (?) to this extent—"Corot, whose "Campagna de Rome" finds admirers."

That was all, but Corot, to whom, at the age of forty, this was the first very small taste of success, was elated and grateful that his name should even have been written by so great a poet, and painted a picture at once on the subject of De Musset's stanzas to the 'Evening Star.'"

From Mollett's
"Corot, Daubigny and Dupré"

sharply cut and strongly defined. In the center of the picture is a stream. Along its bank a shepherd drives home his flock, and in the near foreground weeds and grasses grow along the water's edge. A snag of a dead tree, dark and sharp against the sky, leans across toward the right. Against this tree a woman is seen with upturned face and arms. High up in the luminous, glowing sky is a single star which is reflected in the water. In this picture the sentiment of evening is beautifully expressed in colors rich and clear. There is a sense of stillness that is a triumph in itself; you can almost hear yourself thinking as you penetrate its depth. In the first glance at this canvas, one is liable to view it carelessly, so accustomed are we to the more poetic or generalized treatment of nature that is the essence of Corot's art. The handling of the picture shows that Corot could and did paint with precision and sharpness when nature appealed to him in that way. The quick incisive touch with which it is painted strikes you as being a little hard as compared with his usual manner, but you return, and it weaves a web about you whose spell can never be broken. When you come under the influence of the twilight hour, when a death-like mystery seems to hover over the entire world, then will the memory of this picture arise and you will see this dead and leafless tree leaning against the sky, and the form of the woman with upturned face and outstretched hands, as if imploring the Gods.

"Very Early Spring," the season when the buds are just bursting, the time when everything takes on a wonderful, delicate sentiment, Corot has rendered here with all the refinement that was characteristic of his nature. On the left of the picture a picturesque row of wil-

lows, whose tops have been cut out, stretch away into the perspective. On the right is a long line of slender poplars whose forms are in graceful contrast to the bunchy, ragged sproutings of the willows. The delicate tender coloring of early spring is charmingly felt in both. Between the rows of trees a pathway extends into the distance. Coming down it are a man and a woman with a child. The limbs of the trees fall daintily across the upper part of the picture, crossing the sky with their delicate leafage in the most beautiful manner. The atmosphere, always one of Corot's strong points, is here rendered with especial charm. So masterly is his skill that it seems as though one might walk around and amongst every one of the trees. Tenderness and refinement are the qualities of this little picture, with the sense of joy and promise of the coming season beautifully and poetically expressed. It is a charming example of Corot's art.

COROT

"Like all true artists, Corot assimilates all he sees to his inward dream, and the varied aspects of nature uniformly appear to him under the same poetic vision."

René Menard

CONSTANT TROYON



There is something in the very name of Constant Troyon that is suggestive of gentleness and refinement. It is doubtful if any one ever painted cattle with a more tender love than he. There is a calm repose, a peacefulness, a certain largeness that is the height of truth. Troyon was a poet, and gave a poetical interpretation of them; not poetry of a vague uncertain kind, but solid throughout. There is something about his cattle which appeals to all classes; they are indeed of the field. Like Diaz and Dupré, he started his career as a porcelain painter, following it until the age of twenty-

seven, when he began his struggle as an artist. He worked incessantly from nature, devoting his time to painting landscape. He would work at his landscapes until his scanty means were exhausted, then repair to some pottery, and labor there until his accumulation would enable him to go to nature again. This period of his life was full of struggles and disappointments. A visit to Holland at this time gave him new inspiration, and he began the serious study of cattle as he found them in field and meadow. This was the turning point in Troyon's life, one that gave the world one of the greatest painters in this field that has ever lived. How beautifully and with what awkward gracefulness are his cows painted, as they graze amid sunny fields or lazily stand in water while quenching their thirst, or as they amble homeward at evening-time. There never was a truer interpretation of the poetry, the pastoral beauty and the motion of this picturesque animal. Like the peasants of Millet, his cows fit their surroundings. They belong to the landscape in a way that preserves the true harmony and relationship of nature. Although he was finally rewarded with success, Troyon was very much embittered by the early struggle and neglect which saddened his youth. Late in life, with the memories of this period pressing on him, he conceived a plan whereby a medal bearing his name should be awarded in competition to the most successful young animal painter in the Paris schools, a reward assuring the winner the advantages of uninterrupted study for a period of years.

The coloring of Troyon is as beautiful as his drawing and composition, refined and of a high order. They merge into each other with poetic feeling. There are two beautiful paint-

ings by him in this collection, one, the "Cattle Drinking," being one of the One Hundred Masterpieces of French art, selected and exhibited in Paris in 1883, an exhibit unparalleled in the annals of art. It is a wonderful little canvas, so full of life, so tender in its color, so simply painted; with such love, with so much sympathy, with such a hopeful spirit that you would linger with it always and never tire. Here you have a picture that sings. It is a dream of amber light, a light that pervades everything; even the deepest shadows are yet a part of the light. There are no strong contrasts, no violent juxtapositions of color, but rather a tender merging of one tone into another like a wonderfully executed chromatic scale played on the 'cello. One can not help a feeling of love for the man who could paint such a picture. That he must have been a beautiful spirit, the picture proves; it is evident that he had the deepest reverence for nature, and you feel that he knew and loved the tender relations of the elements of the nature about him. Like the great soul that he must have been, he went to mother nature as a little child; breathing in her inspirations, he placed upon his canvas the tenderest emanations that could come from any one.

The composition is very simple. The picture is upright. Rising from toward you and flowing to the right is a little stream. Back of the foreground stands a group of trees, among which the stream is lost. To the left is a bit of plain running off into the distance. You are looking away from the light, which throws a golden amber tone over everything. The very air seems to be filled with a perfect web of gossamer which the sun catches and turns into gleams of gold, sending out vibration after

TROYON

vibration of strange dreamy light. Standing in the water, drinking, is a group of cows lighted with this wonderful glow and painted with the same simplicity that characterizes the whole picture. Peace, repose, light and love are breathed into every touch on this little canvas. Let us lay this triumph of human genius away carefully in memory's store-house and when the sky becomes leaden and gloom hangs like a pall over everything, then let us go within ourselves and bring out this little dream of hope and beauty. When that which seems dark and gloomy shall have passed away and the golden light of this little picture steals into our nature, then shall we bless the name of Constant Troyon.

No. 37
"REPOSE"

The elements of the picture named "Repose" are so simple and quiet that you are charmed by its restful sentiment. There is no striving after effect, but a calm and serene spirit is breathed throughout. The picture as a whole is dignified and poetical, and possesses the largeness of nature to a marked degree. You seem to be looking into real space. The same simplicity is found in the coloring. A warm greenish blue tone, charming in effect, runs through the entire canvas. It is a calm sunny summer day, when all nature seems indolent. You feel its spell as you gaze at the picture; you can almost hear the droning of the bees as they busily ply their trade of culling sweets. The sky, calm and serene, with scarcely a cloud to mar its ethereal blue, is beautiful in the extreme. An undulating plain stretches out into the far-away distance, until lost in the tender atmosphere hovering there, and the whole scene is bathed in a glow of summer sunlight. To the left is a body of water whose surface lies calm and unbroken. Near the

edge a number of cows are seen lying on the ground, a white cow standing being the principal interest of the nearest group. The painting of these cows is so simple, so refined, that the group is a vision of beauty. Every touch, every color, every line bespeaks the sentiment of the picture expressed in the title, "Repose." It is a dignified and noble composition, yet as simple as could be imagined. It was bought from the artist before fame had crowned him, and some doubted the wisdom of the purchase, but the prophecy thus made as to the artist's worth, by the appreciation of the simple beauties of this work, has proven the wisdom of its owner. Many decades will come and go ere another shall appear who can paint the "lowing kine" as did the poet-painter called Constant Troyon.

TROYON

He had a more poetic mind than any other artist of the same class, and the poetry of the fields has never been more feelingly interpreted than by him."

Hamerton

JULES DUPRÉ



Jules Dupré was the first to attack the traditions of the past in landscape painting, which at the time of his coming was reduced to so low an ebb that it was scarcely recognized as an art. Those who essayed to paint such subjects simply produced grotesque imitations of Poussin. The artist, shut within the four walls of his studio, knew nothing of the great throbbing, sympathetic world of nature. At this time came Dupré without the traditions or dogmas of any school clinging to him. Of his youth M. Wolff says, "It was in the contemplation of nature, in his desolation amidst her influences, that the mind of the lad was opened to her beauty and that her mysteries were sounded. Thus was the nature of Dupré

DUPRÉ

"The young generation, who did not see the splendid putting forth of art which followed the revolution of July, is astonished before the pictures of Jules Dupré; by this boldness, this zeal, and this brilliancy. We are not accustomed to these superb extremes, to this excess of strength, to this overflowing of power, to these full-faced struggles with nature."

Théophile Gautier

developed and fitted for the mission of his life, the turning of the beautiful art of landscape painting from the vain affectation of his time to the soulful contemplation of nature. With him came this new thought, that it would be a good thing to produce a picture entirely in the presence of nature, in order that he might catch the stamp of feeling and sincerity." M. Wolff again says, "The day when he hit upon this profession of faith, Jules Dupré indicated the road to follow; he was the pathfinder of modern landscape art." Thus thoroughly trained in the great school of nature, with an emotional soul which was like an *Æolian* harp, sensitive to all the vibrations that come from a contemplation of her, he was indeed fitted to lead in the great revolution in art, whose triumph should be the glory of France and whose light should never dim as the ages roll by. With his face ever turned to nature, with a communion that led him deeply into her mysteries, Jules Dupré fought and conquered all difficulties that clogged his path, never ceasing in his work save to help those great men who joined forces with him in placing the art of painting on a higher and more human plane than it had ever occupied before. We find him compelling the dealers to recognize Rousseau, and we see him peddling among the amateurs whom he knew the pictures of the despised Millet, thus helping this great painter in his struggles. He was also the discoverer and protector of Troyon. Thus Dupré worked. He developed not only his own grand powers, but those of the men about him. His art is strong, independent and original. No man ever painted who was hampered less by his materials. The emotions of his soul in the presence of nature dictated the way and all difficulties succumbed to its powers. The first

to lead in the revolution of 1830, and followed by a perfect galaxy of genius, he lived to see each lay aside the implements of his art. Corot, who lovingly had called him "the Beethoven of landscape," passed away, tracing with his fingers upon the wall "the most beautiful landscapes he had ever seen." Daubigny had gone out declaring he was going to see if Corot had found any new subjects to paint up there. Thus one by one these great men triumphed and went to their reward, Dupré alone remaining. Surrounded by many of their beautiful works, he loved to tell the story of their struggles, their sorrows, and their love for one another. As he started, so Dupré left painting, with the same devotion for nature, the basis of his art and his sole inspiration. Late in his career he became enamored of the sea, and with an ardor that characterized his whole life he painted the vast expanse of waters with an originality and power that places his name high among the interpreters of her grandeur. The great emotional nature he possessed seemed to blend with the moods of the tireless ocean and to give him a strength that is grand and serious in its expression.

"The Old Oak" is a small canvas, yet full of the grandeur and the largeness of nature. In it Dupré has presented her in an exalted mood. The sky is one of the most remarkable ever painted. Here is the pure ethereal blue with all its richness, depth and beauty. Across this wonderful sky are bits of clouds, touched by a pale golden light that clings as though it would linger always. The approaching autumn, the lateness of the hour, the massing of the shadows, make a composition that gave full sway to the marvelous powers of the artist as a colorist. In the mid-distance are the trees, coming

DUPRÉ

"Jules Dupré became, almost from his debut, one of the favorites in public opinion; his farms, his cottages, his old oaks on the borders of pools with cows ruminating about, his plentiful pastures where horses run with flowing manes, his mills which profile their silhouettes on a stormy sky, have a simple and truthful side which captivates all the world."

René Menard

No. 102
"THE OLD OAK"

DUPRÉ

"The day when Dupré should open his studio without a thrill and leave it without discouragement he would consider that he had arrived at the end of what he could do—and he would be right."

Wolff

against the sky in somber purple, russet and russet green, and in whose shadowy masses you see but dimly a peasant cottage. The coloring of the foreground is strong and rich in its purity. Brown, russet, yellow, violet, deep blues, with dark and luscious greens make up an harmonious whole that baffles description. A small pool of water from which some cows are drinking, and a bit of clay bank on which the light falls, are turned into burnished gold. Starting up from the center of the picture, and leaning slightly to one side, is an old oak. Spreading out its friendly branches, it stands a silent sentinel of the past. Dupré's wonderful charm of color is perhaps displayed in this picture as completely as in anything of his in existence. The mystery of shadow, the wonderful lingering light, the indistinctness yet great power and force with which everything is painted make it a picture from which great inspiration may be drawn.

A number of artists met together were comparing the merits of Rousseau and Dupré. It was agreed that each should be asked to paint a picture and they would then decide who possessed the greatest power. This picture was the result. Dupré won the honor. From him dates everything that finally ripened into the greatest school of landscape painters of modern times—yes, any time—the Barbizon school. Linked together by a golden thread, these men were like bees that fly from thistle to rose, gathering the pollen, then distributing it from one to the other, bringing them all into closer relationship. Likewise this brotherhood of painters, sensitive to all the varied moods of nature, touches the human heart and brings lessons from the fields, "making the world more akin."

"At Sea" is charming in its simplicity. A strangely beautiful light is found in this picture that is of itself a pleasure. A cool greenish, amber tone pervades everything; the light is diffused, and there is nothing that suggests the artificial. The clouds are piled up in dome-like form on top of one another. Their formation and character are painted with a power rarely equaled. They are lighted with the glow of a dreamy, lazy summer day. At the top of the canvas you get a glimpse of ethereal blue. The line of water forming the distance is bathed in a deep, transparent, shadowy color of a dark blue-greenish, inky hue wonderful in its depths and effect. This tone shades out into the lighter tints of the foreground by perfect gradations, wherein the artist has reveled in coloring that is indescribably beautiful. Greenish, whitish, yeasty hues, warm and semi-transparent, vie with each other for supremacy. In the center of the foreground a small boat in full sail is painted in rich brownish tones. In fact the tone of the entire picture is fine, and the light is painted with great power. In this, as in all of Dupré's canvases, there is a certain strength that came from a strong will power which enabled him to work with perfect confidence, and yet with a sympathy that is rare and beautiful. You feel the balmy breezes as they chase one another across the mighty deep; you sense the fragrance of the waters as they roll and toss in their sportive glee, hopping, skipping, tumbling, laughing, moaning, sobbing, in never ceasing motion. The technique of the picture is wonderful. The skill displayed by the artist places this canvas among the first of modern paintings.

In "Sunset on the Coast" Dupré has left us the grandeur of a gorgeous sunset whose sky

DUPRÉ

No. 69
"AT SEA"

No. 135
"SUNSET—
ON THE COAST"

DUPRÉ coloring is repeated with wondrous charm in the tints of the water. A simple bit of sea-shore, a small boat on the right of the canvas coming against the distance with fine effect—the setting sun, seen half buried in clouds, revels and melts in a lusciousness of color. Torn, ragged clouds hang in the upper sky, their edges lighted by the glow of the dying sun. Purple, gold, greenish gray, mingle everywhere. You are looking out over the vast ocean. You see the sun slowly sinking. You are transported to the spot and feel the sentiment of evening and the greatness of nature. It is indeed filled with the glory of a departing day whose colors mingle in a beautiful harmony.

No. 121
“A BRIGHT DAY”

“A Bright Day” is the smallest of the Duprés in the collection, yet not the least important, for in this small frame is painted all the largeness of the outdoor landscape. It is indeed a beautiful transcript of nature in a quiet, passive mood. Against a pure gray sky, broken by lighter tints, luminous and silvery, is a wonderful group of trees. Beautifully painted, they come up against the sky with almost sharpness, yet they round out and take form in a manner that speaks of the skill of the painter. The texture of the foliage, the drawing of the trunks and limbs, are as graceful and free as nature; and the outlines of the masses of leaves as they meet the sky have rarely been equaled, being firm, yet tenderly drawn. This foliage is delightful, being of a rich somber coloring, wherein warm olive tones prevail. The landscape is of the same quiet character. While gray in tone, it is yet rich and full of light. Touches of more positive color are in a group of cows grazing on the plain. The painting of this little gem is simple, honest, and beau-

tifully studied. It is a quiet, modest little picture, with all the beauty of a bright yet gray day.

DUPRÉ

ARCISSE DIAZ



In the realms of color Diaz ranks as one of the first. Herein lies his greatest strength. Few ever lived who could lay rich, deep, sober colors with a more charming relationship than he. They are analogous to the mellow tones of the pipe organ. He was of a peculiar temperament which at once entered into the spirit of nature. He was sympathetic in the extreme and a friend indeed, many times turning the house of his faithful Millet from an abode of almost hopeless despair into a place of tearful smiles. The approaching sound of his peg leg was to them a harbinger of better conditions. Diaz could shed tears with his friends but through them there always gleamed a ray of hope. This sympathy is felt in his beautiful coloring, which is of the most affectionate kind. When quite an old man Diaz visited the house of M. Wolff. Attracted to a small panel on the wall, he stood in front of it. He seemed deeply interested and was seen to wipe tears from his eyes. Turning to M. Wolff he asked, "Would you be good enough to sell me this picture? It belongs to a part of my youth." "I can not sell it to you," was the reply, "but since you value it, allow me to offer it to you." Diaz took the little gem from the wall and with a face radiant with joy carried it away without loss of time. The subject was his wife and child. The baby lay in a cradle and the mother, while rocking it, had fallen asleep. The artist was struck with the beauty of the incident, and painted it while

"When October comes, go to the heights of the valley of the Salle, or in the thickets of Bas-Breau; wander in the midst of this superb and lusty vegetation, under the trees, species of immense bouquets glittering with a thousand colors, where play all shades, the dark green, the brown, the golden yellow, the bright scarlet; and, seeing this magnificent twinkling of autumn tints, you will surprise yourself by saying, 'Behold Diaz!'"

Roger Ballu

DIAZ

they slumbered. The picture hung over the artist's bed for years and was greatly treasured, but one day, when the clouds were more than heavy, a dealer came. Seeing the little picture, he at once desired to possess it and named a sum. Diaz wished to keep it and offered anything he possessed for a like amount. Nothing but this picture would answer. The rent was due the following day and there was nothing with which to meet it. Diaz gave him a receipt for his money, but the man never realized that he was carrying away with him a piece of the artist's heart. In comparison with his contemporaries Diaz does not strike you with as much force as some of the others, who were more positive in their assertions, but in his pictures you always find a quiet charm which appeals with such tenderness that their beauty seems to blend with your own nature and more than compensates for their lack of strength of handling.

There are many pictures by Diaz in this collection, both landscape and figure. The largest, "The Storm," is a wonderful rendition of one of nature's most sullen moods. Dark gray clouds, twisting and tumbling in myriads of fantastic forms, envelop the sky. Gloom settles over everything like a pall. The upper sky is light, and over it bits of wild dark clouds fly. Along the horizon is a line of light that is wonderfully true in value, keeping back in the far distance and of that strange weird color that is a peculiarity of a storm swept sky. The distance is somber, vague and indistinct, and of a subdued purplish, blue-gray tone, grading off into the warmer colors of the mid-distance, which become more positive under the half light. Near the front of the picture a ray of sunlight falls gently on the ground, giving it a warm,

ochre, yellow-green hue; the edges, melting into the shadow tints by tender gradations, merge into the deep somber color of the foreground. A peasant passing over the plains is bent by the velocity of the winds. Farther back slender young trees reach out from among some rocks that break up the surface of the plain, while here and there small pools of water, catching bits of reflected color from the sky, give beautiful accented notes to the foreground. Underneath and through this great picture there is a warm brownish-red tone, and in it gray, russet, green, olive, purplish-brown are thrown together with charming sympathy, making up a medley of color that is delightful. It is a realization of one of Nature's most sublime moods and while you do not find the confidence of Dupré or Rousseau, you see the same deep feeling that you find in Millet.

Diaz loved the grand old forest of Fontainebleau. This love was so intense that he peopled it with imaginary beings, and in her haunts he found his grandest inspirations. His "Forest of Fontainebleau—Autumn," is a wonderful piece of coloring, rich, glowing and transparent. It is like a bouquet of freshly garnered autumn flowers. Nothing could surpass the luxuriousness of the tones that are here thrown together in the most abandoned manner. It is in the golden autumn time, when the vegetation is robed in the glory of the changing season. In the left foreground stands a grand old tree, its trunk patched with various colored mosses and lichens, brown, green, silvery gray and pinkish white. This tree is studied with the carefulness of a portrait; the character, the wonderful rendering of the limbs are marvelous. A large branch has been broken off the top and lies on the ground. The foliage

DIAZ

No. 105
"FOREST OF
FONTAINEBLEAU—
AUTUMN"

"He renders the enchantments of the landscape flooded with sunshine or the forest plunged in luminous twilight, with beams filtering through the thick leafage; he dazzles the eye with all the seductions of a grand colorist."

Wolff

DIAZ

"His career was a long dream, in which he perceived an imaginary world beside the actualities of earthly landscapes; it was something like a fairy spectacle, streaming with silks, velvet and gold. Under the groves he called forth pages holding greyhounds in leash. Sometimes under his magic pencil these improvisations took a more lofty flight toward grand art, as in his famous 'Diana,' who seems to have escaped from the works of the old masters."

Wolff

is of deep yellow, and a ray from the sun, which is low in the horizon, turns the top of the tree into russet gold. At its foot lies a crystal-like pool imbedded in a beautiful matting of ferns, grasses and weeds, whose color would baffle the most deft hands of Oriental art. Bits of rock jut out and give additional variety to the foreground. Back of the pool you get a glimpse of the forest, filled with mysterious shadows whose depths you fain would fathom. A second ray of light penetrates into these parts, lingering beautifully on trunk and bough. In the rich, deep-toned sky the clouds are of a purple-gray color, save where the light striking them turns them into golden tones. In the center of the sky a patch of deep clear blue is seen, while down near the horizon a cumulous cloud drifts lazily, lighted by the full rays of the sun.

The coloring of the picture is marvelous. It is a harmony of yellow-brown, russet, purple, brown, olive and citron-green; their expression deep, rich and glowing. It has all of Diaz's wizard-like magic of color, and the spirit of the grand old forest is caught with great skill.

The "Effect of Autumn" is a charming example of landscape painting, with a supreme sense of beauty and refinement in it. Nature is robed in her mellow garb of chaste yellow tones. A warm gray sky, full of glowing light and atmosphere, hangs over the scene. Against this some graceful young trees are relieved. They are painted with exquisite beauty and character, their coloring being in warm yellowish olives. Underneath these trees cattle are seen grazing. In the foreground pools of water lie, calm and beautiful, repeating the colors of the sky. Around them are patches of tall grasses and weeds, varied in color, while rocks

No. 117
"EFFECT OF
AUTUMN"

are scattered here and there, all joined into a beautiful harmony. Back and toward the left mid-distance a peasant woman is seen carrying a bundle on her back. A flat plain extends beyond and meets the horizon. A tender refined appreciation of beauty beams from every touch.

The little canvas, "The Assumption," is one of the most charming of the subjects ever painted. And while it is a theme that has been treated by the great religious painters of various epochs, under the patronage of the church which enabled them to develop their highest ideals of sacred art, yet the greatest of them, had he painted this little picture, would have added to his fame. It would be difficult to find anything possessing more refined beauty of color than this picture.

The canvas is small, and upright in shape, the figure of the Virgin occupying the greater part of it. Her face is beautiful and full of spirituality, as upturned it seems to realize the Divine mission she is to fulfill. Soft brown hair falls back from her forehead and floats in waves. Her dress, whose lines are remarkably graceful, is of a beautiful blue color. Her form, slender and spiritual, seems to float on the air. Twined around her waist and floating away gracefully is a bit of rose-red drapery; about her neck is some soft filmy stuff which mingles with the red and blue. Her arms are stretched out and downward, which suggests the idea that she is speaking; an impression which the slightly parted lips seem to confirm. Just above her left shoulder, and partly concealed by the clouds, are two beautiful cherubs. To the right of the Virgin is another cherub whose hands are clasped in devotion, and below her are two wonderful little

DIAZ

No. 133
"THE ASSUMPTION"

"Diaz appeared at an epoch when some radiant stars shone in the artistic sky; their radiance diminished not his brightness. He knew how to make himself a place apart, and that place he will keep with posterity."

Roger Ballu

DIAZ figures, their forms and flesh as tender as the petals of a freshly blown rose. Just above these, and almost concealed in the shadows of the drapery which falls from the Virgin, you see a child. Looking out from the surrounding shadows it suggests the Divine Child whose face was to beam from the darkness of a manger.

The entire picture is beautiful and tenderly poetical. It has all the gracefulness that the subject would suggest. If the name of Raphael or Murillo were signed to it, it would be among the sacred treasures of religious art. Aside from the subject, to any one sensitive to beauty this little picture needs no name. It is signed by the touch of genius.

The student of art will find in "Cupid Disarmed" a remarkable piece of flesh painting, warm, tender and luminous. There is a glow in the light that it would be difficult to surpass. It merges into bluish half tones by beautiful gradations, and then into the depth of shadow like a chromatic chord played with delicate touch on some stringed instrument in which one tone melts into another. You feel that this is real flesh, the shadows of which are rich, deep and transparent; even in their depths the form is finely rendered. The canvas is upright in shape. On it is painted the almost nude figure of a woman of large proportions, blonde in type and of pleasing face. Her hair is of that golden bronze hue which has found favor among all the great colorists. She stands facing you, leaning lightly on her right elbow. In her left hand she holds an arrow teasingly above her head. The pose is easy, and the weight of the body is thrown to one side, rendering the lines graceful and undulating. The arrangement of light on the figure forms a

mass that is worthy of that master of breadth, Correggio. Nothing could be more beautiful than the effect of this light as it falls on the tender flesh.

DIAZ

On the woman's right stands Young Love reaching on tiptoes for his arrow, pleading vainly for the instrument of both joy and sorrow. His form is beautifully rounded, and is charming in its proportions, especially so in the back and hips. The background is dark, warm, rich and shadowy. As a painting this will hold its own beside the best figure pictures of modern art, and it possesses many qualities that belong to the best work of the old masters.

HARLES FRANÇOIS DAUBIGNY

No painter of modern times went to nature with more trusting, loving tenderness than Daubigny. He absorbed the beauty of all her many moods, and, with a devotion that was never surpassed, gave his



life to the placing upon canvas the lessons learned from her. He did not try to make her conform to a preconceived idea of what art should be, but painted the beautiful impression that the subject gave him. There is always the freshness of nature in his pictures, and there never was a painter whose devotion to her was of a more religious fervor. She was a vast storehouse from whence he drew inspiration. He lived with her, gave himself up to her influence, and to paint her was the single purpose of his life. It mattered not to him what the subject might be, he treated everything with the same sense of devotion and reverence. On his little raft, floating up and down the streams of his

"Queen of the Fays, Destiny often reserves her richest surprises for the artist; but her last endowment, and the best of them all, is in conferring on the painter the power of keeping to the close the illusions of his youth. Charles François Daubigny was one of these fairies' nurse-lings. At the age of sixty years he was as young in spirit as when he dipped into the simplest elements of his art."

Wolff

DAUBIGNY

"Arrived at maturity of age, admired by all the artists, solicited by collectors, overrun by dealers, this exquisite artist remained pure and simple."

Albert Wolff

native country, Charles François Daubigny lived and filled a world of his own. Blessed and loved by the great men about him, he pursued his happy calling, contented with the inspiration of the familiar scenes, and grasping their individuality in a way that was never done before. The grandeur of the storm, the slanting light of a late afternoon, the warm tender glow of a noonday sun, were all his; but the crowning glory of his art was in his rendering of the quiet, passive hour of twilight. Into this hour he painted a beautiful hope; for, as you look into the twilight sky of Daubigny, you feel that these gathering shadows only precede the coming of a more glorious day. The going out of this child of nature was like one of his own beautiful pictures, when, after a long life devoted to art, his twilight came. M. Wolff said: "Death seemed to the great artist the great liberation; he died with a smile in the hope of a new life where, among his famous friends, he could finally realize the dream of his ambition and paint the pictures that never should be sold."

No. 51
"TWILIGHT"

Of all the hours of the day twilight appeals with the most loving sentiment. It is a time which brings us nearer to our better selves and in closer relationship with the subtle influences that are about us. It fills us with the deepest emotions, and causes the divine harmonies that are within us all to go out and become a part of the great universal harmony that goes on and on into infinitude. When the feeling of the hour is truly painted, it brings up those sentiments, and such a picture becomes a treasure. The canvas, "Twilight," possesses these qualities and is one of the best Daubignys in the country. It is a gem of subjective beauty, full of soft, tender, subdued color that appeals

DAUBIGNY

at once to the sympathies. The upper sky is a warm yellow gray, increasing in richness as it approaches the horizon, where it becomes a murky yellowish mass, the mingling, struggling light of the fast fading day. Against this glowing luminous horizon, wherein a touch of cloud charms the eye, the distant objects are painted in a vague, misty, uncertain way that is very fine in effect. High up in the sky on the left, a crescent moon is seen, reflected gem-like in the water below. Everything is so filled with mystery that an attempt to describe this picture literally would destroy its charm. All—the trees on the left, the calm water—is painted with a tenderness that shows a genuine affection for the hour. It is a canvas full of beautiful harmonies analogous to the harmonies of music; it appeals to one like some melody borne on balmy breezes across the waters, falling on the ear in tremulous waves and bringing a calm passive peace into the soul.

“The Coming Storm” is beautiful in every respect. The time is early spring, when the tender green is always delightful. Gathering clouds, through which you catch glimpses of blue sky, hang in the upper part of the canvas. Soft, creamy, whitish clouds drift along the horizon. Away in the distance, far beyond the plain, are low hills bathed in dark bluish shadows which merge into the tender half-light of the mid-distance. Across this plain, which extends to the front of the picture, cloud-shadows chase each other playfully. Some of them fall across the foreground, giving a soberness to the grass coloring, broken by tufts of dry hay that lie here and there. To the right is a broad expanse of leaden gray water, near whose edge are shocks of hay where two peasants are seen working. There is a charm of

“Daubigny transports me without jolting each time that I stop before one of his pictures. How willingly would we sojourn in that one, beside that fresh water, where the cows take their evening bath! Night falls, the thrushes send forth their last cry. The nightingale begins to sing. * * * ”
Edmond About

No. 153
“THE COMING
STORM”

DAUBIGNY

No. 137
"SUNSET ON THE
COAST OF FRANCE"

"With the dawn of day
he would disappear,
embarking in his
boat, and letting him-
self float away at the
will of the stream; when
he met a new site,
when nature showed
him an unexpected
aspect, the boat was
anchored in the middle
of the rivulet, and
in a few hours the
landscape painter had
seized, as it were,
on the wing, the im-
pression of the scene."

Albert Wolff

color about this canvas that is delightful in its freshness and purity. It is a fine performance, true to nature, and full of the soft, balmy air that precedes a coming storm. Before it, you are filled with the great out-door feeling which comes to one in the presence of Daubigny's work.

"Sunset on the Coast of France" is a picture full of wondrous beauty. Here is one of those glorious evening skies that Daubigny loved to paint. The sun has dropped below the horizon; the sky is completely submerged in rich, glowing light, whose color, atmosphere and feeling reach a supreme expression. A peaceful calm pervades everything. Reaching out against this sky is the ocean in all its sublimity; its color is of a strange blue green, yet true to nature. The beautiful harmony of this plain of blue green water against the golden sky was never surpassed. It is indescribable, and must be felt. The sense of vastness is so finely rendered, and yet so simply, that you marvel at the power of the painter. The foreground is composed of rocks and tufts of marshy grass among which cows are grazing. Here and there are small pools of water. All this part is painted in a subdued and unobtrusive manner, so that the eye may sweep across the great expanse of water and linger amid the wonders of the dying day. In this picture art is raised into an altitude wherein the great lessons of nature are brought to us with subtle power.

É L I X Z I E M

Ziem is essentially a colorist. His pictures of Venetian subjects have had a wide influence and his imitators have been numerous. He loves deep somber twilights of purpling crimson and glowing sunsets full of golden mists, and his greatest pleasure has been in painting those picturesque cities of the sea, Venice and Constantinople. The sky has an especial charm for him, usually occupying the larger space in his compositions. He beautifully treats calm, or slightly ruffled water, opalescent with reflected colors. Rich, warm, deep, transparent color; soft, dreamy atmosphere and distances; a poetic feeling, luxuriant and slightly oriental, and a thorough appreciation of the picturesque are some of the characteristics of this artist.

He was a pupil of Isabey, and is ranked as one of the great school of 1830, the last survivor of that brilliant galaxy. The "Venice—Sunset" in this collection is one of his best pictures. This with the "Venice" of Rico and the admirable Turner form an interesting group, each distinct, and characteristic of the artist; yet totally unlike in treatment and style. In the "Sunset" you are looking into a glowing sky full of misty yellow light. The eye sweeps across a broad stretch of water that forms one of the great avenues of Venice, "the city of song," and passes, through beautifully modulated tones, from the rich amber of the near waters on until lost in a maze of light that surrounds the setting sun. In the distance the domes of an immense structure are seen,

No. 91
"VENICE—
SUNSET"

"He sees with indifference the rocks, the plains, or the forests, and is arrested by choice in the great maritime cities which mirror in the water edifices gilded by the sun of the south."

René Menard

ZIEM

"He is a painter of architecture as well as a painter of marines, who willingly takes a siesta at noonday, and wishes to see nature only as twilight approaches."

René Menard

"The least wind which perchance ruffles the face of the water furnishes delicious matter for his brush. His marines give us that delectable little shivering with which we are seized when we step on a boat."

Edmond About

bathed in the mists of evening; to its left some lower buildings line a wharf. Along this side of the canal and back are picturesque groups of boats and barges, their spars and rigging seeming to tremble in the atmosphere.

The buildings and boats that form the right of the picture are painted with a strong solid touch. Back of them is a tall tower that reaches up into the sky. Receding gradually from the strongly characterized objects in the right, the farther ones diminish until almost lost in the distant horizon line. Lying at anchor or near the mid-distance and surrounded by small barges is a large sea-faring vessel. The light from the setting sun falling on the fronts of the buildings gives them a beautiful golden tone. Along the shore the docks are loaded with merchandise. A bit of stone abutment in the foreground is beautifully touched with light; from it a gondolier is pushing a picturesque gondola on which pleasure parties are grouped. To the left and farther back another gondola is seen going in an opposite direction, while silently the grand old orb of day sinks down into the mysterious horizon, diffusing a golden light that saturates every object. Passing from these the eye dwells on the rich deep harmonies in the foreground. Here are those tones that border on the melancholy, that bring almost a touch of sadness. Deep russets, crimson browns and purples mingle, with here and there a touch of gold or orange to heighten the effect. There is a hush over everything; no sound excepting perhaps the song of some gondolier which comes in waves across the waters. The water with its slightly ruffled surface is charmingly painted, while over the whole canvas is a beautiful feeling of repose. It is like one of the charming "gondo-lieds" of

Mendelssohn, who expressed in music the delicate beauty of this strange city.

ZIEM

In his "Sunset—South of France," a rich warm autumn sunset sky that has almost deepened into twilight greets the eye. Commencing in warm bluish greenish tints at the top the sky grades down through perfect gradations from pale greenish yellow, through orange, into the vermillion tones that lie along the horizon. Small island-like clouds drift across the sky, giving it a weird effect. The landscape is bathed in glowing shadows, in which the mystery of the hour is beautifully expressed. From the center of the picture to the right extends a row of hedge bushes, rising out of which are tall and slender trees, whose graceful branches and scanty leafage cut clearly against the sky. On the left of this group you see a bit of water, its calm surface reflecting and deepening the colors above. The landscape is painted in somber tones to which dark russet and crimson add a still deeper feeling. It is a faithful study of the hour, from any standpoint in which it may viewed. The sentiment is especially fine, and as a piece of color it is remarkable in its strength and richness.

No. 44

"SUNSET—
SOUTH OF FRANCE"

There are three small pictures of Venice by Ziem in this gallery that are quite similar in subject but varying in effect. The one called "Morning in Venice" is quite different in coloring from the other two. Here you have the soft balmy air of morning with its mists and tender air. The sky, which is beautiful, is full of that pale creamy yellow found only at that time of day. The rippling water is treated with his usual skill. The objects which compose the foreground are painted in the warm brownish amber tones that seem characteristic of the artist; these, with the pale yellows and warm

No. 29

"MORNING"

ZIEM

blue of the upper sky, are the prevailing tones of the entire picture.

No. 30
"MIDDAY"

"Midday" is the second of the set. A beautiful cameo-like blue fills the upper sky; a soft tender light is along the horizon and into the little canvas is painted a spirit of rest, ethereal and clear. A boat with yellow sails comes in with delightful color effect. Buildings, boats and water are painted with a fine poetic feeling, in keeping with the subject; indeed, Ziem is essentially a poet, a painter of Venice; one thoroughly sensitive to her somber aspects, and also especially endowed with power to paint her more glorious moods.

No. 31
"EVENING"

"Evening" shows us again deep, sad tones, that linger mournfully amid the deepening shades of the boats and barges which are grouped in the front of the picture. The upper sky is of a beautiful opalescent tint that is charming. It is tenderly painted with a refined and beautiful feeling, and the studied details of the picture melt into the quiet evening atmosphere. These three little pictures form a charming group as they hang side by side on the wall, making a unique spot of color in the gallery.



II

AUL DELAROCHE
The life and work of Delaroche not only do great honor to his native country, but add luster to the art of the century. A conscientious, sympathetic and spiritual soul, his sensitive and emotional nature was to a great degree tinged with sadness. There is a pathos expressed in many of his pictures that is not equaled by any contemporaneous painter. Trained in the studio of Baron Gros, the distinguished disciple of David, Delaroche adhered more closely to nature than his master; at the same time retaining his dignity of style, and adding to his pictures a more human touch. He possessed qualifications that fitted him for the painting of history, especially those subjects in which sadness plays a prominent part. His ideals were pure and exalted, and his compositions noble and full of gentle feeling. Delaroche was not an epoch maker, but he imparted a certain distinction to the art of his time. The influence and example of his devotion to his high ideals has had fruitage in the many distinguished masters who found inspiration in the atmosphere of his studio. There is nothing in the art of the time that surpasses the pathos, the unrestrained sorrow, expressed

"By giving a somewhat poetical rendering of history, in incidents of great accuracy of detail and accessory, at the most fitly chosen moment, he touched a chord of universal appreciation, and united all in a more or less temperate admiration of his works."

C. H. Stranahan

DELAROCHE

No. 85
"THE HEMICYCLE"

"Like some beautiful poem, the painting of 'The Hemicycle' forms a harmonious whole, broken, as it were, into stanzas."
Critique

in his pictures illustrating the scenes incidental to the death of Christ.

But the work on which the great master desired his fame to rest was the "Hemicycle," the nearest approach to his ideal. Delaroche was selected to decorate the walls of the School of Fine Arts at Paris. The original design accepted embraced only twenty-five figures, for which he was to receive a stipulated sum. Realizing the opportunity of displaying his powers, and filled with patriotism and devotion to art, he enlarged on the original design until it reached three times its original proportions; the sum received for the work scarcely covering the actual cost of its execution. The original picture from which the great decorative work was executed is to be seen in this collection and was painted entirely by Delaroche himself. The large decoration in the Palace of Arts being once almost destroyed by fire, was restored by other hands; so this picture alone has the honor of bearing the imprint of his genius.

On this remarkable canvas is painted a composition which, considering its limitations, is unsurpassed in the annals of decorative art. Difficulties that seem insurmountable have been overcome with rare skill. Some seventy-five figures are placed on a narrow strip of canvas, each posed with dignity and character, yet resembling in no wise any of the others. There is no repetition, either in pose, gesture or costume. At least seventy heads are arranged within a narrow space, only four inches wide, running across the canvas, yet no two strike the same level. The composition is intended to commemorate the Painting, Sculpture and Architecture of the periods from the time of Pericles down to that of Louis XIV.

DELAROCHE

The background is the portico of a great temple of the Ionic order which represents the Temple of Fame. On its steps stand the groups of immortals. The central point of the composition is a sort of recess or throne, on which are seated three of the greatest representatives of ancient Greek art. In the center sits Apelles the painter; he is strong and rather youthful, and of a pure classic type. His arms and chest are bared and his robe falls in simple lines. Phidias, the great sculptor of antiquity, whose triumphs have baffled the attempts of sculptors of succeeding generations, is at his left. He is strong of face and figure, slightly bearded, and grave and serious in expression. To the right of Apelles sits the architect Ictinus, who designed the Temple of Minerva at Athens. Like Phidias, he wears a beard and is of thoughtful mien. All three are robed in white, and wreaths of olives crown their heads. To the right, and lower down, is a woman whose face is in profile. Her robe is of blue and white, on her head is a crown of gold and in her lap a scroll of parchment. This figure symbolizes Roman Art. Next to her stands another leaning slightly against a block of stone. She is of a voluptuous type. The upper part of her figure is only partly concealed by thin drapery; the lower is enveloped in a robe of crimson. This figure completes the right side of the central group of the pictures and represents the Renaissance. To the left of Apelles, and opposite the figure representing Roman Art, is a woman of antique type, with black hair and fine face and figure. She wears a costume of delicate pink and her pose is beautiful in its simplicity. In her hand she holds a roll of paper. This figure is representative of Greek Art. Next to her and standing

"Delaroche is another exceptional artist, noteworthy for his poetical conceptions of historical themes, his elevated religious spirit, and his chaste manner.

He is an academician, with a mind enlarged by study, and governed by purer taste than that about him."

Jarves

DELAROCHE on a lower step is a figure of tall graceful form, whose upturned face is full of spirituality. Her head is beautiful in its simplicity and her hair, which is brushed closely to her forehead, falls in waves on her shoulders. Her robe of citron green and light buff, and under-dress of pale lavender, make a distinguished arrangement of color. Resting against a column at her side is a model of a Gothic church, as she symbolizes Gothic Art. This beautiful figure is a portrait of the wife of the artist, the daughter of Horace Vernet, the distinguished painter of military subjects. At the lower front of this group is a fine nude female figure. She is distributing wreaths of laurel and is the Genius of the Arts.

This completes the central group. On either side of it are gathered the artists, who seem busily engaged in conversation. To the right of the central group are the great architects of the various epochs, from the twelfth to the sixteenth century. They are posed in a graceful, easy manner, the interest centering around Di Lapo, the architect of the cathedral of Florence. Among those grouped about him are Brunelleschi, Bramante, Lescot, Palladio, Arnolfo, Sansovino, Inigo Jones, Luzarches, Steinbach, Delorme, Peruzzi and Vignola. Back of this group is seen the head of Marc Antonio, whose engravings of Raphael's works are among the treasures of art, and near him is Gerard Edelinck, a noted Flemish engraver. To the right of the architects are other noted engravers, and the great creative painters. Fra Angelico is distinguished from the others by his convent garb, while Da Vinci, with his long venerable beard, is the center around which the various masters are grouped. Here Raphael is seen engaged in conversation with his

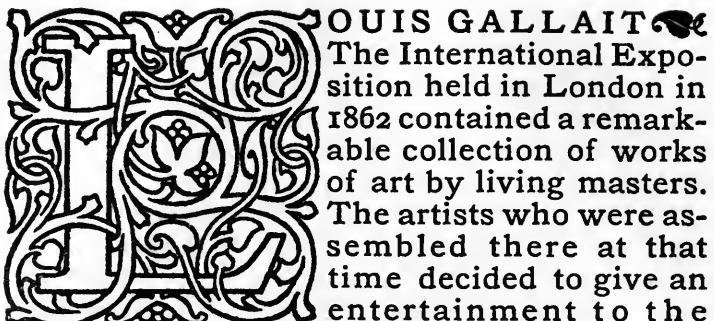
followers. All mingle in fellowship and mutual interest save that strange but supreme genius, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, who was the highest dramatic expression of art ever given to the world. He sits alone, removed from his companions, wrapped in his own meditations; his stern visage reflecting the seriousness of his sublime works. Isolation is depicted by Delaroche in every line of his figure and you feel at once the exalted genius of the man who lived closely within himself. To the left of the central group are the sculptors, among whom will be found Benvenuto Cellini, Jean Goujon, Palissy, Peter Fischer, Donatello, and others. To the extreme left and completing the picture are the colorists, such masters as Titian, Veronese, Correggio, Rembrandt, Rubens, Paul Potter, Van der Helst, Van Dyck, Claude Lorraine, Nicolas Poussin, Velasquez and Murillo.

The composition of the picture is remarkable. The small groups fall naturally into the larger group of the whole, forming a perfect unity, the result of careful, conscientious work directed by a high aim. The color scheme is sober and dignified, and composed largely of broken greens, reds, blues, purples, bronzes and yellows mingling in harmonious arrangements, which are accented here and there by a bit of pure color. A thoughtful, elevated performance, in keeping with the purpose for which it was created, it is to-day a monument to the genius of one who was extremely modest, who constantly felt that he had almost failed in his art. Standing, as he now does, among the immortals whom he so lovingly limned upon this canvas, Delaroche the painter is one worthy of the grand company.

DELAROCHE

"He composed well, even eloquently; drew poems, elaborated academic work, but with less of that consciousness of hard toil which is apparent with Ingres; he had a noble sense of the human figure, an elevated appreciation of the true purpose of art."

Hamerton



OUIS GALLAIT

The International Exposition held in London in 1862 contained a remarkable collection of works of art by living masters. The artists who were assembled there at that time decided to give an entertainment to the member of their body who would be voted the most distinguished painter. This distinction was conferred on Gallait. He is a Belgian by birth and commenced his artistic career at Tournay, his native city. From thence he went to Antwerp and later to Paris. He is the author of many distinguished pictures and occupies an honored position among the serious painters of the century. Gallait's art is of a high order and his subjects are never commonplace or trivial. They oftentimes touch the realms of the tragic, the poetical, and almost reach the sublime. His manner is strong in drawing, vigorous in the use of color, vital in its truth to nature, and in his larger works often verges on the style of the great Venetian masters. In the rendition of subjects of a dramatic nature he reaches a point that is terrible, yet true to life. James Defforne, in "The Art Journal" of April, 1866, quotes this summing up of Gallait's art: "To adopt the language of one of his own countrymen, 'He is of the race of artists who, comprehending the grandeur and dignity of art, have never prostituted their pencils to the follies and infatuations of the day, nor flattered the passions and intellectual weaknesses of the crowd.'" The representative pictures by him in this collection certainly verify and bear out all that has been said of him. The two larger

"An artist whom nature had made a painter, and study a learned man."
A. J. Wauters

canvases, "Peace," and "War," reveal a genius that is remarkable in its tragic poetry, while "The Dead Counts Egmont and Horn," although painted in water-color and small in dimensions, is as strong as any historical picture of the period.

"Peace" the artist has beautifully symbolized in domestic happiness. A mother whose face beams with maternal love and affection fondles two children. Her face is turned toward the larger child, who stands at her side. The child is beautiful with his sweet upturned face as he holds aloft a bunch of pure white flowers. Her left arm entwines his form, and with her hand she caresses him. In her lap sits a chubby little baby, his face and hand resting on his mother's breast, while she tenderly fondles the little arm. On the left the trunk of a tree in full foliage is seen. To the right is a wide stretch of landscape with fertile fields, in which a husbandman is busy plowing with patient oxen. Near the figures, and lying in their shadow, is a large shepherd dog, while in front of the mother is a young lamb sleeping. A spindle of wool lies near and a part of a spinning wheel is seen in a corner. In the front of the picture a large butterfly has just alighted. Peace, repose and simple domestic happiness are depicted in everything in the scene. The drapery is quiet in color, being brown, blue-black and white. The painting, while strong and masterly, is yet extremely refined and beautiful.

As the night follows the day, so this poem of domestic happiness is transformed into hopeless gloom. "War," grim, gaunt and pitiless, has flung her dismal pall over everything. The sky that was a harbinger of joy is now overcast with low, dismal clouds. All that

GALLAIT

No. 52
"PEACE"

No. 47
"WAR"

GALLAIT

"His style, whether shown in an elaborate composition or in some simple subject, is essentially grand."

James Dafforne

was bright and hopeful has turned into darkest gloom. Far across the fields, where the man and faithful oxen tilled the fruitful soil, devastation and desolation reign supreme. Not a ray of light is seen, save the lurid glow of a burning city that illumines the far away horizon, the reflection casting long bars of crimson along the lower clouds. In the foreground are the mother and children, objects of poverty and wretchedness. The mother, pale, gaunt and hungry, is in the agonies of starvation. The painting of the face and form of this woman is powerful in its horror, and in its realism is equaled only by the terrible scenes depicted in the "Wreck of the Medusa" by Géricault. Lying with its face buried in the empty breasts of the mother, the once rosy babe, now pale and deathlike, cries for the nourishment she can not give. The beautiful boy whose upturned face illuminated the other picture, realizing his mother's condition, cries with agony and clings to her almost senseless form. The cheerful habiliments worn in the former picture have given place to the draping of Death. In the immediate foreground, where the lamb and butterfly were, are seen the head and arms of a dead soldier. The dog lies stiff in death, faithful to the end.

The picture is terrible beyond description, still it is war, and while many would like to draw the sable mantle of obscurity over such scenes, yet they are a part of life, and the presentation of its horror with such vivid and terrible truth must bring a lesson of humanity.

The power of music to affect human action has always been recognized; whether it be the majestic strains of a grand symphony or the tom-tom beat of the savage. The musical instinct is universal, and the potency of its in-

fluence is felt by all animated nature. The fabled story of the piper of Hamlin has been verified thousands of times, and music, the most divine of the arts, may be either the means of our uplifting or the power suasive that leads to destruction. By its soothing influence millions of weary souls have been uplifted and helped; yet, by the same mysterious power, myriads have been drawn into conditions where vice and wantonness hold their sway. We have but to enter the storehouse of our childhood memories to find the indelible imprint of some old, old song, or again hear the sweet lullabies that came from a mother's lips. With them rise blissful recollections, tinged with a sadness hallowed by time. To a weary soul the plaintive song will come carrying the balm of rest, of peace. As the little child nestling on the bosom of its mother listens to her even-song, and is borne off by it into dreamland, so are we children still, under the influence of music. Whether through the human voice or some sweet-toned instrument, swayed under the magic spell, we are brought to a nearer realization of the Divine harmonies.

A traveler in the Holy Land tells this story of his experience. For months he had been isolated, without meeting any one with whom to converse in his native tongue. One day, in an ancient city with wondrous memories, but now almost devoid of habitation, he suddenly seemed to hear the strains of distant music. It was so faint at first that he thought he was dreaming, but as it grew stronger he recognized a familiar air, one that was dear to his heart. Coming as it did in the midst of almost desolation, a song that brought to him the memories of once happy days, he was filled

GALLAIT

with emotion. Suddenly turning into a street he saw the red coats of some British soldiers, accompanied by a regimental band. As he told the simple story the tears gathered in his eyes, and a hush came over those who listened. Thus in peaceful hours, in strange lands, in fields of carnage, its power is manifest. But its sweetest and most endearing influence is felt by some weary, sick soul to whom life's pathway seems strewn with thorns, or to one who has fallen by the wayside. To such a one, music is indeed a balm of Gilead.

An incident of this sort is found in the little painting by Louis Gallait, the great French romanticist, called "Power of Music." Sitting on a stone overlooking a shady valley are two strolling musicians, a brother and sister, the boundless canopy of blue above them being their only shelter. Tired and weary, the frail young girl has sunk upon the stones, her head resting on her brother's knee. Throughout the long day they have brought to others the gladness of music, and now have sought this secluded spot that rest may be found. The brother has just played some soothing strain on his violin, under whose spell her spirit has found rest. Calm, pale and beautiful is the face of the girl, sweet slumber having swept the shadows of care from her face. She wears a simple gown of white and blue; her arms, hands and feet are bare and very beautiful, although showing the hardships of exposure. Her dress, falling slightly from her shoulders, gives a glimpse of a tender, youthful form. Lying at her feet is a tambourine that has kept time to her nimble feet while she danced herself into weariness. Her young brother, dark and bronzed, with black hair, holds the violin in position, the sounds of the last touch on the

"His ideas are always noble and elevated, and they are realized on the canvas with the power of a master hand."

James Dafforne

strings still lingering. In this picture the look of tender love expressed in the youth, the frail spiritual beauty of the sister, and the calm hush of the evening hour are painted with that refinement of sentiment which was the artist's gift. And again the power of music is graphically illustrated.

Like the last lingering sound from the violin is the soft mellow evening light that rests peacefully on the bosom of the slumbering girl. Ere long Night with her star-crowned dome will have thrown her passive mantle over all, and silence will come, unbroken save by the hooting owl, or the moaning of the wind among the ruins. Let us hope that this poor frail girl has found perfect rest and that her pure young spirit has been merged into fields elysian, teeming with beautiful flowers, symbolizing the purity of her own sweet nature. May the birds take up and reverberate the tones that lulled her to sleep. This little picture is a sweetly rendered melody whose inspiration might have been a song by Schubert. It is one of those touches that makes the world akin. Its silent appeal brings us nearer each other.

One of those ideal creations for which Gallait was noted is his "Art and Liberty." In the center of the picture stands a young man in a picturesque costume of brown. He wears a broad hat whose brim curves gracefully upon one side. His face is smooth and youthful, and swarthy in color. The features, refined and sensitive, are yet determined and self-poised in expression. His long black hair falls gracefully on his shoulders. In his left hand he holds a violin, which rests on his arm; in his right hand is the bow. A long cloak falls in graceful lines from his shoulders. He is standing on a balcony overlooking a lake whose

No. 96
"ART AND LIBERTY"

GALLAIT

bosom lies calm and serene; beyond, the mountains rise in beautiful curved lines. The sky, mountains and water are bathed in a dreamy blue gray mist. Graceful vines trail around the balustrade. Lying on the railing to the right is some paper, pen and ink. There is a determined, yet dignified expression in every line of his figure. You are in the presence of a strong individuality, a genius who has turned from the world and its seductive influences and lives and has his being in the realms of universal genius, wherein perfect liberty is found, the only condition in which the grand symphonies of the soul can find their true expression. Thus Art and Liberty, walking hand in hand, each finds its perfect fulfillment.

No. 156

"COUNTS EGмонт
AND HORN"

A very different picture by Gallait is the one entitled, "The Duke of Alva, The Emissary of Philip II of Spain, Contemplating the Beheaded Counts Egmont and Horn." The incident related in this picture marks an epoch in the religious and political history of the Netherlands, and was an event that led to the culmination of the great religious persecutions that were inaugurated by Charles V. The introduction of this persecution is told with great power in the large painting of "The Edict of Charles V," No. 48, by the gifted artist, Baron Leys. Egmont and Horn by some brilliant victories incurred the jealousy of Duke Alva, notwithstanding they were also bitter persecutors of the reformers. They were executed on charges trumped up by the Duke. After their unjust death the people forgot their former feelings against them and Egmont and his fellow victim were glorified in the popular imagination as martyrs of Flemish freedom. This memorable episode proved to be the prelude to the famous revolt of the Netherlands,

GALLAIT

the issue of which was independence, and liberty of thought and speech for all.

Pale and rigid, lying on a couch, are the bodies of the dead counts. A white cloth is arranged around their necks so as to conceal the manner of their execution. Thrown over their bodies, and covering the couch, is a robe of sable velvet; on top of this lies a long silver crucifix. At the head of the bed is a second crucifix with sacred candlesticks on either side; the tapers are just being lighted by a priest. Standing at the foot of the couch is the Duke of Alva, by whose order these men were killed. He is a strong featured man of sandy complexion, dressed in elegant yet sober robes. He stands with his head slightly bowed, his chin resting on his chest, gazing steadfastly into the faces of his victims. The muscles of his face are drawn, the brows knit, and his expression reveals a trace of pain, as if coming face to face with the ghastly scene he had suddenly realized its horror. He almost shrinks from the terrible spectacle. Just back of him stand his body guards in bright red uniforms. Their faces show intense and varied expressions. Back of them and to the left is a guard dressed in steel armor with his hand resting on the hilt of his sword, and just beyond him is a man who, with defiant mien, looks with contempt at the soldiers, while the guard, with like contempt, pays his respects to the Duke.

The painting of the dead men is terrible in its realism. The stiffness of their bodies and the manner in which the severed heads are pushed up against them, the little trickling of blood that stains the white drapery, the ghastly expression of the faces with their bloodless pallor, are rendered with a power that is unsurpassed in the annals of historic painting.

"His first pictures were masterpieces. 'The Abdication of Charles V,' 'The 'Lying in State of Counts Egmont and Horn,' 'The Last Moments of Count Egmont,' at once revealed in their author the science of composition, design and expression, as well as the intelligent choice of his types and the perfect appreciation of the feelings of his figures in their various situations."

A. J. Wauters

While rendered with terrible realism, it is yet noble and dignified, and reveals the fitness of the artist for the rendition of great events.



ARON H. LEYS

While there have been many painters of the human figure and all nations have furnished great examples, few have succeeded in the painting of history. Baron Leys stands in the front rank of modern painters in this department of art. Although originally intended for the Church, the love of art pressed him so strongly that he entered the studio of De Brackeleer, a well known painter of Antwerp. His sympathies turned to the great events of the so-called Reformation, and from his hands came many powerful works. The great events of the fifteenth, sixteenth and seventeenth centuries are painted with such striking force that you are brought at once into the presence of those great scenes; indeed, Leys is spoken of as "a painter of epochs." When the so-called pre-Raphaelite movement swept over England he changed his manner. The greatest triumphs of his genius were dated at this time, and to this period belongs the great canvas called "The Edict of Charles V."

The publication of the Edict of Charles V in the year 1650 introduced the Inquisition into the Netherlands. Prescott says, "By this edict, or 'placard,' as it was called, it was ordained that all who were convicted of heresy should suffer death by fire, by the pit, or by the sword; in other words, should be burned alive, be buried alive, or be beheaded. These terrible penalties were incurred by all who dealt in heret-

No. 48
"EDICT OF
CHARLES V"

ical books, or copied or bought them; by all who held or attended conventicles, by all who disputed on the Scriptures in public or private, by all who preached or defended the doctrines of the Reformation." Every character in this wonderful picture fits in and becomes a part of it and aids in telling the story. There is not an inch of canvas wasted; everything has a reason for being. The scene is in the public market place of a very picturesque old town. In the center of the canvas stand the emissaries of the Emperor, reading the edict, grouped around him are the authorities, while back of them are the soldiers, whose presence gives emphasis to the order. There is a certain sternness both in their attitude and expression which means obedience to the letter. On the left of this group you see a quaint old book stall. Standing at the window, and facing the authorities, is the keeper, listening attentively. These words are of vital interest. Near the front of the picture stand two men, leaning on the iron railing. They are strong characters, dressed in dark solemn drapery which has a powerful influence in the effect of the picture. They are completely absorbed in the reading. The expression on their faces speaks volumes. Back of these figures are grouped many women and children, refined and dignified in character, with the sympathetic in their nature brought out and made to tell wonderfully the sentiment of the picture. One mother, whose feelings are betrayed in the expression of her face, clings to the hands of her little boy, drawing him tenderly to her as if to protect him from the terrible penalties about to be enforced.

Just behind her stands a woman around whose neck the arms of another woman are thrown, while her face is buried in her bosom.

LEYS

"Leys is not only this year the grand and illusory colorist we all know; he reveals himself a thinker and a poet. * These are surprising and powerful works, created by a deep knowledge of the epochs he would represent. ** He searches into the very depth of an epoch; he revives its moral and intellectual life, which he knows how to reflect in the physiognomy of his characters."

Critique of the
Brussels Exhi-
bition of 1854

LEYS On the side of the canvas close by the entrance to the book stall are two men who have just come out. Hearing the import of the edict they irresistibly clasp hands; you feel that the proclamation comes to them with telling force. One of them has certain books under his arm. Perhaps they are proscribed by the edict! In front of them is an old man whose face is wonderful in its character and expression. To this figure you are drawn at once. He sits with his elbows on his knees and his chin buried in his hands. From his costume he is evidently of some ecclesiastic importance; his thoughts are going out beyond the present into the future; he seems to divine a disaster that will certainly follow; he doubts the wisdom of the edict and has grave forebodings for the Mother Church. The reaction appears to him with vivid force. The painting of this figure reaches into the sublime and becomes great; it has a powerful effect on the entire composition. The background is composed of fine, quaint old buildings stretching away into the perspective, whose picturesque and broken lines are painted with a carefulness that shows the artist's thoroughness.

The entire picture is imbued with a power and a solemn repose that makes you realize the importance of the event. The seriousness of the scene is deeply felt, and the whole picture shows a mental grasp that stamps the genius of Leys and places him high in the realms of art. The dignity of the various groups, the simplicity with which the story is told, the character in the faces, all lead up into the grander expression which makes the whole. It is a great painting of a great epoch, and by one of the greatest of Belgian artists, one at whose feet the world might proudly lay a wreath of laurel.

LEYS

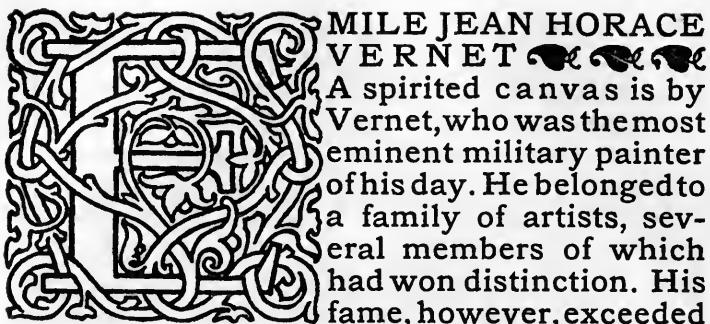
No. 152

"DUTCH INTERIOR"

Ley's "Dutch Interior" is a remarkable picture, so different from the "Edict" that you would scarcely credit it to the same master, but as marvelous a piece of painting as can be found by any of the most serious of the old Dutchmen. It is beautiful in color and thorough in finish, as befits the subject. The scene is in a quaint old kitchen in the household of a well-to-do Dutch family. The room is connected with a second room by a window, the wall below which arches out and is constructed of blue tile. At the sides of the window the walls are brown with age, and rich in color. In the corner of the room is a table covered with a blue and gray cloth. On it lies a duck; back of this is a gray earthen jug and on the floor a copper kettle. Beside the table sits a buxom young maiden, sound asleep. She is evidently there to dress the fowl, which lies undisturbed. Near her on the floor sits a large white cat, looking wistfully at the duck, and standing in the other room and looking through the opening at the girl are an old gentleman and lady, evidently astonished at the spectacle before them. The old gentleman holds a pipe in his hand while the old lady folds her arms complacently as she looks at the girl. He wears a white cap and blue coat. The woman's dress is of a vermillion red, and she also wears a white cap; the dimly lighted room with its golden amber color forming a charming background for them both. The upper part of the arched window is divided into small squares by iron fret-work. At the side of it hangs a bird cage, and a pitcher and brown earthen jar are on the window sill. The coloring is as rich as a Rembrandt; it fairly glows with a deep transparent amber, and the whole subject is treated with a seriousness that is delightful.

"The genius of Baron Leys, however, is of so diversified a character that he can mold it into any form, and adapt it to any purpose—to the humorous or the pathetic, to the grandeur of history or the incident of ordinary social life; and his pencil portrays, with equal truth, vigor and delicacy, the art of an age long passed away and that of his own time."

James Dafforne



MILE JEAN HORACE VERNET

A spirited canvas is by Vernet, who was the most eminent military painter of his day. He belonged to a family of artists, several members of which had won distinction. His fame, however, exceeded them all. He was brilliant and audacious in his compositions and his pictures are full of action. His coloring is strong and was influenced largely by the old Venetian masters. The rapidity with which he painted has passed into proverb. It was said that he executed five hundred pictures during his life-time. Still, taking into consideration the fact that he wielded the brush for sixty years, this does not seem so wonderful. Vernet received many distinguished honors. At a time when such brilliant lights as Delacroix, Géricault, Delaroche, Ingres and Decamps illuminated French art, he maintained an honored position among them.

No. 101 "ITALIAN BRIGANDS"

"Throwing off all academic trammels, he became a painter of vigorous actualities. He was the legitimate offspring of his nation and time, and his art was for his own period; it was quickly responsive to the demands of both its masses and its sovereigns."

C. H. Stranahan

The picture of "Italian Brigands Surprised by Papal Troops" represents Vernet in this collection. For centuries travelers on the highways of Italy were terrorized by brigands. They were a menace to life and property, until finally almost extinguished by the Papal authorities. The scene here is on one of these roads. A stage coach has been captured by a party of brigands. They have killed the coachman, and are struggling with some female passengers, when suddenly the Papal cavalry comes dashing around a curve in the road, their horses flying like the wind, causing great clouds of dust to rise in the air. Surprised as the brigands are, they are resisting the attack.

The women are terribly frightened, and one is kneeling in front of a wayside altar, praying. The action in the canvas is splendid and the coloring strong and glowing. There is a dash about the composition that is remarkable.

VERNET

CHARLES FRANÇOIS
JALABERT



This artist was a pupil of Delaroche and adhered more closely to the style of his master than did any of the students of that famous painter. His pictures are noted for their refined beauty. There is always a sentiment in them, a pure, sweet influence, that appeals to the ideal side of one's nature. "The Italian Girl" is a little canvas wherein the tenderness of childhood is beautifully expressed. There is a touch of sadness in the face of the child, a sadness that is yet beautiful. You see in her something that is common to the children of Italy—a certain oldness. The face is delicately painted and you feel the touch of sympathy the artist had for his model. The eyes, large, blue and full, seem indeed to be windows through which the soul finds expression. The subject is handled with the refinement and tenderness that characterize his art.

In "The Morning" Jalabert has touched a tender chord that is most beautiful, one that lies nearer the human heart than all others. In it are expressed that most sacred of all sentiments, maternal love. By those who seek only "art for art's sake," this little picture will be passed unnoticed. In it such a person would see nothing; but to him whose heart is attuned to the tender harmonies of both art and life,

No. 95
"ITALIAN GIRL"

No. 112
"THE MORNING"

JALABERT

"Horace Vernet said, and truly, that light resides in the quality of the tone and not in the thickness of the pigment; and the love for smoothness of surface which marks Jalabert and some others is perfectly 'compatible' with artistic power, both color and chiaroscuro, while it is more than 'compatible' with drawing, being positively favorable to form."

Hamerton

this little canvas will bring up memories that reach back into the dim twilight of the past and speak of the days that are no more. A young mother has just lifted a little child from the cradle where it has been sleeping. She presses it lovingly to her bosom and it nestles there with childish trust. She lays her cheek against the little head, while her love goes out and finds repose in the heart of the tender, loving child. It is a picture of peace, home, and motherhood, of all that is sacred in those sentiments which come to us in our better moments. The flesh of the child, which is nude, is painted with all the delicacy of a rosebud, and is a fine example of the purity and high ideal of the artist. This picture brings an influence of peace; and in it are breathed most beautifully those refining influences, those pure, chaste sentiments that cluster around home life. Here everything bespeaks happiness, pure and simple; the child whose all is mother, and she who paints rainbow-hued pictures of destiny that radiate from her love for her offspring.

No. 108
"ORPHEUS"

From this bit of home, this scene from domestic life, let us turn and look at a picture wherein the poetic soul of the painter has reached out into scenes none the less real to him than the one just described. To-day if a man essays to paint an ideal picture, to avoid the criticism of the knowing he must introduce realisms in the way of textures, bric-a-brac, drapery, that will show his power in technique. The painting of drapery that belongs to the dominions of ethereal life as seen in visions clairvoyantly by the poet or painter would be hailed with derision by these critics, yet such a picture is "Orpheus," a picture of the purest ideal type; one that at once stamps the painter as one of the highest spirituality.

In a dimly lit forest, amid cool velvety shadows, are groups of nymphs of marvelous beauty. They are of the most charming type of face and form, tall and slender, with limbs beautifully rounded; and are so delicately painted, so ideal in conception that you feel they can move with thought. The flesh painting is wonderful in its beauty; the drapery is as light and filmy as gossamer, and through it you can trace the beautiful forms. In this canvas the student will find a beauty of line unequaled in any picture in the room. Its technique in this respect is directly opposite to the principles on which Fortuny based his art. As an example, look at the figure in the foreground, with her side toward you; see how beautiful, how graceful and undulating the lines are. There is more real ideal beauty than can be found in a hundred pictures painted in these days of realism. You find in her no suggestion of the studio model, or the lay figure on which drapery has been painted. There is a higher, truer inspiration expressed in this canvas than in any like subject seen by the writer. The drawing of the figures is elegant, but of a purely ideal type. The various groups draw together as they would instinctively, without affectation. In the dim background in the denser wood sits Orpheus, whose enchantment has drawn around him all this beauty. The spirit of the woods has been felt and painted by Jalabert, and to one who has the inner sight this canvas will be a joy, a pleasure never to be forgotten. It belongs to the past, and in these days when one is confronted by the more material interpretation of things it is like a flower in the desert.

The last of this group is "The Christian Martyr." This picture was started by Delaroche and completed by Jalabert, and is a good ex-

JALABERT

"'Orpheus' is a most delicately wrought and poetic composition. The grace and beauty of the nymphs and the soft and dreamy tone that is preserved betray a peculiarly happy conception and a pretty idea well sustained and fully developed. The picture is in harmony with Orpheus' music, which is sensuous, dreamy and reposeful, and with nothing too real about it."

Critique

No. 9
"THE CHRISTIAN MARTYR"

JALABERT

"His figures exhibit a play of line that would be appropriate in sculpture, and are among the finest of the entire French school."
C. H. Stranahan

ample of the peculiar school to which they belonged. On the calm surface of a deep pool of blue green water floats the form of a fair young girl. The face, pale in death, lies like a lily on its surface. The picture is beautifully painted, and to some who are drawn to the sentimental side of religion it will be a favorite. Aside from its merit, it shows the wonderful breadth of the collection, which covers all classes of sentiment and religions. This picture was the subject of great discussion at the time of its first exhibition, and shows more of the classic influence than any of Jalabert's pictures in the collection. To the student, there is much to be seen in these pictures that will be of value, because of the materialistic tendencies in the art of the present time.



III

Jean Louis André Théodore Géricault. The Romanticist movement in France, in which Delacroix was a brilliant luminary, was started by Géricault, who was the first to oppose the classicists. His pictures were the objects of their severest denunciation, but he braved all opposition and continued painting canvases that are now among the treasures of the Louvre, where hangs his greatest triumph, "The Wreck of the Medusa." Géricault was not the fighter that Delacroix was, but rather shrank from conflict. He finally succumbed to the inevitable, and as the result of privation and neglect passed away in the prime of life. The Walters gallery is enriched by one canvas by him, a study of a lion, very beautiful and showing the somber depth of his coloring.

Crouched upon the earth with his head erect is a magnificent lion. He is in his den and seems as if watching for prey. The rich, warm, yellowish brown color of his skin and its texture are splendidly painted. The light, striking him full in the face, gives accent to a creamy white spot on his nose. The shadows on the animal are wonderfully painted and are lost into the sur-

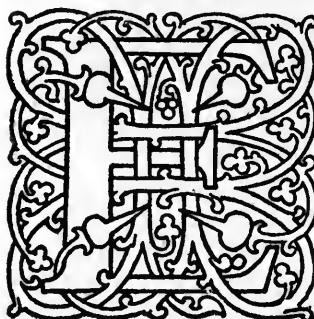
"When drawn from his habitual reserve, Géricault was so cordial that one retained in his heart a warm impression of it for the entire day, yet he never painted a woman, child or sunlight. * 'If I begin a woman,' he once said, 'she becomes a lion under my pencil.' " Chesneau

No. 162
"LION IN REPOSE"

GÉRICAULT

"He probably first turned Delacroix's powers into the romantic channel in the rebellion against the fad for the antique."
Critique

rounding gloom with telling effect. The background is dark and gloomy and of a transparent olive color. There is a sullen expression throughout the entire picture, and a power so subtle lies underneath what is so graphically expressed on the surface that it transports one to the wild habitation of the king of beasts.



UGÈNE DELACROIX

There is a strange fascination about the art of Delacroix. He was the central figure around which the men of 1830 were grouped. The homage paid to him was the result of purely artistic, not personal, enthusiasm, for no man ever gained an entrance to the privacy that he threw around him. Delacroix lived within himself. He felt that he had a mission to fulfill, and having grave apprehensions as to his health his sole thought was for the power to labor. This was made possible by a competency from his father which enabled him to work without interruption. His life, like his art, was characterized by simplicity. He was drawn to Géricault by a sympathy that was mutual. To Delacroix the painter of the "Medusa" was little less than divine.

The genius of Delacroix has been likened to that of Shakespeare. Possessing a subtle conception, he had the mental grasp that enabled him to perform with ease tasks which cost others great labor. The very essence of his art was the dramatic. The tragedy of life thrilled his canvas. The passion with which he painted everything, the color which he sounded to its very depths—these with an ever fertile imagination, were concentrated into every thing

"Delacroix is a complete artist. He feels and understands music in a manner so superior that it would have made him a great musician had he not chosen rather to be a great painter. He is an equally good judge of literature; few minds are so accomplished and clear as his."
George Sand

that emanated from his hands. He accomplished a life work that will be an example to the artists of future generations. Géricault had fallen in the fight; poverty had eaten up his vital forces. Eugène Delacroix, taking the banner from his stilled hands, carried it on to triumph, placing it, by the force of his sublime genius, at an altitude that shall never be lowered by time, or conditions. It is immortal. The art of Delacroix was an enigma to the rigid classicists. It was born of the heart, and had the rich warm blood of human life coursing through it. This was in direct opposition to the cold formalism of their purely mental art. He was the target at which the bitterest anathemas were ever hurled. He was mentally burned at the stake. So far as the effect on him was concerned it was like the beating of the winds against the Rock of Gibraltar. Delacroix worked on, step by step, and by force of labor directed by genius beat down the battlements erected by prejudice. Like Nero of old, he sat smiling on the ruins of classicism, amid his bitterest enemies. His admission to the Institute was to him the crowning glory of his life, and for the first time joy broke through the reserve with which he surrounded himself. For fifty years he had worked with singleness of purpose; often putting two days' work into one, lest the disease that preyed on his vitals should still his hand on the morrow. As he entered the battle, he met the Conqueror, conscious of having fulfilled a mission, knowing that his works, that were bristling with life, would live. He had lived alone, so, when death came, he asked the same privilege of privacy. Calm and collected, thoroughly self-possessed, he passed out. The hand that had guided the brush filled with living colors lay still. Death sealed his lips

DELACROIX

"He saw his subject as a whole, not as the portrait of a group of selected and isolated objects. * The others appear trivial and superficial beside him. To the day of his death he was an object of formal reprobation to the old-fashioned critics, who endeavored to keep alive, like superannuated vestals, the fading flame on the altar of conventionalism."

Henry James, Jr.

DELACROIX

No. 74
"CHRIST ON THE
CROSS"

"His Christ has lived,
his flesh has thrilled,
his heart has bled
in truth; he is the in-
carnation of all
martyrdom, of a con-
summate crime left in
the midst of
indifferent nature."

Wolff

"This artist possesses
in addition to the
poetic imagination,
which is common to
the painter and the
writer, the art
imagination which is
quite distinct from
the other. He throws
in his figures, groups
them, bends them
to his will, with the
boldness of Michael
Angelo, and the wealth
of Rubens."

M. Thiers

with a smile. Another great soul had gone into
the realms of the beautiful.

His "Christ on the Cross" is one of the greatest pictures in the collection and one of the triumphs of modern art; yes, of all art, both on account of the simplicity of its conception and the manner in which it is painted. The larger part of the canvas is occupied by the figure of Christ, which hangs on the cross; the only accessories introduced being two or three figures that are merely incidental. In this picture there are none of the conventionalities of composition that usually serve to touch the religious emotions, but there is instead a dramatic force that is born only of a great soul. The terrible tragedy of the incident is brought before you with such power that you realize the awfulness of the event; you shudder, you lose the sense of the limitations of the little canvas and are brought face to face with the real. No sympathetic groups, no brutality, no mockery or tortures are introduced as a means of telling the story. Instead, everything is expressed in the simple figure suspended from the cross. There is no attempt to realize the Divine ideal, nor do you feel that the artist has in any way sought to express Divinity, yet there is in this great figure the stamp, the seal of the Divine that came from the creative power of the artist. The surroundings are sublimely dramatic. Nature seems to have taken on the conditions of the hour; gloom hangs over the desolate scene. Far away, as if trying to hide her face, the sun is bathed in a weird ruddy light, adding a powerful note to the picture. You could take the figure out of the canvas and still have one of the most complete expressions of gloom ever painted, or you could place the figure alone anywhere and it would still be one of the most impressive pieces of

dramatic painting in all the realms of art. Indeed, this picture will stand beside the noblest works of any epoch.

The "Jesus on the Sea of Galilee," like the "Christ on the Cross," was one of the One Hundred Masterpieces of French art. In this picture you see Delacroix in his most impassioned mood. Here you have the wonderful technique that made him the ideal of the artist. This is the picture that was chosen by the artists of Paris as expressing in the highest degree the art of Delacroix.

While this picture has in it the same high note that characterizes the "Christ on the Cross," yet it is not so full of the subjective qualities that are supreme in the latter. The execution is fine in every respect and the color is beautiful in its simplicity. The tones are somber and expressive, the handling passionate. The brush is pushed here and there, swinging, twirling, whirling, always obeying the dictates of a powerful brain; realizing at once the terrible, heaving movement of the storm-tossed waves. The wind, the lashing and flapping of the sails, the action everywhere, show the wonderful ability of this strange genius. The fishermen are busy trying to adjust the sails, while Jesus sleeps at the prow of the boat. The boat, sails and figures compose a heterogeneous mass of reddish yellowish brown color, which is finely relieved against the greenish tones of the sea, forming a beautiful harmony. The sky is overcast with sullen, windy clouds. Away in the distance a ledge of rocks comes up against the sky. Everything is full of action. The hush and stillness of death is felt in the "Christ on the Cross," but in this picture is the real animated life of nature. There are no strong contrasts of light and shade. A deep feel-

DELACROIX

No. 145

"JESUS ON THE SEA OF GALILEE"

"He drew his subjects from Scott, Byron, Shakspere and Goethe, and was the equal to all of them. He brought a new element into French painting—color.* His work was marvelously varied; full of poetry and color.* It is the ideal tormented by poetry."

Théophile Gautier

DELACROIX

No. 253
"LION AND
SERPENT"

"Although forming his style on Rubens, Tintoretto and the English school, Delacroix, whose head looked like a sick lion's, is a genius who must always remain alone."

Jules Bréton

"I find the sighs of the damned in the pictures of Delacroix. In looking at his paintings I feel the want of sun, of health, flowers and pure air, of life without fear."

Thomas Couture

ing underlies everything. The color is powerful in its tone and richness. In fact, you feel that the artist has realized with directness and force everything at which he aimed.

A bit of nature in her wildest condition, a place where the foot of man has never trod, is seen in the "Lion and Serpent." Lying on the sand of a desolate sea-shore is a huge lion, whose size and massive strength are wonderfully painted. With one of his ponderous paws he holds a serpent to the ground, leaving it just room enough to move its head. The tortured reptile hisses with rage, while the lion, with head turned, as if listening, snarls in return. As a piece of drawing and painting it is certainly marvelous. The bone structure, the muscular strength, and the sense of size and weight, are painted with great power. There is an air of almost playfulness in the expression and attitude of the lion, yet he would be ugly in an instant, should the serpent give him cause. Just back of the lion, a huge, dark rock forms a background into which the outlines of his head are lost, while back of this you get a glimpse of a wild and desolate stretch of sea. The whole picture is somber, and the tones form a harmony of strange weirdness. One feels that this picture is the direct result of a powerful mood, a something that was within the man finding expression through the medium of his art. It is a little picture of wonderful fascination and would of itself have established the reputation of Delacroix. Although painted in water-colors it has a depth that is wonderful, and there is in it the same dramatic qualities that are in the "Christ on the Cross," and the "Sea of Galilee," the same desolate weirdness. The marvelous grasp of the subject and the ease with which he expressed himself are delightful.

DELACROIX

No. 113
"THE COMBAT"

At the foot of some lonely hills two men are engaged in deadly combat. Both are mounted. Their horses, rearing and plunging, are full of violent action that is in keeping with the scene. It is a masterpiece of drawing, full of the passionate genius that characterized Delacroix, and painted with great breadth. Every stroke of the brush is driven with telling force, and there is the sureness, the confidence that make his pictures always strong. The coloring though subdued is very rich. The fierceness of the combatants finds an echo in every part of the canvas. There is always in his pictures a central thought. In this one you have a part of the drama of life in her more barbaric condition. It is an incident of the Orient, told by one who was one of the greatest creative forces in the art of the century.

"He treats color as Michael Angelo did design. He discharges it in a burst of fireworks. No pupil can follow him. His pictures overpower you by their fury of brush. The large and terrible pleased him most."

Jarves

RYSCHEFFER

This artist was a man of refined intellectual temperament, whose tastes, pure and elevated, naturally fitted him for association with the learned and distinguished men of his times. He was a devoted friend of Géricault and

Delacroix. His father was an artist of ability and his mother distinguished as an amateur, so the son was thoroughly imbued with a taste for art. His early pictures, which were largely chosen from the poets, were received with great pleasure. He himself was a poet in his way, being a master of the epic style in art and dealing in themes that were sublime. His compositions are chaste and dignified and his pictures, though often deficient in color, appeal to the intellect rather than to the emotions. The

SCHEFFER

latter part of his career was devoted entirely to religious subjects, chosen from the historic events of the Bible. He was a true and generous friend, and exemplified in his life charity in its highest and most unselfish meaning.

In his "Christ Weeping Over Jerusalem" we have a beautiful example of the ideal Jesus. The face, pure and noble in type, is remarkable in many ways and is classed as one of his finest creations. It is dignified, refined in feature and has nothing that would indicate that more modern interpretation which delineates and accents the Son-of-Man idea. He stands fronting you, his head turned slightly to the right, as if looking down upon the damned city. His face, though delicate in feature, is of a tawny hue which tells of an out-of-door life. There is a firmness, an almost sternness in his face, yet you feel that underneath there is the spirit of kindness. The picture contains nothing painted to catch the eye, hence you must study it before it unfolds to you all the beauty it possesses. You are at once conscious of the serious devotion of the artist to his subject. It has the noble dignity of a Raphael, minus the Italian's human touch and sensitive feeling for color. The folds of the drapery belong to that period when the characterization of stuffs was regarded as being unworthy of an artist's attention. Surrounded as this picture is by more modern works of art, in which a nearer approach is made to nature, to life as it is, it always has a strange effect. It holds its place with a dignity that suggests the appearance of a refined specimen of the old-school type of gentlemen among a group of the varied types of to-day.

No. 65
"CHRIST WEEPING
OVER JERUSALEM"

"Ary Scheffer was not alone an artist, he was a mind, a heart, a character; a mind open to all culture, all graces, all enthusiasms; a heart tender, generous, devoted. * *

Have I told how sweet and true were his friendships, how solid and charming his conversations, how sincere, indulgent and faithful his affections?"

Louis Viardot

UGÈNE ISABEY

Isabey was a great painter; in some respects, one of the best of modern Frenchmen. He was successful both in marine and figure pictures, and in the interpretation of the ocean in her more impassioned moods he was supreme. He seemed to possess those emotions to an intense degree which made him susceptible to the storm in all its terrible grandeur. As a painter of pictures in which many figures are introduced, he has no equal in modern art. He loved rich, brilliant masses of color, and in the painting of red in light he was especially successful. He had the gift of painting large groups in masses, wherein they cling together and depend upon one another rather than are subordinate to the development of an individual figure. In this he is original, and in this peculiarity his figure pictures are of untold value to the student of painting, especially at the present time, when minute realism, or the direct opposite, extreme impressionism, seems to predominate in the schools. Isabey was an artist who relied on his own genius and sought not to avoid that intense study of nature which alone insures great art. His figure pictures bear the stamp of a refined genius, and reflect the elegance of days that are no more.

One of the best examples of this master's art, and one of his best pieces of painting pure and simple, is "Elisabeth leaving France for Spain, to become the wife of Philip II." After fifteen years of effort this picture has been secured, and the lovers of art who find joy in this collection will be delighted with this new

No. 163
"DEPARTURE OF
ELISABETH OF
FRANCE FOR SPAIN"

ISABEY

"He has warm color, a sparkling facility. His smallest sketch, his roughest design, reveals the true artist and has no need of a name to be recognized, every brush stroke is a signature. * * He is original and creates a microcosm of all his pieces in which he displays his talent."

Gautier

friend. In this painting will be found a depth of color that would do honor to Rembrandt. Add to the fire, the brilliancy of a Rubens, Isabey's individual genius, and you have the true measure of the picture. Elisabeth is taking leave of her home. The front of the palace is gaily decorated with national colors; everything wears a holiday aspect. An elegantly equipped conveyance stands at the stairway. The fine white horse is impatiently awaiting her coming, as if conscious of the importance of the occasion. The coachman sits on his box, feeling the dignity of his position. On reaching the lower steps, the memories of her home, the thought of leaving it forever, bear heavily on Elisabeth's heart, and overcome with emotion, she swoons. She is supported by her maids, and surrounded by courtiers and friends. All is bustle and excitement; all seek to give such assistance as is possible. The stairway leading down from the palace is filled with people in gorgeous costumes wherein red predominates. The future Queen is dressed in a costume of wonderful purple red. Surrounding this color are masses of brilliant red, brown, white, and citron, jewels and broad laces, all in the light, making luscious masses of coloring. The upper part of this wonderful group of figures is in shadow and reveals the splendid skill possessed by the painter. These figures, although no especial attempt has been made at modeling or rounding them out, are yet perfect in this respect; they hold their places as a part of the shadow, yet come out beautiful in drawing. Amid clouds of ethereal blue that hang in the upper part of the picture, a train of young loves float gracefully down, scattering roses over the scene. One hovers over the door of the royal coach, while another has entered,

his little rosy feet protruding out of the open door. A handsome young page stands beside the horse. All around, filling the canvas, are the attendants, joining in the brilliancy of the scene. It is a gala throng. Painted with the sympathy of a poet, the richness of the color, the painting of the deep shadows, the great skill with which it is drawn, the absolute truth with which the tones are placed, make it not only one of the best of pictures, but a canvas of great educational value to the art student.

"After the Storm" is a piece of sea painting that has in it all of the great qualities spoken of in the former picture. Added to them is the fact that it represents nature in one of her most sublime moods. The vitality of the picture, the rendering of this grand atmospheric phenomenon, is as true as could be. There is a somberness, a fierceness, that almost takes one's breath away. In the midst of a wild tumultuous sea, a small sail boat and a row boat are seen. They are freighted with people escaped from a wreck, who seem to be casting about for help. The volume of the storm has passed; the waters have quieted somewhat, but they are still wild and boisterous, and lashing furiously. The wind, blowing a perfect gale, causes the boat to tip to a dangerous angle. Away back in the distance you see the storm that has just passed, in all its furious and terrible grandeur. The black, ominous clouds dip and mingle with the elements of the water. Joining their forces, they sweep away all obstructions that come within their path. It is late afternoon; the gloom of night gathers. Far in the distant sky a rift is torn in the clouds, through which a beam of light touches, like a ray of hope, the human beings who are at the mercy of the waves. Another ray bursts through the clouds near the

No. 62
"AFTER THE
STORM"

"He was royal marine painter of the expedition to Algiers in 1830, and at his death, 1886, still stood first among the painters of marines."

Stranahan

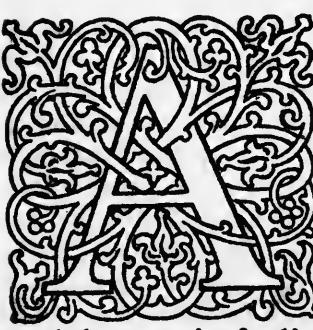
ISABEY

horizon. This one touches the tops of the waves here and there, finally resting on the boat and sails, transforming them into wondrous beauty, and bringing them effectively against the somber purpling gloom of the storm. Powerful in color, great in its solemnity, it is indeed the vast and mighty ocean in its grandest expression. All the forces of nature seem convulsed, the sky is lost amid the furiousness of the waves, and all join in a harmony of force that seems hopeless to life or to anything that should come under its influence. To the writer this is one of the most fascinating revelations of the wild power of a storm ever painted. It speaks plainly of the genius of the artist. As long as the fabric of this canvas shall hold together, or a ray of its wondrous light shall meet the eye, the genius of Eugène Isabey will need no monument, no memorial.



IV

LEXANDRE GABRIEL DECAMPS



No painter of modern times had a stranger nature than Decamps. There was something so uncontrollable in his strongly artistic temperament. He was like a song bird that flies here and there as its feelings prompt, in perfect freedom, and while his nature may have lacked in those qualities of persistence that would have enabled him to undergo hard and persevering study, who knows but that, after all, the world has gained by it? He came upon the stage of life when art had been plodding through long and weary years of hard, academic control, a period during which feeling, especially that sensitive feeling which comes from the unfathomed depths of nature, was completely smothered by the dogmatic assumption that for years had held up to men the mummies of the dead past, instead of directing them to the source from which all great art has received its inspiration. In saying this I do not mean to undervalue the art of the past; far from it. The Greeks drew their inspiration from the nature about them, a nature that was grand in its physical development. And those Dutchmen—why did they paint as no one had

DECAMPS

"French art of the first half of our century has inscribed the name of Decamps in its peerage, to complete the roll of the elect of born painters—those who caused the phalanx of 1830 to be owned as one of the finest groups of superior artists of which any epoch can boast."

Albert Wolff

done before? Because they were close to nature and were drawn to her by sympathy. Under these conditions Decamps came into the world. He was a living reproach to cold formalism, and was so strong in his assertion as an artist that he lifted art up to an elevation where the eye could sweep over vast fields of beauty that had been longing for recognition. He loved nature and would spend days roaming about with his gun on his shoulder, though he was never known to harm anything. Instead, he returned from his communion with her loaded with the pollen from her flowers, which he distilled into the delicious things that are treasured by the connoisseurs of all climes. A hidden mystery always infused into his work gives it a strong personality. The only picture by him in this collection, "The Suicide," is in subject of the most morbid type, yet there is a fascination about it so strange and unusual that one can not help returning and searching for it.

No. 116
"THE SUICIDE"

Lying on a couch in a dark, dingy studio is seen the form of a young artist, cold in death. He has taken that which no man can replace. On the floor is a pistol. The room is shrouded in a gloom whose depths are filled with mysterious stillness; a silence so intense that it would almost be broken by the pulsations of one's heart. The gloom is disturbed by a single ray of light, slanting across the room. It strikes the corner of a chair and falls on the shoulder of the man, lighting the white shirt into bold relief. On the shirt and down the side of the bed you see the crimson life blood that has trickled from the wound. In the dimness of the background is an easel on which hangs a palette; brushes and tools lie on the mantel. These are the simple elements of the picture. There is in it, however, a masterly power that

has never been surpassed. The entire figure is painted and modeled in shadow, a thing that very few have succeeded in doing. It is one thing to paint a figure in a low tone and call it shadow, but to make that same figure develop into a roundly modeled form, and still keep its value as a part of the shadow, is of itself a triumph that comes from the divine realms of genius. It is not the subject of the picture that fascinates you, nor is it a realism in which the horrible is depicted. What holds you is the great power with which the occult and mysterious nature of Decamps solved the problems of light, dark and color.

DECAMPS



UGÈNE FROMENTIN. Strong and pure, one of the most refined and beautiful characters of modern French art was Eugène Fromentin. His intellect was of the finest fiber, and of such quality as to make him sensitive to the soul of things; of which he wrote and painted with equal power. The surface, to such a man, can never satisfy; he must go deeper. Eugène Fromentin was not only a poet but a reformer, and a living reproach to the so-called Orientalists who affected the East even in dress and speech, and slapped the public in the face with their vulgar performances, full of loud coloring and theatrical effects, the issues of distorted imaginations. Being enamored of the East, the joy of his life was to paint her, which he did with a beauty and refinement born only of the poetic mind. His pictures have those distinctive, artistic qualities that come from an intense love of nature. He loved the wild, rov-

"Small and delicately constituted; his face striking in its expression; his eyes magnificent; his conversation like his paintings and writings—brilliant and strong, solid, colored, full. One could listen to him all one's life. Happy those who live in the intimacy of this man, exquisite in every respect."

George Sand

FROMENTIN

"Thanks to the conquest, Fromentin is able to be an African without ceasing to be a Frenchman, and if he distinctly affirms his taste for the life of the desert, his painted and written works manifest the most delicate and refined sentiment of a Parisian of pure ancestry."

René Menard

"He paints in two languages, and is an amateur in neither.

The two are in perfect accord; he passes from one to the other with facility."

Saint-Beuve

ing Arab, whose life was as free as the air he breathed. No man has painted the Arabian horses with greater beauty than he. It was the dream of his life to paint them perfectly; to us, he succeeded, but he could not satisfy himself. Into his pictures he introduced the beautiful silvery atmosphere that characterizes this country, and which in his pictures is exhilarating in the extreme. His drawing is universally strong, his coloring fine. In his pictures you will find no great contrasts of light and dark; they are limited to a few tones whose relationship is so perfectly rendered that it gives them a strength so remarkable that they will stand beside the work of any master. In the painting of skies he had no superior; they are always delicate and light, so ethereal and poetical. He did not possess the wild rugged genius of Delacroix or the strange weirdness of Decamps, but in his quiet, modest way won for himself a permanent place in the higher circle of the art world.

"The Halt" is in this respect one of his greatest triumphs. Indeed, it is in every respect one of his best, and truly represents his individuality and best manner. On a hillside are some massive white buildings, plain yet beautiful in their construction. About the center of these buildings is a tower more elevated than the other parts, thus breaking up the lines. Toward the left of the picture you get a glimpse of a distance supreme in its beauty, stretching out as it does into leagues and miles. The entire landscape merges into a sky that is light and of a tender blue, through whose ethereal beauty vapory clouds joyously course their way, clouds so thin and translucent that you can see the sky through them. There is such a feeling of love shown in the painting of this

sky. It is real heat, light, air, space. In a court-yard are several groups of Arabs and their steeds. These groups are just as they might have happened. The figures and animals show much refined beauty. They have halted to refresh both man and beast. Each group is fine, yet only a part of the whole. There is no affectation, no posing. It is an incident of the Orient, as seen and felt by Fromentin, whose very nature seemed to harmonize with the Eastern subjects, and whose artistic temperament enabled him to reach that which no other artist ever had attained.

When you see this picture, congratulate yourself. It is Fromentin; you have seen him at his best.

While not as great a representative work of the artist as the other, the "Encampment on the Atlas Mountains" is yet a picture of wonderful beauty. There is a pale greenish blue tone running through it that is unsurpassed, a tone peculiar to Fromentin and said to be true to the Orient. Another thing about the picture is the relationship of the life to the landscape. There is a wild ruggedness found here that is not a part of "The Halt." In the distance, ledges of rugged mountains loom up against the sky. There is a wildness so true to nature here that you feel the real grandeur and almost desolation of the country. The mountains, rising one after another, are broken by valleys, crevasses, and flat plains; the varied tones of the mingling of rocks and verdure form into a wonderful effect of color. The mountains are bathed in a tender atmosphere that floats about them, lending a beautiful hazy blue to their shadows. In the foreground, on a hillside, are Arabs encamped. It is nature with her real "out-of-doors" effect, of which Fromentin was

No. 81

"AN ENCAMPMENT
ON THE ATLAS
MOUNTAINS"

"In Fromentin the draughtsman caught the most admirable movements; the colorist saw the matter with his choice sense of hue; and the poet, for his part, added some mysterious, delicious reverie to the compositions borne off from the suggestions of actuality. See 'The Camp,' for instance; you fancy you hear the melancholy songs of the Arab mixed with the whinnyings of the horses feeding unbridled."

Wolff

FROMENTIN

"He is, to give him
his right name, one of
the enchanters."

Wolff

No. 38
"AT THE WELL"

a true interpreter. The eye sweeps over the canvas finding only sensations of delight; repose is everywhere. At first you are only interested; but the picture grows on you, and later you are charmed, as you feel the quiet persuasive genius of Fromentin stealing over you.

"The Well" is a canvas that has much of the feeling of "The Falconer," the picture that has made permanent Fromentin's place in art. Against a mass of cool, velvety foliage, of a transparent green of great richness, are some Arabs with horses, who have halted at a well. These figures are broadly and feelingly painted. There is a touch of strangeness about the picture that is very fascinating, and in it is found all the refinement of Fromentin's beautiful temperament. It is a small canvas with a very simple color scheme, only blue, white and dark green; yet it is as big as all out-doors and is worthy of careful study and appreciation. The painting of the horses in this picture is in Fromentin's best manner, the white one being especially notable.



HOMAS COUTURE
A painter and colorist of rare attainment, Couture was drawn to gracefulness and beauty, calling attention to the beauties of nature and making a strong appeal to the young artist for a higher ideal. He was deeply opposed to the painting of extreme realism, and while he was severe and sometimes almost brutal in his criticism, was always an active force for the better appreciation of those ideal qualities which he possessed to a marked de-

COUTURE

gree. He attained eminence at an early age and held his power to the last. His selections of types were always fine. They were painted with great breadth and beauty of color. To him all nature was teeming with beautiful pictures, only waiting for the deft hand that could interpret her true meaning. He loved the flowers as they grew, saying, "Go paint flowers as they grow in the field; do not pluck them, for they wither and die." Whatever may have been his faults, Couture was a colorist who was sensitive to the varied hues of all things; as a painter of grace no modern has surpassed him, and at times he reached a climax that equaled the masters of any epoch.

There are two of his works in this collection which possess these qualities in a marked degree. "*Horace and Lydia*," a small canvas, has in it some of the best flesh ever painted. On a couch is seen the figure of Horace. On the side towards you sits Lydia, whose arms entwine the neck of Horace, her face buried in his bosom. The upper part of the figure of Horace is nude, the lower part enveloped in blue drapery. Lydia, whose back is turned to us, is entirely nude. The warm, tender flesh color in its varied tints, the beautiful swelling lines of the figure, the wonderful breadth of drawing, the solid modeling in the various masses of light, are painted with such striking force that the work would stand alongside that of any of the great men of the past. Lydia's figure, whose delicate tints contrast with the bronze figure of Horace, is broadly lighted and both are accented by the figure of a servant who stands just back of them pouring wine from a ewer. It is one of the best Coutures in this country, and in many respects this picture would hold its own anywhere.

"In a day when all allegory, all lesson-teaching in art, was discarded by the heads of the profession, declared to be priggish, and left to the prig, Couture floated upon the scene with a cloud of most graceful, most original, most pointed fables, as novel in manner, for our day, as the keenness of La Fontaine was for his day."

Critique

No. 5
"HORACE AND
LYDIA"

COUTURE

No. 151
"DAY DREAMS"

"Every canvas left by Couture, from his 'Décadence' to his 'Pierrot' pictures, involves a moral and an epigram, always delivered with this refreshing fineness and surprise of manner. They make all our other allegory-painters seem lumbering."

Critique

As an expression of the tenderness and grace of boyhood, "Day Dreams" is a beautiful example. Here is the refinement, the sentiment often found in Couture's art, and for which he so earnestly pleaded in his writings. The type of this boy's face is one of extreme delicacy, almost feminine in character. He is not a child that will buffet the world and overcome obstacles, but instead he possesses an ideality of soul that may blossom into poetry or song. To the realist this picture will say little because it is far removed from his way of seeing, but to one whose nature has been attuned to the more ideal aspect of life, this beautiful upturned face will always be a joy. In this picture Thomas Couture's better nature is freely shown. It is a beautiful symbol of the childhood whose fancy sees wonder visions in the rapidly changing hues of the bubble, as it floats world-like above his head. How hard it is for us to get away from this faculty of dreaming, and when we are freed from it how much have we gained? This picture is as fine an example of the beautiful in child life as one could desire. The color is beautiful and refined; likewise the drawing. Running through the flesh are those wonderful half tones that are a characteristic of Couture's art.

HARLES GABRIEL
GLEYRE



Gleyre was an independent genius who followed closely his own pure, chaste and beautiful ideals. His works are varied in subject, ranging from the poetical to the gravest of religious and historic incidents. His style is graceful and full of

dreamy sentiment; gifted with the inner sight he delved into the dreamland of the poets. He was a patient worker, avoiding the excitement of publicity and living within his own realm of thought. The one picture by Gleyre to be seen here is a composition painted from a vision he saw clairvoyantly while sitting on the banks of the river Nile. It made such a lasting impression upon him that eight years afterwards he transferred it to canvas just as it appeared, save that he introduced an ancient bard in the place of himself. He called it "Lost Illusions."

At the right side of the picture, sitting in an attitude of meditation, is the old poet, his right arm resting on his knees, his left hanging aimlessly by his side. Underneath his hand and lying on the ground are a lyre and a shepherd's crook. He is intently gazing into space, with a dreamy expression as if entranced, and his figure, dark and bronzed, is full of mystery. Gliding by on the calm waters is an Egyptian barge of graceful proportions. In the center of it sits a beautiful girl who holds a scroll of music. Back of her are a group of maidens and in front of her are three others. To the left stand two angels singing from a book, their attitudes graceful and suggestive. To the right stands a third group inspired with the spirit of song, while sitting on the edge of the boat is a beautiful nude boy, holding a wreath in one hand and scattering roses on the surface of the water with the other. Stretching out beyond is the river. Its bosom lies calm and undisturbed, bathed in a soft dreamy atmosphere, while high up in the air some water fowls are flying. The single sail at the prow of the barge swells in the balmy breeze. The hush of evening seems to hover over everything, broken only by the Eolian harmonies.

GLEYRE

No. 8
"LOST ILLUSIONS"

"Gleyre loved original things that one had seriously thought out.

* He had the power of giving clear and comprehensible form to poetic conceits and fugitive fancies.

He was a painter of dreams."

Stranahan



V



ARIANO FORTUNY

Meteor-like, Mariano Fortuny appeared on the horizon of the art world. He came with a new thought, an idea that gave an impetus to the development of the art of painting and completely upset the dogmas and traditions of the schools. Intellectually strong, brilliant and audacious, he was the apostle of dazzling sunlight and forever settled the question of the possibilities of painting real, vibrating light. While he was modest and reserved as to his own powers, Fortuny evidently felt he had a mission, a work to do, and he realized above all things his own possibilities of attainment. With a zeal and intense devotion to his art, he found his greatest pleasure in the developing and unfolding of these powers, and his hours of recreation found him working still. He was a sensitive upon whose nature everything made an impress. A lover of the beautiful, his talents were as varied as the emotions that he experienced. Although he passed away at an early age, his accomplishments were marvelous. As a painter, in all that goes to make up that term, he was unsurpassed. In luxury of color and light is his greatness. He was the Chopin of painting, and like that

From a letter written by Thomas Couture upon hearing of Fortuny's death:
"Oh, the beautiful things! I dream of them all night! They are the life, the light, the budding of spring, the colors with which God has painted his flowers. It is not painting, it is not work, it is not human! Butterflies have brushed his canvas with their wings, leaving their gorgeousness thereon, and the fairies have pressed their most beautiful flowers to color it. All sparkles with sunshine and genius! All is transformed by a magic prism. The vulgar becomes poetic—the satire, amiable."

wizard of the piano, his genius was full of strange harmonies and fantasies, and his brilliancy will continue to baffle the attempts of lesser lights in the years to come. His gifts were varied and in his painting he is two distinct characters. In one his skillful finish is remarkable. In the other the weird occultism of the Orient is brought before you with a power never surpassed. What Fortuny might have accomplished can only be surmised from the wonderful success of his earth life. Just as he was coming into the fullness of his powers his brilliant spirit took its flight. At the age of thirty-three he laid aside his brush.

"The Rare Vase" is a little picture of marvelous beauty. On a tall stand of elaborate design rests a large vase of beautiful proportions, on the surface of which decorative designs are portrayed in rich colors, a revel of red, blue, green and gold. Standing in the center of the room is a connoisseur whose every action expresses admiration for the beauty and expression of the vase. He stands with his feet firmly planted on the floor, his head thrown back, and his eyes fairly dancing with delight. His right hand rests on his hip while in his left he holds a slender walking-stick, the end of which he unconsciously puts to his mouth. In this little figure there is some of the best drawing ever done. Look at the way in which the knees are hinged and the manner in which the hips and body rest on the legs; in fact the solidity, firmness and action of the entire figure. The costume fitting the man snugly reveals perfectly the form in all its beauty. In color, this little picture is a harmony of beautiful tones. His vest and trunks are of pale blue satin, his coat of a rich green stuff lined with pink. These colors are

FORTUNY

No. 148
"THE RARE VASE"

Zamacois, on leaving Fortuny's studio, where he had tried to paint, exclaimed, on reaching the garden, "I can now breathe freely, but I can not do so where Mariano paints! He absorbs all the light, color and air; in fact, he is enough to disgust one with one's own work, for he is the only one who can paint."

"Fortuny takes my breath away. He is master of us all. * * * Oh, Fortuny! I can't sleep for you."

Henri Regnault

FORTUNY

relieved against a background of delicate color and design. Just back of the figure is a panel of a dark green, bluish tone against which the green, blue and pink of the costume come most beautifully. This little picture, with its wonderful character, as expressed in the face and figure, its drawing and painting of textures, its elegance and refinement, is one of the first things of the kind in existence, and in his more elaborate style, it is one of Fortuny's best productions.

No. 79
"AN ECCLESIASTIC"
The remarkable little picture, "An Ecclesiastic," by the same painter, again displays the character of the artist whose genius knew no bounds. This painting is a canvas scarcely six inches square, but on it is painted a great big character. Here you have a type of face of one in high authority, but happy withal; a face that could wreath in smiles with your joy, or could shed tears of sympathy with a sorrow. He is well stocked with good humor and in the main enjoys life. The painting of the face—scarcely half an inch high—is wonderful in its drawing, modeling and firmness. His form, which is large, is enveloped in a scarlet robe; this is placed against a background of pure vermillion, a performance in color that only Fortuny would dare attempt. This canvas is so strongly painted that it easily holds its own with the large and powerful canvases by which it is surrounded.

No. 46
"HINDOO SNAKE
CHARMER"

"The Hindoo Snake Charmer" is filled with the strange occultism that permeates Hindoo life. On a rug of rich coloring, in which green and red prevail, a Hindoo lies stretched at full length, resting on his elbows. His bare arms, shoulders and legs are drawn and modeled in the most perfect manner. In fact, in these respects, this is one of the best figures

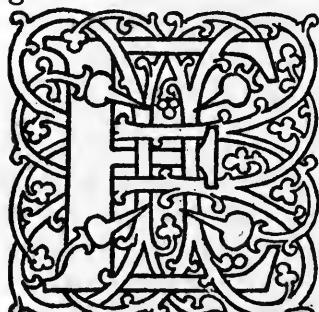
of modern art. The muscles, tendons, bone structure, the flesh with its wonderful texture and marvelous coloring, are in Fortuny's best manner. The tones of the flesh, which is of a grayish brown color, are so perfect in their relations to each other that you have real life before you. He holds in his right hand a slender reed with which he teases a large snake directly in front of him. The snake seems completely under control. Beyond this figure sits a man whose whole figure is wrapped in mystery; his form is enveloped in dark drapery, and over his head is a bit of red cloth which completely shadows his face. This figure, on account of the uncertain weird way in which it is rendered, is a great factor in the sentiment of the picture. Just in front of these two figures stands a "marabou," the sacred bird of India, with legs astride the snake. He is the picture of sleepy indifference. Near the front of the picture is a copper ewer and basin whose polished surfaces are in contrast with the textures of other objects. In the mysterious and shadowy distance you see several figures grouped about a fire whose smoke curls up in pale bluish tones against the dark background, which extends far back until lost in the gloomy sky that hovers ominously over all. It is a grand rendition of the East. Its wondrous influences, that have baffled the painters of all nations, found an interpreter in the remarkable nature of Fortuny. Every touch of color adds a note to the mystery of this picture. There is a sober greenish-gray tone about it that is full of expression. This, with the subdued, yet powerful, color scheme, the masterly skill with which the figures are painted, and the absolutely true relationship of tones, make "*The Snake Charmer*" one of

FORTUNY

"What Chopin is to music, it appears to us that Fortuny is to art, and both of them have more of the gypsy wildness and strangeness of Spain in their works than of the sweet, classical composure of Italy, or of the sharp, graceful esprit of France."

Critique in Art
Journal, 1875

the strongest pictures in the collection. It is, perhaps, as fine an expression of Fortuny's art as is in this country, particularly of his broad manner of painting. Here there is a sacrifice of detail where it would mean nothing, but in the parts where it is essential, it is placed with telling force. From a technical standpoint, this picture is full of valuable lessons to the student of painting, and to such a one the life of Fortuny will be a stimulus because of his persistent devotion to the development of his talents, an exemplification of the fact that genius is labor.



EDUARD ZAMACOIS

A remarkable painter, a splendid draughtsman and a man whose art was of great elegance and finish was the Spanish master, Eduard Zamacois. He was a pupil of Meissonier, and possessed a genius that has been likened to that of Molière. Underneath and playing through his art is often found a satire that is keen and cutting. His color, which was rich and brilliant, was as sparkling as jewels. Noted for the novelty of his subjects, chosen mostly from the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, he thoroughly appreciated the picturesque and was a master of the grotesque. Bold and positive in composition, his types and characters were always excellent.

Mr. Walters on visiting the studio of this artist saw a remarkable picture which he desired to possess. Zamacois would not part with it, declaring it his best effort, and refusing to sell it as long as he lived. He added, however, that should his wife ever wish to dispose of it

ZAMACOIS

after his death Mr. Walters should have the refusal of it. Four years after the death of Zamacois, his wife wrote Mr. Walters that she was willing to dispose of the coveted picture, and it is now one of the many remarkable and distinctively original pictures of the collection. It is called "Spain, 1812," and is an incident of the occupancy of Spain by the French. The scene is in a dingy old room in some out-of-the-way place into which two French soldiers have been decoyed and murdered. Near the center of the room is a well whose curbing extends above the floor. On the right a stalwart Spaniard is seen carrying the body of one of the murdered soldiers. It is limp, and the feet drag on the ground as the man endeavors to haul it across the room. On the opposite side of the well stands a grizzly old man with one foot braced against the curbing. He tugs at the arms of the dead soldier, endeavoring to pull him in the well, where the body of his companion has already been consigned. Just back of them is another villainous-looking Spaniard who, poinard in hand, watches through an alcove to see that no one approaches, while near him stands an old woman coolly looking on, while she holds the helmets and trappings of the murdered soldiers. The cold unfeeling action of the various characters is painted with great power. The man who bears the weight of the body is a masterly piece of drawing. His every muscle is strained to the utmost. The veins swell, the tendons are drawn, the blood rushes to his face, his eyes fairly start from their sockets, revealing the strain under which he labors. In order to be prepared for an attack he holds the implement of his deadly work, a stiletto, between his teeth. The action of the old man, too, is fine, as he pulls at the

"His keen, expressive brush is brilliant without false glitter; a mocker without grimace, it traces characters as would the pen of the most skillful chronicler. The spirit of touch, sharpened by the spirit of observation, could not speak better, or better represent itself."

Paul de Saint-Victor

arms of the dead enemy. Around his head is bound a handkerchief which indicates a slight wounding during the fray. The old woman is totally indifferent to the horror of the tragedy enacted. The coloring of the picture is strong and deep, the shadows are full of lurking mystery. The drawing, the realism of the entire picture, the brilliancy of the red and green uniform of the dead soldier, the types and characters of the faces, are all rendered with power. It was a belief among these people that if they cast the bodies of the dead into the wells the water would poison those who drank it, thus aiding them in getting rid of the invaders. It is a remarkable picture, different from anything in the collection.



AIMUNDO DE MADRAZO

Madrazo was one of the remarkable group of painters of Spanish extraction who absorbed and added to their own national vivacity the progressive enthusiasm of Paris. What honor to their native country these men have wrought! Fortuny, Zamacois, Madrazo and Rico—how resplendent and original their genius. Madrazo imbibed many of the characteristics of his brother-in-law, Fortuny. He was not so brilliant, but no less serious, and in some respects his art is more serious than that of Fortuny. Fortuny was brilliant and audacious, Madrazo more conscientious and earnest. He was a painter of strong technique, and his subjects were always picturesque. Like Fortuny, he was remarkable in his choice of types. His women are graceful in form and gesture, and of refined elegance; at the same

"Madrazo, since the death of Fortuny, has stood at the head and been the acknowledged leader of modern Spanish art."
Henry Bacon

time, no one painted beggars with greater pathos.

See, for instance, his "Coming Out of the Church." At the entrance of a quaint old Spanish church, with stuccoed walls and wonderful green doors, around which the usual complement of mendicants are seen, several ladies are going and coming up and down the steps. It is raining, everything is wet and disagreeable, you feel the roughness of the weather, the dampness penetrates you. On these steps may be found all grades of humanity, each seeking the balm from which happiness may flow. In the center of a remarkable group is an elegantly dressed lady leaving the church. Her head is of fine Spanish type and remarkably beautiful. In one hand she holds a prayer-book, while with the other she lifts the skirts of her dress to keep it from dragging on the wet steps. Her figure is charming in its grace, and betrays a life of ease and refinement. A beggar appeals to her unnoticed. She is wholly concerned in keeping her skirts from the rain. Just back of her, and leaning against the door casing, is a tired, weary soul who has found no balm for her sorrows and is about to leave the sacred portals. The great world with its ills confronts her, she hesitates before again going out into it; despair seems to dwell near her, and from her garb poverty seems to be her portion. To the left of these central figures is a woman whose costume of blue striped silk shows better conditions. Her sympathy goes out to a less fortunate person near her, and happiness beams on every feature of her face. Near her is a woman going into the church. Her figure is enveloped in a red and black checked shawl; the manner in which it is drawn is fine. There is an old lady with a black shawl thrown

MADRAZO

No. 160
"COMING OUT OF
CHURCH"

"His portraits of ladies are specimens of refined taste, which seem to express the happiness of life, serenity of mind; gay with a fresh, rich coloring, shining upon the silken ribbons and satin draperies, without being strengthened by any parts thrown into shadow."

Charles Blanc

over her head; she has on a coarse olive-colored dress, and carries a basket on her arm. Her face wears a tired, careworn expression that speaks volumes. On the right of the doorway are two strong figures. One is an old woman who is holding out her hand for alms. Her thin, scrawny face, with pinched features and wide open mouth, from which you almost expect a wail of despair, is a fine piece of character painting. The old woman next her also is very strong in type, while underneath an old patched and faded umbrella sits another old woman, almost lost in the shadow. The painting of them all is very remarkable. Near this group and going up the steps a dominie is seen. He is dressed in his clerical suit of black, and wears the conventional hat. The rain, the wet pavement, the slush in the street, the various characters, are all painted with great skill. You feel wet; you almost hear the dripping from the eaves. It is a masterly piece of realism.



MARTIN RICO 
Quitting the Academy at Madrid, realizing that he could not obtain there the knowledge he desired of landscape painting, Martin Rico journeyed to the Sierras of Granada, and he took up his abode among the shepherds.

Here he worked, free from restrictions or traditions; giving himself over to the careful study of nature, which, for a while, he copied with almost materialistic skill, painting as long as the season permitted, after which his labors ceased until the return of the spring. A gentleman, upon forming the acquaintance of the

artist, asked the pleasure of a visit to his studio. The artist, smiling, informed him that he had never had a studio. It was his habit to paint all his pictures out of doors. The style of Rico is distinctly original, combining realism of color with dazzling, scintillating light. He paints with great power the effect of the noon-day sun. The Venetian pictures of Rico are different from those of any other painter. His "Venice" in this collection is a remarkable rendition of the real city with its vari-colored walls. Like Fortuny, he has exerted much power in the art of his time. He undoubtedly wielded an influence in the formation of Fortuny's last manner, which has the same patchy, stuccoed touch.

There is a gray tone running through the "Venice" that is full of intensity, widely differing from the poetical vision of the same theme by Turner. It is also totally unlike Ziem, and has a fascination peculiarly its own. Against this leaden sky, with its peculiar quality, are painted the buildings, quivering in sunlight, mingling with the sails of various crafts which make up the distance, in which the local color of each object is faintly seen. The horizon has a tint of salmon in it. This, with pale yellow lavender and pinkish white, heightened by the warm dark tones of the roofs, form a rich mass of color. Domes and steeples break up the lines of the composition. On one side is a picturesque line of palaces with wonderful porticoes, balconies, terraces and windows. Here is a more positive scheme of color in which the pale green of the blinds are effective. On the nearest balconies the graceful tendrils of roses grow, and here and there are gardens of flowers and plants. On the left the buildings are seen at a greater distance, in shadow, and

RICO

"M. Rico is another painter of the Spanish group of Parisians. His pictures of the squares and canals of Venice are not handled in the conventional manner but more after the realistic school."

Henry Bacon

No. 7
"VENICE"

RICO

"Rico's interpretation of nature is remarkable for taking some note of everything whilst preserving tonic values of rare truth. * * *"
Hamerton

No. 142
"GATHERING
ORANGES, TOLEDO"

warm in color. Barges of dark somber coloring, brightened by touches of red and green, with sails of dull olive tone, stand near the shore, while here and there gondolas glide through the water, whose agitated surface reflects the various objects in tremulous touches that no one could use with greater effect than Rico.

One of the dominant notes of his "Gathering Oranges, Toledo," is the sky, with its wonderful depth of blue, through which filmy clouds are drifting. In the distance you catch glimpses of the city whose domes and turrets make it so picturesque. Here and there dark fir trees lift their forms in contrast with the dazzling creamy white and pale chocolate colors of the buildings. Nearer, and forming a mass of russet gray and sober green, is a grove where peasants are picking oranges, and a bit of meadow studded with flowers. An old well curb, several donkeys packed for a journey, a man, some children gathering flowers, some women sitting on the ground resting—these complete the foreground. The painting is simple, poetical and true, full of the translucent atmosphere characteristic of a semi-tropical clime. It is a distinct and original picture, differing greatly from his "Venice," but possessing much beauty of color.



OSEF VILLEGRAS 
A thorough knowledge of the human figure, a fine talent for composition, great skill as a colorist, and intense realism—these are the equipments of Villegas which place him in the front rank of men of his school. His

realism is characterized by a breadth often lacking among those who paint close detail. He always shows a thorough appreciation of the most essential parts of the composition, and does not elaborate with the purpose of displaying a certain kind of skill, but rather from a sense of fitness of the best means through which he can interpret the character of his subject. It is not often that you find a fine draughtsman and colorist united in one person; either one or the other usually predominates, but in Villegas both are co-equal. In his rendition of types and character he also shows the influence of Fortuny, but his color is more gorgeous than that of the genius with whom he studied.

The pictures by this artist, which are to be seen here, are remarkably fine. The most important, probably, is the "Cairo Slipper Merchant." In a quaint old shop, whose decorations are of a rich Oriental character, a slipper merchant is seen bargaining with a customer. Near the center of the picture is a divan made of metal elaborately decorated. On the edge of it sits a sheik dressed in a picturesque garb of grayish white, with a head-dress of pale lemon hue. He is trying on some slippers, and examining them critically. His face is remarkable in type and expression. Standing in front of him is the merchant, a wonderful character. The upper half of his figure is nude and is thin and scrawny, displaying the muscles and tendons, which are painted with a thorough knowledge of character and anatomy. The lower part of his figure is draped in orange colored cloth, while on his head is an enormous turban of a pale creamy white. A long, gray beard covers his chin. He is bending forward, holding a pair of slippers which are elaborately

VILLEVAS

No. 67
"CAIRO—THE
SLIPPER MER-
CHANT"

VILLEGAS

"Villegas has that quick intuitive perception of form and anatomy which enables the leading artists of this Spanish school to place upon the canvas life-sized figures in a variety of easy, natural attitudes—figures which convey the impression that they have the use of their limbs and can move about."

Edward Bowen Prescott

decorated, and intently watching his customer. In front, and between these two figures, is that of an attendant. He is in a stooping position, and is engaged in fitting a slipper on the foot of the sheik. His light, blue-green costume and red fez make a strong color note in the picture. Back against the wall sits a Nubian, whose face shines like a piece of bronze. He is earnestly watching the bargaining, while he enjoys smoking a quaint old copper pipe. In an alcove is an old Turkoman, engaged in making slippers. A canopy extends out over the divan, around the edges of which rows of slippers are hung. They are of rich and varied hues, red and yellow predominating. The wall underneath the canopy is also entirely covered with them, forming a mass of brilliant color. The picture is remarkably fine in types, characters and coloring. The color is warm to almost an extreme degree. Although orange and red are the key-notes, the blues and purple distributed through the picture are so deftly managed that they are brought into perfect harmony with the warm tone colors. The execution of the picture is strong, vigorous and realistic, yet broad and in every respect true to life. It is luxuriant in its effect, and proves that the artist is one of the most accomplished realists of the present epoch.

The "Poultry Market, Tangiers," displays the same interesting qualities as the "Slipper Merchant," but is much quieter in color. The dealer here sits in a lazy, half-leaning position on a chicken coop, his feet and legs stretched out directly toward you; his chest and arms nude, displaying rich, warm bronze-colored flesh. The rest of his figure is enveloped in a coarse whitish-gray drapery. Hanging down in front of him is a large and quaint money pouch

No. 53
"POULTRY MARKET
—TANGIERS"

VILLEGAS

with a decorated design in bead-work. Through windows over which wires are stretched you see poultry of various kinds. Near the front is a coop of chickens, on top of which a large white and gray rooster stands. Several fowls are lying on the ground before the coop. The picture is painted with a firm, sure touch. The peculiar staccato touches of pure color in the fowls are effective in the extreme, and give great emphasis to the picture, which in this respect is like a mosaic. It is a remarkable example of the solid, serious painting of a subject whose picturesqueness is perfectly appreciated. This canvas is a fine example of Villegas' thorough knowledge of drawing and of the human figure. His work in it, while careful, is yet broad in conception and full of character.

"I have never exhibited my pictures, and have had no other recompense than the consideration and respect of my fellow-artists, and of this I am sufficiently proud."

Joseph Villegas

IMENEZ Y ARANDA



This brilliant realist, one of the leading painters of Spanish life, has here a remarkably fine example of his art, free from the disagreeable, metallic color that he has affected of late years. There are not many pictures that possess better feeling for the purely picturesque than the "Boutique of Figaro" embodies. This is especially true of the youth in it who is tuning his guitar.

The scene is in a court adjacent to a barber's shop; directly in front of you is a doorway leading into it. It is hung with blue and white striped drapery. Above this doorway is a fine old grille of queer shell-like form, made of wrought iron, the lines running across it in cob-web design. A polished brass dish hangs over

No. 18
"BOUTIQUE OF FIGARO"

JIMENEZ

"The best and most characteristic art displayed in the Spanish section is found among the painters of small pictures, wherein realism seems to be the dominant thought. Foremost among these is Jimenez, whose pictures, while elaborately finished, are broad and scintillating with light. As a colorist he is a master who plays in a high key which is eminently fitted to depicting stuccoed walls shimmering in sunlight, against which figures are picturesquely arranged. Like all the great Spanish artists, Jimenez is a master of drawing, character and expression."

R. B. G.
(World's Fair Notes)

the door and pale-green shutters are fastened at the sides. On the right are two men seated at a table playing checkers. The one next the door is a fine character, dressed in picturesque Spanish costume, a long olive-green coat and white ruffled shirt bosom, in whose meshes his chin is buried. He seems to be in a quandary about his next move. His antagonist, who is a jolly-looking monk, his face beaming with good humor, seems to enjoy the advantage he has gained. His sober garb and queer long-brimmed hat are in strong contrast to the attire of the third man, who sits with his back towards us. His fashionable toilet is composed of a pink coat and yellow breeches. Just stepping up, and drawing a chair to the table, is the shop-keeper, in neat and appropriate dress. On the opposite side of the door is the barber's apprentice, who, leaning against the wall, is tuning a guitar gaily decorated with ribbons. His figure is an exquisitely picturesque bit of painting. His coat is of an elaborate figured stuff, brown, blue and fawn in color. He wears dark trunks and red hose, and a red handkerchief is thrown over his head. Just above him are two small owls sitting on a perch. To the left is a window, with sill and grating of wrought iron, exquisite in design. The picture is painted in a high key, being light and sunny, and is undoubtedly one of the best of this painter's works.



VI

ÉON JOSEPH FLOR- ENTIN BONNAT

Léon Bonnat is not only a famous portrait painter, but has also proven himself a great painter of history. It is of late years that he has devoted his time largely to portraiture. Into his portraits he puts an immense amount of solid, intelligent work. To him the character of the individual sitter is his chief concern, and in this respect no painter, past or present, has surpassed him. He has the gift of securing the essential. He discerns the personality of his sitter, and has the power to place it on the canvas so as to be known and read of men. The portraits of Bonnat will be of value in ages to come; first, because of the honesty of his methods; and second, because of the truth with which he delineates character. They are the history of individuals written in the prose of living vital colors. Bonnat is a realist, but not in the common interpretation of the term. Photography has no place in his art, nor has elaboration of details with the view of displaying vulgar imitation. His careful work is his means of developing the real living character upon the canvas. His faithful realism is not confined to the face alone, but is used in the painting of every

BONNAT

part of the figure. Every characteristic of the man is caught and recorded perfectly, not as a mere fact, but as the essential result of his individuality. M. René Menard, the eminent critic, says of him, "M. Bonnat's touch is always precise and marks distances distinctly, without any degree of vagueness or indecision." Indeed, it is this solidity, this firmness and absolute power of vitalizing his portraits, that distinguishes them from the works of any living painter. They carry with them a personality that rivets your attention at once. They are not painted for the success of the moment, nor does the artist seek for those effects that are evanescent or fleeting; instead, M. Bonnat paints for the generations to come. And these pictures, like all great portraits, will become the history of men. Written with clearness, they will speak for themselves.

The proprietor of this collection once said to the writer: "There will be a time when an obscure man will be made noted by being painted by Bonnat." You feel that this estimate is true. There has been some unjust criticism of his methods and coloring, but these are the legitimate result of his peculiar mental qualities which subordinate all to the one central thought—character. Bonnat's art will live because it is honest, sincere and the result of careful, intelligent work.

There are four portraits by this artist in the collection, all differing, yet equal in strength and merit. In the portrait of Mr. W. T. Walters, you have the highest type of realism, a realism that places the individual man squarely before you; delineating, not only the character, but every characteristic of the man. The hands, clasped and hanging in front of him, are the hands of Mr. Walters. Should they be

No. 49
"A PORTRAIT"

framed separately they would be recognized by any one knowing the man. And yet the hands, in their realistic treatment, in no way interfere with the effect of the head. The blue eyes, mild, yet firm as a rock; keen and penetrating, yet full of the tenderest sympathy—you are in the presence of a man who can read your soul, a personality that is distinct in its originality, broad, generous and just, whose charity grants every one the right to his opinions. All this can be read on this canvas, painted in an honest, straightforward manner.

Beside this great portrait of Mr. Walters I would place that of the immortal Barye, on account of the tender relationship that existed between the two men, bound together by the golden ties of friendship. What a portrait is this of Barye! With what sympathy has the artist delineated the friend; you feel that you are in the presence of a man whose depths were never sounded, of one whose great powers were never exhausted. You feel the mentality of the man at once, a slumbering, emotional, generous mentality like Angelo's or Beethoven's; the tireless perseverance of a Napoleon combined with a tenderness that led him to take up and give the world a better appreciation of the animal kingdom; a man who was conscious of a mission and lived in an atmosphere peculiarly his own. When you look at this portrait of Barye, you become conscious of something that separates him from you. Barye was alone. The color in which the picture is "tuned" is suggestive of the beautiful medium in which his wonderful works are cast. He is leaning on a modeling stand, an implement of work in his hand. His broad, massive head is tipped slightly forward. The mental faculties thus push themselves upon

No. 150
"PORTRAIT OF
A. L. BARYE"

BONNAT

"The reputation of Bonnat is built like his painting—solid and enduring. He has been criticised for eliminating the poetry from his paintings, but history is best written in prose. He has also been reproached for certain processes of modeling by which he attains an effect of relief capable of deceiving the eye, his pitiless realism and certain mannerisms in the painting of his backgrounds, but where is there another painter who can equal the force and truthfulness with which he delineates the character of his sitters?"

Critique of French Art at the World's Fair

No. 80

"PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST"

you, the clear cut, warm, brown eyes look from under strong, expressive brows. He has a mouth that expresses sensitiveness and exquisite taste, but determination is also marked in every line; firmly modeled cheeks and a square, massive jaw and chin stamp the man as one of such force and vigor as is rarely met. His form is large and strong, one capable of great endurance. Léon Bonnat has in this portrait "writ life of Barye" which is in perfect harmony with the work of his immortal hand which surrounds it.

Let us now look at Bonnat as painted by himself. Here is the head of a man in the prime of life, whose face shows refinement and beauty of character, a sensitive, nervous man who has a keen perception for the essential in everything. The features are strong, yet delicately chiseled; the brows are finely developed, revealing a habit of deep observation. The eyes, large, clear cut, and of a rich, dark brown, regard you with a penetrating look that is wonderful. They haunt you. The mouth, firm and sensitive, is partly concealed by a heavy brown mustache and the face is covered with a closely clipped beard that shapes to a point on the chin. The entire head is finely developed and distinguished in character, and, though painted in a broad, artistic manner, is yet realistic in its absolute truth of tone. Painted and presented to Mr. Walters as a token of friendship and esteem, a friendship which was born of mutual sympathy, M. Bonnat has at the same time given to the world a picture that will live.

The portrait of Mr. George A. Lucas is a good piece of character painting; a strong and remarkably fine physique and a well proportioned head, set easily on the body. You are in the presence of a man who can make the best

No. 149
"PORTRAIT OF
GEORGE A. LUCAS"

out of everything, one of strong mental powers, over which he has full control, possessing a knowledge gained by vast experience and a habit of thorough investigation; calm, cool and considerate. While he respects custom, he is yet thoroughly independent. He is master of himself and his mental faculties are of a refined yet positive character. The ideal is well developed and his sense of beauty is acute. He possesses a sensitive organism. He is a philosopher and a student of human nature; is thoroughly balanced mentally and physically. The forehead is high, broad and well developed; brows full of character, coming out well over the fine eyes, throw them into shadow. The expression of the eyes is both mild and searching. The nose is strong in character, nostrils full and expressive. The mouth although obscured by a heavy mustache is yet indicated as being strong and well shaped. He wears a long, full beard, which curves over his chin in such a manner as to perfectly indicate its form. The hair and beard are of a bluish-gray tone, the flesh is strong and robust in color. In fact, this picture, while not as realistic as some of his other portraits, possesses qualities that are beautiful, and in color is very fine. There is something in it that reminds one of Titian's portrait of Charles V.

In looking at the "Arab Sheik" one can see what marvelous things this artist might have done had he been drawn to the Orient, with his great power of appreciation of character added to his many other gifts, among which feeling is prominent. In this picture is a somber strain, expressed in the figure and the atmosphere about it, that is in touch with the great gifts that were supreme in Delacroix. Added to it is a remarkable character delineation, strong

BONNAT

"His portrait of Victor Hugo, exhibited in the Dudley Gallery this summer (1884), gives an admirable idea of his powerful life-like realization of a sitter, his superb modeling, his validity, his contempt for insincere color and meretricious ornament."

Critique

No. 139
"AN ARAB SHEIK"

and finely developed, all painted with an impassioned swing of brush. It is a technique that goes straight to the mark. The bronze flesh is enveloped in simple red drapery. The wild, restless expression of the eye and the bony sinuous character of the entire figure are rendered with a truth that is fine. The drawing is firm and positive, with textures well rendered.



EAN LÉON GÉROME

A distinguished character, intellectual in the extreme, Gérôme is one of the greatest living vital forces in the art of our time. Notwithstanding he has been the object of narrow criticism, the fact that he still holds the enviable position he honestly achieved proves the permanency of his attainments. There has always been a distinct personality, a certain brilliancy of composition, a positive intellectual force about his pictures that have attracted many young men to him. His influence can be seen in the art of many nations, and will always stand as a protest against the vagaries of shallow pretenders. Gérôme is original. He has the gift of completing a picture mentally before touching the canvas, yet he is a persistent, painstaking painter, who is never satisfied until the end sought for is attained. He makes no apologies; neither does he moralize. He tries to paint an incident just as it occurred. His pictures truly represent the conditions of the times. From the day he exhibited the "Combat of Cocks" to the present time, he has produced a succession of pictures all distinguished in character, and his studio has been the Mecca from whence many have gone forth

thoroughly equipped with a knowledge, a sureness of drawing, that has enabled them to fill an honorable place in art. Gérôme has also proven himself a sculptor of remarkable strength, having produced a number of important pieces. He possesses a broad generous nature, and is far in advance of those who criticise him. Looking over the field of art in France, the question arises, in answer to his would-be traducers, who will fill his place when his pencil is laid aside? There are four of his pictures in this collection, each unlike the other, yet all possessing his personality to a high degree. Notwithstanding the carping critics who say he lacks great qualities, these pictures show that he does not lack in color and that he can express himself with a power and dramatic force of the first rank.

The largest canvas is "The Christian Martyrs," a picture that was on his easel for twenty years; one that was painted from start to finish three times, yet always preserving the original idea. Still, there is not a hint about it that would suggest that he had labored so long to attain that which he so earnestly sought. The scene is in the arena of the Circus Maximus, a structure unparalleled in its immensity, capable of seating over one hundred and fifty thousand people, a place where the Cæsars found amusement in casting Christians to be devoured by wild animals. In approaching the picture, you are amazed at the immensity that has been realized in it. The eye sweeping from right to left is met by a mass of human beings that fill the vast theater, waiting to satisfy their gloating appetites. Just back of the foreground are grouped a number of victims, who kneel, forming a circle in which stands an old man offering up a prayer. In semi-circular form around this

GÉROME

"His art is like his person, like his intelligence; everything that bears his signature, be it bronze or canvas, sketch or marble, is fine, vigorous and distinguished, like himself."

Jules Claretie

"A serious talent, and of an elevated order; an artist who looks at his art nobly and who devotes to it his existence."

Alexander Dumas

No. 63
"CHRISTIAN
MARTYRS—THE
LAST PRAYER"

GÉROME

"Not a painter of the present age can compose a picture as well as he—the greatest among them not excepted. ** That which gives Gérôme his superiority over most of his rivals, and establishes his very distinct personality, is his incontestable erudition as a man and an artist. He has innate tact and taste; but he nourishes them with fruit from the tree of science."

Emil Bergeret

group posts are set on which victims are suspended. At their feet branches of fagots are tied; they are saturated with pitch and have just been ignited. Dark, ominous, black smoke arises, enshrouding some of the crucified. On the left of the foreground, several wild beasts are emerging from the door of a great cellar. A ponderous lion has reached the top; he stops short—dazed by the vast throng of human beings that meets his eye. Standing firmly on his feet, with head erect, his eye sweeps around the vast audience, apparently taking no notice of his victims, while the Christians in their religious zeal seem indifferent to the fate awaiting them. Nothing could be finer than the action of the monster lion as he stands facing the great scene. It is dramatic in the extreme. The mass of human beings, the wonderful sweeping lines of the building, the vast stretch of sky reaching away into space, the temple-crowned hills, the air that envelops all, make a mass of drawing and color supreme in art.

A picture of great distinction is that of "Diogenes." On the corner of a street in Athens, the cynic is sitting in a tub, busily engaged in preparing his lantern to search for the honest man. The figure is fine in drawing, and full of all the qualities that characterize Gérôme's art. The flesh is of a swarthy bronze hue; the head and face is of an original type, and not after the well known bust of Diogenes, and the dark brown hair and beard are unkempt. The type of face is not especially striking, yet as a whole the entire figure is good. A bit of old white drapery, a black shawl or blanket, a stick and the tub are his earthly possessions. Standing around him are some dogs, his friends and companions. They are philosophers, every one of them, and are painted with a skill that alone

No. 43
"DIOGENES"

would stamp Gérôme's genius as of a high order. They are intently watching the preparation of the lantern; and seem to realize the gravity of the occasion. The picture brings out wonderfully the character of Diogenes. The color is somber in tone, even almost cynical in its expression, in keeping with the subject. The effect of the picture is that the man has nothing in common with those about him.

"The Duel after the Ball" is the nearest approach to moralizing of all his pictures. While Gérôme never sought to tell a story you inevitably draw a moral from it. In this little tragedy is a grim sarcasm that is delightful. Through a murky fog you see the finale of a little difference that has terminated fatally to one of the parties concerned. In a half fallen position, with his head and shoulders supported by his second, is the victim, his legs extending out in front of him, rigid and stiff. The muscular contortions of his face show too well the approach of death. Standing over him is a friend whose grief is very marked at the unfortunate ending of the affair. The victim, whose costume is that of a fool, has played the role once too often. Behind them is the victor, whose companions are trying to force him from the place to a conveyance dimly seen through the fog. He holds back, as if repentant of his crime. His costume is that of an Indian, and from his attitude one would judge he feels keenly that he has played the part of the savage only too well. The moral of the picture, "the savage is made to kill the fool," is told with great dramatic force. The figure of the murdered man is one of the finest creations of modern art. It was painted from a corpse and has every expression of death.

A picture quite different from the preceding, and another one of the few of Gérôme's pict-

GÉRÔME

No. 109
"THE DUEL AFTER
THE
MASQUERADE"

"One of the few defenders to-day of high art, he has exercised over modern painting a grand influence. An entire school has sprung from his exquisite and spiritual pictures; an entirely distinct one * from his greater compositions."

Masson

No. 39
"ON THE DESERT"

GÉROME

"Just as Meissonier is able to portray an entire epoch in one figure, so M. Gérôme is expert in particularizing a certain race in a single person."
Maxime Decamp

ures wherein dogs play a prominent part, is called "On the Desert." It is a modest little canvas whose quietness is the cause of its being passed unnoticed by many who throng the gallery. On a desert plain an Arab is seen, accompanied by two graceful hounds, whose character and beauty of form are painted with the wondrous skill that Gérôme possessed in a high degree. Of this gift Hamerton says, "I would rather have a leash of greyhounds painted by Gérôme than by any other painter living." This picture verifies the wisdom of Hamerton's judgment. It is a little gem, and shows the artist in an entirely different mood from the usual subjects chosen by him.

ULES ADOLPHE BRÉTON Bréton was one of the grand men of this century, and one whose influence has extended into every clime. His pictures, full of tender affection and breathing the spirit and soul of nature, appeal to the sentiments, and truly represent the happier side of peasant life. His peasants are philosophers; they are flowers of the field, contented and happy in their own way. He took them from a different point of view than Millet, who seemed to feel only their sorrows. Bréton painted their moments of joy. The work of both will live. Each possessed his merits. Millet himself had to struggle with all the bitterness of poverty that could fall to the lot of the humblest peasant, and the world, through the great lessons of humanity taught by Millet, rendered to Bréton the recognition which his great powers deserved. Bréton was entitled to all the honors he

received, because of his sincerity, which compelled him to turn his back on the great center of the art world and seek the quiet influences of the country and its simple life.

"The Close of Day" is a beautiful example of the poetry of peasant life. The long, weary day's work has ended. Two young women stand leaning on their hoes, resting ere they journey homeward. These figures, as they stand firmly planted on the earth, are as fine in their statuesque beauty and physical grandeur as anything ever painted. They are a wonderful contrast to some of the vague, brown, faded canvases that bear the name of some second-rate "old master," long since gone to his reward. Yet those old musty things are worshiped, while the Millets, Brétons and other men, who are in touch with the world about us, must suffer. There is something so beautiful, so poetic in these women who toil in the field, as they stand amid the fast gathering shades of the evening, whose gloaming is filled with a mystery that can only be felt and not described. Swiftly the gathering shades of night press on, driving the day, which in turn hurls back gleams of crimson and gold, transforming the blue-black shades of night into purpling tones. There is a sense of largeness, a solidity and a strength expressed that is grand. But the crowning glory of this little canvas is the light that falls on the two figures. The setting sun throws a gleam of golden light across the plain, falling gently on them, bathing them in rich light, as if Mother Nature would crown her children of the field with a glorious benediction. Let us hope that it is the symbol of a bounteous harvest whose golden fields shall be dashed with poppies. The picture appeals directly to the affections and brings

BRÉTON

No. 28
"THE CLOSE OF
THE DAY"

"In one respect Bréton is the most notable of all the painters of poverty. His pictures report most impressively the democratic feeling which underlies the sympathetic school."

Moncure D. Conway

"M. Jules Bréton's paintings are poems of the mysterious twilight hours when toil in the harvest field is at an end, and man and nature rest."

Garnet Smith

BRÉTON

No. 136

"RETURNING FROM THE FIELDS"

"He is at once a painter of landscapes and human nature. The two are harmonized in all his works in such just proportions, and with such equal ability and care brought to the representation of each, that he occupies the rare position of excelling in two distinct branches of art; in each he shows a deep, earnest, reverential sympathy in the presence of nature; his eye for color is almost faultless, and his technical capacity is beyond question."

S. G. W. Benjamin

with it an influence that is beautiful and full of hope.

The other Bréton, "The Return from the Fields," is one of the most beautiful of his works. The color is quiet, cool and restful, yet very rich. In the center of the picture and coming toward you are three happy, joyous, healthy young girls. They are in the Junetime of life. Filled with its romance, their thoughts turn lightly to love. They are linked together by the tender sympathies of nature, and are evidently exchanging those little secrets that hover near the heart. The beautiful girl on the left, in whose face is a shade of sadness, is telling something of grave import and interest to the others, who give their undivided attention, mingled with sympathy. The arms of the girl in the center are thrown around her companions, linking the three together into a charmingly composed and painted group. This perfect group shows again Bréton's wonderful mastery of the human figure, a power that is unsurpassed by any painter living. The color is quiet, refined and sober, a greenish-gray tone running through the entire picture, with blue and russet brown prevailing in the drapery. Back of them, and reaching up to their shoulders, is a mass of tender, beautiful pale-green foliage, into which myriads of white poppies are set, typifying the beauty and purity of their sweet young lives and the joyousness of their dreams. On either side is a mass of ripening grain awaiting the reapers. Above all hangs a serene sky filled with hope, a harbinger of fairer days. It is a picture of youth and happiness. The touch of shadow on the young girl's face is like the little cloud shadows that flit across the field, only to be followed by brighter sunbeam.



EAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

What Tadema is to England Meissonier was to France, a distinct and original character. The immortality he made for himself was the result of honest industry and thorough method. His rise from poverty to a place among the greatest artists of the century was the outcome of a persistent effort to accomplish the end he had set for himself. And this against the most bitter opposition of narrow bigotry; for while his art was far removed, as to technique, from that of Millet and his contemporaries, being of the most finished kind, yet the same elements that contested every step made by the Barbizon men, fought Meissonier, too, with all the bitterness of their natures. Those who credit Meissonier with only skill in finish make a grave mistake, for while this was the means which he chose to express what he wished, his aims were higher and nobler than those of many who assailed him. No painter was ever more conscientious or honest in his work. The few who deny him the position he has won as an artist honor him for his honesty of purpose. The great thought under which he labored was to paint with that sincerity which was pre-eminent among certain of the old Dutch and Flemish artists, and as one painter can give forth but one of the many modes of expression which compose what we call Art, the return of Meissonier to the seriousness of the men of the low countries marks an epoch. The little pictures of this painter are the result of the most intense study, directed by intelligence.

MEISSONIER

In the early part of his career he was called by his critics, "the painter of toy images." As he approached nearer to nature he was styled "the photographer," but despite all obstacles Meissonier has wielded an influence upon the art of all nations; and while his pictures sometimes commanded enormous prices, it never lessened his zeal for excellence. He destroyed many canvases that would have brought him large sums of money, because they did not come up to his standard.

M. Wolff says of him, "To establish M. Meissonier at his veritable rank in our estimation, we must make a calculation after many an investigation of all the states through which the work has passed before arriving at publicity, of all the studies which have prepared for the actual painting, and accompanied it. Nothing is left to luck in his painting; every effect is based on profound reflection, on watchfulness without truce, in the face of the natural model. This is why M. Meissonier is such a great artist. To those who take exception to the scale of his pictures, and regret, in the name of so-called "grand art," that the famous painter has kept his work down to a narrow measure, I may be permitted to say that in art this is a secondary question, and that the picture entitled '1814' in its little frame is one of the most powerful dramas in our century's painting, even as Meissonier is one of the loftiest artists of our time."

No. 154
"1814"

No unbiased person can see "1814" and deny its greatness. In fact, this is to me the triumph of Meissonier's art. Seated on a beautiful white norse, whose every line is noble, is the Emperor Napoleon. His short and compact figure, large head and massive face, with its firmly-set jaws, all bear an aspect of smothered gloom and

MEISSONIER

dogged determination. It is doubtful if the force of character painted in this little figure was ever equaled. There is something indescribable about the personality; something seems pent up within the man. You feel that, as he sits upon his noble steed, with his chin dropped down on his chest and his powerful, lion-like head bent low, looking far away across the valley he sees that Fortune, who had guided him through years of triumph, has at last turned her face. The star which had lit his pathway has set, and his hour of defeat and humiliation has come. He has halted on an eminence. Back of him lies a vast landscape, shrouded in gloom. The overhanging sky laden with ominous clouds adds to the mysterious and uncertain expression of it all, and reflects the gloomy foreboding and turbulent emotions that weigh heavy upon his soul. His head is covered with a huge black hat. A white vest and knee breeches, with black cavalry boots and a great-coat of silvery-gray compose his costume, which is painted with beautiful simplicity and breadth of light. The wind blowing the coat back, reveals across his breast the medals of honor won by the many triumphs of his genius. Behind him you see, a little distance down the hills, several of his staff officers; but you feel that the man of destiny is alone. The sense of largeness is painted with great power, and the limitations of the little canvas are forgotten in the largeness of the conception. Meissonier has touched here a high dramatic note.

"The Jovial Trooper" is a fine example of the wonderful finish that is a distinct mark of his genius. In a quaint old room, sitting in a chair, with one foot resting on a rung while the other is shoved out towards you, is the jovial trooper. He is dressed in a very picturesque costume

"Meissonier simply wanted to see and learn the truth, and he never, even to his latest day, substituted himself for nature, as artists do when they have acquired mannerism, or as men of very great imaginative genius are apt to do."
Hamerton

No. III
"THE JOVIAL
TROOPER"

MEISSONIER

"Examine the smallest, and apparently the least important, of his studies; you will soon be completely absorbed by the little piece of painted wood, as the painter himself has been absorbed by it, and it will gradually grow upon you as you look at it, until it becomes as big as nature itself. The reason is that for some hours of his existence there was nothing for him on earth but the model before his eyes, and his will to render it as he saw it."

M. Dumas

of white doublet and trunks, boots of brown leather, and a broad-rimmed, gray hat set picturesquely on the back of his head. One elbow rests on the arm of his chair, as he holds a long, clay pipe, while his other arm rests on the table. Thrown carelessly back is his cloak of brilliant red, and on the table are his glass and flask. His face is full of warm rich color, and his ruddy hair, his jolly expression and the effect of the whole figure are evidently of a man who loves pleasure, one who has no complaint to make of life and its treatment of him. He gets the best out of everything. His temperament is expressed in every fiber of his being. There is enough good humor in this little picture to put a whole company into congenial spirits. As a painting, while not as important in motive as the "1814," it is nevertheless as valuable, because of its joyous sentiment, for no one could stand long in front of it without taking on the jolly conditions expressed. It makes one think of the unrestrained hilarity of some of "Bobby Burns'" joyous rogues.



A. J. DAGNAN-BOUVERET In the painting of incidents of everyday life Dagnan-Bouveret is one of the strongest of living artists. He gives a realistic interpretation of nature, and being a keen discerner of character, a master of the human figure, and a thorough colorist, he is eminently qualified for delineating life as it is. He was a pupil of Gérôme and shows in his thoroughness that great master's teaching. His selections of characteristic types are always good and he paints them with great vitality. He is also a

DAGNAN-
BOUVERET

successful painter of ideal and mythological subjects. The two pictures from his brush in this collection are splendid examples, one of each style. "The Musician" is idealistic, while the "Accident" is a masterpiece of realism, and remarkable in many respects.

The scene is in a large room in the house of a French peasant. It is extremely picturesque, with its mantels, fireplace, and quaint old bed and clock. Seated on a bench is a boy, pale from the loss of blood. In front of him, and with his back toward you, is a young surgeon who is engaged in bandaging the boy's hand, which seems to have been badly injured. On the bench beside the boy is a large white bowl half filled with water crimsoned from washing the injured hand. At his side stands an old peasant whose face is striking and full of character; he is intently watching the operation, his face showing feeling and sympathy for the boy. Beside him is a child who shrugs closely to his side, as if frightened. On the right of the boy stands a neat old lady, whose face is wonderfully painted. She leans slightly over him, resting her hands on a table that extends across the room. Her expression is that of the deepest concern as to his condition. Her face, bronzed and tawny in color, is fine, but purely of peasant stock. A youth leans on the table, his attention being completely absorbed in the operation. The doctor is a splendid character. His dress, of the latest mode, is in sharp contrast both in style and material with the attire of those about him. The drawing and painting of this figure is remarkable, and his costume, which is of the conventional style, is so painted as to avoid the usual stiffness. He, like the rest of the persons in the room, shows a deep sympathy for the child. His face is re-

No. 107
"AN ACCIDENT"

"What appears to constitute the peculiar character of M. Dagnan's talent is the perfect balance of those qualities whose combination raises an artist to the first rank."

Ferdinand Duval

DAGNAN-
BOUVERET

fined and intellectual and his thoroughly professional air gives him a distinguished appearance. The heavy table, shining from long use, reflects color in its polished surface. The large fire-place, black with soot, forms an effective background for the principal group. Some fine still-life touches are seen in the textures here and there, for instance in pitchers and bottles on the table and in the room. The coloring is rich and true and the painful incident is so vividly brought out that you almost shudder as you look at it.

No. 88
"THE MUSICIAN"

"The Musician," a youth of refinement and character, is playing on a violin. His figure, slender and graceful, is dressed in black velvet. This costume heightens the effect of the flesh, which is rich and of warm coloring. There is dignity in his attitude and bearing. The face shows a sensitive, artistic temperament, and it is undoubtedly a careful study of some promising young virtuoso. He stands as if playing before an audience, with his violin in position. As he draws the bow gracefully across the strings you almost hear the rich resonant tones of the instrument or the chant-like touches which thrill the soul. The color is strong, rich, deep and harmonious, giving out a certain influence that is suggestive of music.



LPHONSE DE NEUVILLE The life of De Neuville was quite an uneventful one until the breaking out of the Franco-Prussian war, despite the fact that Delacroix in his declining years took great interest in him, and gave him access to his studio. The war of 1870 and 1871

DE
NEUVILLE

proved to be an inspiration to him; like many of the artists of France, he joined the service and was an active participant in the great struggle out of which was developed a school of painters of military life never equaled in any period of art. The simplicity of their compositions, the wonderful perfection of their drawing, the knowledge gained by actual experience enabled them to paint the real incident instead of artificial posing, as was the practice of all the battle painters that ever lived before the rising of this group in France. Among these men De Neuville is in many respects a peer. His drawing is always good, and void of a certain hardness that belongs to some of his contemporaries. His outlines are picturesque and not photographic; his coloring is strong, vigorous and harmonious. He is a master of action; in this respect he is the greatest among them. De Hauranne said of him, "He has freedom, audacity, movement, truth of physiognomy, truth of gesture, truth of color at the end of his brush, all without veritable effort—in a word, he has genius of action." Three splendid examples of his art will be found in the gallery, all quite different in character. The largest, and, perhaps, one of his best works, is "The Attack at Dawn." The artist was in the engagement, and at the close of the war returned and made the studies from which the picture was painted, the government lending assistance in the way of soldiers and accessories; thus giving him the proper conditions from which to realize his picture.

The scene is in a Swiss village. The French forces have been driven over the border. The incident is the moment of a sudden attack, almost resulting in a panic. Just as dawn is about to break through the darkness of night, an hour

"His studio was a curious scene. Instead of carpets and precious furniture and objects of art, De Neuville surrounded himself with broken cannon wheels, bloody mattresses, muddy straw, battle-stained uniforms, casques all battered with bullets, guns and rifles of all kinds, broken swords and other accessories of real earnest warfare."

Critique

No. 119
"THE ATTACK AT
DAWN"

DE NEUVILLE

"De Neuville was the Alexandre Dumas of military painting, seeking always the movement and noise of battle and accenting the dramatic and even the melodramatic side."

Critique, 1885

when deathlike stillness reigns, when all nature seems hushed in repose, and when slumber is heaviest, a sudden alarm is sounded. The enemy have entered the village. Everything is bustle and excitement. Back into the shadows of the night, beyond the pale, flickering light of a street-lamp, you see indistinctly the shadowy forms of the Prussians. Rushing out into the street are the French troops, some but half dressed as they hastily run out from their lodgings. A few have reached the middle of the street only to be shot down. They are contesting every inch of ground. Everything is action. You seem to hear the sharp reports of their rifles, and the bullets sing as they speed on their mission of death. The flash from the guns, the little clouds of pinkish-white smoke, join in the deadly drama. One man falls; another takes his place, only to give way to others. This is but the beginning; the end will bring desolation. The wonderful drawing of the human figure in action, in which De Neuville is unsurpassed, here is at its best; for instance, the fine drawing of the Zouave who stands in the middle of the street, his outline sharply thrown out by the dull bluish-gray color of the snow. There is a realism about the entire picture that is broad and large in its conception. The solemn hush of the night, the picturesque buildings, the pale light from the door of a building from which some soldiers emerge, the cold slush and snow are painted with power and truth. The rendition of the hour with its dusky, somber gloom is impressive. You could take away the figures and still have a great landscape. The solemn toned buildings with their quaint double roofs covered with snow and the wonderful atmosphere that envelopes the distance are beautiful in the extreme. The snow

in the street with the tracks made by passing wagons, the action, the color, the marvelous drawing, place this picture as one of the best from his brush. This is a realism that comes from absolute truth of tone, and an artistic outline. It brings you into the conflict. It is the real incident.

"In the Trenches" is an incident of the privation that befalls the life of the common soldier. It is a struggle against the ice-cold hand of winter, and is but one chapter in the tragedy of war. You are looking across a desolate plain whose surface is shrouded in snow. It extends far away until it meets a cold gray sky whose very expression makes you shudder. In the foreground a trench has been dug. Sitting with their backs against the wall are a number of half-frozen soldiers huddled closely together. Blankets, wraps, handkerchiefs and everything available have been used to keep them warm. The air is cold and frosty; though you see no evidence of wind blowing, you feel the stinging, biting temperature. Some of the men, overcome by the exposure, have fallen asleep; others sit in groups, seemingly wrapped in deep thought, of home or perhaps of the coming morrow. This picture is another example of De Neuville's mastery of the human figure. There is no posing, but the real living facts are painted with intensity and feeling. The coloring is strong and vigorous, the uniforms and blankets giving it variety. Scattered around on the ground are canteens and various utensils incidental to camp-life. Arms are stacked in the near foreground; close to the feet of the semi-circle of soldiers struggles a flickering, dismal fire. The picture is very dramatic, with nothing of the artificial or the usual makeshifts of composition. The bleak, cold weather and

DE
NEUVILLE

No. 36

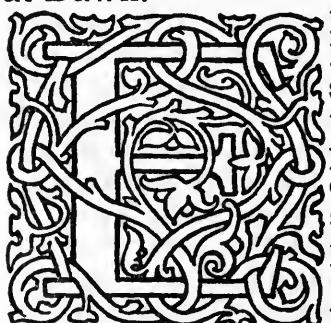
"IN THE TRENCHES"

DE NEUVILLE

No. 16
"INFORMATION"

its attendant hardships, the dismal gloom, the approach of night with its gathering shadows, all are dealt with in a most realistic manner, making it a picture not soon to be forgotten.

A characteristic example of De Neuville's brilliant and careful delineation of character is his "Information." Seated on a horse is an officer in full uniform. He wears a red fatigue cap and a coat of dark blue on which are elaborate decorations of gold and red. He holds a paper in his hand and is looking off in the direction in which a peasant points. The two are having an earnest conversation. The officer is getting valuable information, which the peasant gravely proffers. Back of them is the flock of sheep tended by the peasant, while farther down the road are seen the troopers accompanying the officer. The landscape is rendered with a real out-of-door effect. The drawing and painting are faultless and emphasize the artist's skill, and the picture is in every way worthy of the painter of "The Attack at Dawn."



MIL VAN MARCKE
No modern painter has shown greater power in the delineation of the picturesque beauty of the cow than Van Marcke. A student under Troyon, he profited by the influence of this great master and to Troyon's seriousness added a realism of his own. In the anatomy and action of his cows he is perfect and no man has approached him in his wonderful color. In Troyon you see the tender, loving nature of the poet; in Van Marcke you have a strong, robust character that comes to you with a force

that seizes you at once. The former steals on you with a quiet repose beautiful beyond comparison, but Van Marcke paints with the boldness of a man who knows his power and delights in expressing his messages with a realism, not of finical details, but of absolute truth of tone in its varied relationships. His color is always robust and powerful; you get the very depths of shadow, full of rich transparency, while the lights are painted with a solid impasto that contrasts wonderfully with the shadow texture. In his handling Van Marcke is supremely a painter; strong, bold, rugged brush work characterizes his pictures. With it he develops the muscular form, the bone structure and the textures, all at the same time, and, like Troyon, his cattle fit the landscape.

In the picture "The Approach of the Storm," you have a supreme effort of his art. A storm is brewing, and masses of dark purpling gray clouds are gathering their forces, while the distant plain is filled with ominous shadows full of prophecy. Coming towards you are several cows stringing along over the plain in a haphazard way that is true to life. A herdsman is seen following in the distance. These various groups are united and form a whole that is in shadow, with the exception of the group of cows that fills the front of the picture. This group is in a soft light that sifts through balmy clouds. Having reached a pool of water they stop to drink. These cows, creamy yellow, black and red, form a rich mass of color. The warm sunlight that falls on them, the wonderful texture, the deep transparent shadows, all finely set against the shadowy background, give us a beautiful piece of painting. The possibilities of color are here put to the test. There is nothing artificial about this pict-

VAN
MARCKE

No. 86

"THE APPROACH OF
THE STORM"

VAN
MARCKE

ure; it is a splendid realism of nature, put as the artist saw it, and is one of those incidents in her phenomena when she reaches out from the commonplace and becomes supreme. The entire canvas glows with divine color, painted with a masterly touch and a knowledge both of nature and art. It is a canvas that will always impress you with its lesson of beauty.

No. 50
"THE POOL"

In the midst of deep woods, where the light sifts through the trees, and the broad, deep shadows lie like velvet, is seen "The Pool," a quiet bit of water in which several cows are standing. The light falls directly on a cow and calf; one white, the other a creamy yellow, they give a wonderful effect of light and color against the deep shadows of the background. Beyond this group several cows of various colors are painted in the depths of the shadows. Back of the pool and on its bank, you see a little cottage embedded in the rich, deep-toned foliage. Above this the eye finds an outlet through a vista whose focus point is a little patch of sky. The trees and sky are reflected in the pool, the surface of which, being slightly ruffled, breaks the reflections into beautiful patches of color. Taken as a piece of color and drawing this is a masterpiece. There is such truth in the tones of the shadows and so much texture and solidity in the lights that you feel at once the power of the artist, in some respects the greatest painter of cattle that ever lived.

No. 40
"EARLY MORNING"

"Early Morning" is a fine expression of the soft atmosphere of that time of day. Everything is bathed in silvery masses, which come up flatly, forming values of great beauty. The entire picture is wonderfully truthful to the hour, and in color quite unlike Van Marcke's usual manner. A white cow stands in the foreground, the light falling on her back in

broad masses of light and shadow. The relationship of light and shadow are always of great interest in Van Marcke's painting, and in this little picture the shadows on the cow are of his best work. There is the joyousness of morning. The beautiful tones of the different parts of the picture are so delightfully painted that you long for the stream and the wildwood, with its weeds and flowers decked with dew-drops, the jewels of morning. A cow turns, as if speaking to a woman who stands at a gate, giving a touch of tenderness to the picture. Only art like this can bring the freshness of morning and place it on a canvas which by its silent voice takes you out into the great fields of nature, where you can open up your receptive faculties and once again roam as in childhood along the stream or amid the great solitudes of the dim-lit forest; where the ear is charmed by the joyousness of Mother Nature, who would more than compensate us for the cares and struggles of life.

Another picture, a "Study from Nature," has many of the more subtle qualities that were Troyon's. The sober, quiet tones of the brown fields, the dull green trees and the bronze cow are rendered with great subjective beauty. The manner in which a bit of old fence, against which some wild flowers lean, is painted, appeals deeply to you, leaving a sense of rest and repose.

The fifth and last picture here by this artist, a white cow standing in a meadow, the sunlight falling on her, makes a wonderful effect of light and shade dazzling in its realism. The solidity with which it is painted, the manner in which the shadows are rendered, the textures, all make it one of the most masterly bits of painting in the collection.

VAN MARCKE

"During the summer he painted studies of animals from nature, out of doors, each of them costing fifteen or twenty sittings, and he would never part with one of them. His pictures were not studies, but carefully thought out compositions, however apparently simple in subject."

Hamerton

No. 25
"STUDY FROM NATURE"

No. 45
"COW—BRIGHT SUNLIGHT"



DOLPH SCHREYER

Schreyer has won an enviable reputation for himself as a painter and draughtsman. He possesses a remarkable genius for the delineation of action, and in this respect ranks high among living painters. Indeed, he has been compared to some of the great French artists of the last decade. Theophile Gautier, the eminent Parisian critic, says of him, "He combines the characteristics of Delacroix, Decamps and Fromentin; at the same time remaining original." His color is powerful in its depth and range. He is always artistic and his subjects are full of picturesqueness. Whether painting the wild Arab, the peasant of Poland, the Cossack of Russia, or the Hungarian at work in the field, he handles all with equal power, and never without a complete appreciation of their picture possibilities. He is also a thorough master of the horse. Although German by birth, and a man who has won distinction in all art-loving nations, being a member of most of the academies of the great art centers, he is French in his art. His pictures are prized as distinguished additions to any collection, private or public, and always bring large prices when placed upon the market. In this gallery there are three very fine examples of Schreyer, equal in merit yet distinct in character. Let us first look at "The Plains of Hungary." Tall grasses, pools of water, and weeds, make up the surface of a low flat plain that is quite swampy, almost a bog. In the foreground stands a picturesque cart, loaded with straw or peat, to which three horses are hitched.

No. 143
"EMBOURDE—
PLAINS OF
HUNGARY"

ed. Long poles, arranged on top to hold on the load, add to its beauty of form. The wheels have sunk deep into the mud, almost to the hubs, and the horses, jaded and tired out, have stopped. The driver stands on the top of the load, looking over the plain as if searching for relief, and there is an air of hopelessness depicted in every part of the picture. The drawing of the figure of the man expresses this completely. Far away the landscape stretches until the horizon line is reached. The plain is vast and desolate, with no life to be seen, and the sky dark and overcast with clouds. The earth is wet and indicates a long rainy season. The drawing and painting of the horses are admirable. The coloring of the whole picture is powerful. The entire gamut of the palette, from a creamy white to a purplish black, is used in it with great skill. The general tone of the picture is rather low and somber, but the coloring of objects in the foreground is warm and rich, and the entire canvas is painted with strength. It is a picture not only possessing a high order of beauty, but of much value as being one of the artist's best examples.

A canvas quite different in subject and painting is the "Arabs in Egypt—Sunrise." There is something in this picture that reminds you of the effect of light and color in the "Women of Sahara," by Fromentin. Inside a court at the entrance of an inn, are a number of horses packed and equipped for a journey. They are of fine breed and are drawn and painted with great skill. Two or three Arabs are seen near the door of the inn. The others are perhaps partaking of a repast before starting on a journey. The yard is in shadow of a warm purplish gray tone, the sky only being slightly crimsoned by the morning light. The first ray

SCHREYER

"Schreyer joins to a grand and bold conception a profoundly poetic sentiment; this makes him both German and French. His manner, as well as his talent, has two natures; it recalls both Delacroix and Fromentin. His color is a happy mingling of the dreamy tones of the one and the powerful colors of the other."

Courrier Artistique
1864

No. 61
"ARABS IN EGYPT—
SUNRISE"

SCHREYER

of the rising sun strikes the upper part of the building with a golden glow. The chief charm of this picture is the truthful morning effect, and in its beautiful, harmonious coloring. It is indeed a melody pitched in a low key. The horses are painted perfectly and are in every way worthy of this Rubens of the horse.

No. 2
"A COLD DAY"

It is doubtful if there ever was a finer interpretation of the bleakness of "A Cold Day" than is given by Schreyer in the picture of that name. With a gift which enables him to do all things well, he is especially successful in reproducing the terrors of a Hungarian or Russian blizzard. Gautier writes to the artist of this or a similar effect, "I have been in such a storm. Standing in front of your picture in the Salon I shudder." In this subject the artist's power of expressing motion has a fine opportunity. A strong wind is blowing, gathering up the snow, driving it in every direction, whirling and twisting, filling the air so full that it changes the coloring of the sky, which is dark and gloomy toward the zenith. A wagon to which three horses are hitched stands beside the roadway. Feeling the terrible effect of the storm they have turned their heads from it, holding them low down, almost to the ground, while they hump their backs as if trying to protect themselves. Back of them stands a row of low buildings covered with snow. The driver is finding good cheer within, while the beasts take the fury of the storm. The wind, gathering the snow, dashes clouds of it over the house-tops, twisting and driving it high up into the sky. In fact, everything tends with wonderful effect to carry out the terrible conditions. The color is very simple and in perfect accord with the character of the scene. The velocity of the wind, the severity of the storm and the pitiable condition of the

"He plays pleasingly among delicate grays which lead off into atmospheric distances, and his skies, the reverse of cast-iron, move with wind and melt with rain. ** The horse as depicted by him, is not highly trained, fed or groomed, but a wild creature, flying full tear across wild wastes, with a cart or carriage rattling at his heels."

J. Beavington
Atkinson

animals are powerfully rendered. The drawing and painting of the horses are especially worthy of study.

SCHREYER



LEXANDRE CABANEL Cabanel is a master of the human figure. Besides being the recipient of numerous other honors, he has held a professorship in the Beaux Arts, has received the Grand Prix, and is a member of the Legion of

Honor. He is represented by two pictures in this collection; one a distinguished portrait of Louis Napoleon, the other a character portrait of Mlle. Nilsson as "Pandora."

The picture of "Napoleon III" is painted with the refinement and carefulness of drawing that characterize his work. There is a fine air of dignity in the pose of the figure. The character, color and position are studied with consummate knowledge. It is doubtless a truthful study of the subject, and you at once feel the presence of a man of power and official import. The color is warmer and more ruddy than is usual with this master.

No. 161
"NAPOLEON III"

In the portrait of Mlle. Nilsson as "Pandora," the flesh is warm and rich and the textures are as fine as usual with Cabanel. The neck and shoulders are bare. There is a delicate, chaste rendering of their beauty that is charming. The face is painted with all the tender feeling for the female face that made his portraits so popular. The eyes are full of deep expression, looking out from under brows of fine character. From the shadows that linger around them her eyes regard you with a look of such beauty that, turning away from the picture, you still feel

No. 41
"PANDORA"

CABANEL

"M. Cabanel, with harmony of tones and softness of the brush which seduce the men of the world, knows how to preserve all the serious qualities of the artist. He is agreeable and tender in his painting, but not effeminate; under his flesh, so soft and of so fine a grain, there are bones, muscles and nerves."

Théophile Gautier

No. 27
"VIRGIN OF THE DELIVERANCE"

No. 70
"GOING TO THE WELL"

them following you. In her left hand she holds a jeweled box, while with her right she partly covers the box with a part of the pale bluish green drapery that envelops her figure. A filmy white drapery is thrown across her breast. The arms and hands are painted with a thorough appreciation of their grace. The background is a dark brown tone into which the outlines melt, giving a tender effect to all.

N^OTOINE AUGUSTE ERNEST HEBERT[©]
Hebert was director of the French Academy at Rome. He was a painter of great refinement. The most important perhaps of the three paintings by him in the gallery is the "Virgin of Deliverance," which is treated in his purely decorative way. The Virgin, beautiful, tall and graceful, holds the child in her arms. The figures are drawn and painted exquisitely and are simple in color. The mother, in a dress of dark blue, is against a background of gold. The halo around her head is done in gold relief, thus combining painting and decoration. The lines of the figure are beautiful in their simplicity and purity, and show the style of the painter in whose art there lingered faint echoes of the school of David.

"Going to the Well" is light and dainty in color and has in it an expression not unlike the feeling displayed by Fromentin. Pale blue, pearly gray-green and warm fleshy tones pervade the entire canvas. There is a beautiful decorative sense displayed. The drawing of the figure of the young girl, with its slightly elongated effect, aided by the tall water jar she

holds on her head, is let into the background in a delightful manner.

"The Return from the Well" is much like its companion. The color is more somber and less decorative, but there is a mystery, a brooding shadow effect, about it that is absent from the former. There is something suggestive of the morning in the other, while this has the passiveness of evening.

HEBERT

No. 90

"RETURNING FROM
THE WELL"



UGHES MERLE

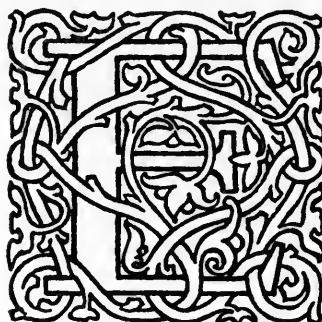
The pictures of Merle are noted for their gracefulness and beauty. His types are delicate and sometimes suggestive of flowers, yet not lacking in character. His pictures are always popular and attract attention at the exhibitions. The subjects he takes are varied, ranging from the ideal to pretentious historical compositions, the former being very popular for reproductions. His coloring is pure and chaste, well suited to the subjects he chooses. With it there is an intensity to his art that is distinctly his own. An excellent example of his work is to be seen here in the main gallery.

It is a scene from "The Scarlet Letter." This beautiful picture was painted by Merle at the request of the owner, who sent him the novel. The incident chosen is where the heroine, Hester Prynne, has been conducted from the town jail to the pillory—which stood under the eaves of one of Boston's earliest churches—where she was doomed to exposure for a certain period. She is represented as sitting on the platform holding little Pearl fondly in her arms. The face of the woman is of a strong type of beauty, refined and sensitive. She sits facing

No. 59

"THE SCARLET
LETTER"

you, with her eyes directed at some imaginary object. She seems to be looking back into the dim past, as if, combining its events with the present, she might see out into the yet unfathomed future. While she broods she unconsciously presses the child to her bosom, as if to shield it from some impending fate. A luxuriant wealth of black hair falls in abundant waves on either side of her head, framing it charmingly. The painting of the flesh of the child is of the tenderest sort. It is like certain flowers which are so delicate that to touch them would mar their beauty. Nestling in the security of the arms of her mother, the little one looks into the depths of her eyes as if trying to penetrate her inmost thoughts. Behind her and disappearing in the distance, are two men, who are pointing toward her, emphasizing the indignity of her position. The canvas is painted with attention to detail and the textures are carefully developed. The picture is solid, refined and beautiful, and the conception of the artist met with the hearty approval of Hawthorne, who said it fulfilled perfectly his ideal of the scene.



DOUARD BRANDON
A Belgian by birth, Brandon died quite young, leaving few works behind him. Little is known of his life, but the one picture by him in this collection shows him to have been a painter of unusual powers. It is by a man who should be ranked among the serious painters of the day and would do credit to Gérome, whose manner it somewhat resembles.

The "Portuguese Synagogue at Amsterdam"

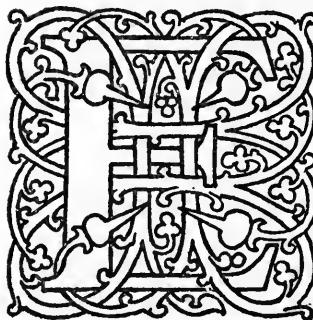
BRANDON

is a very remarkable picture, both in the perfection of its drawing and in the quaintness of its subject. It perpetuates a religious ceremony that seems strange to unaccustomed eyes, one which has been evolved out of the older and more orthodox ones of the Jewish church and differs entirely from the latter-day Israelitish forms. In the center of a synagogue architecturally imposing is a square enclosure surrounded by railings. Inside stands a Rabbi in a long robe, and wearing a tall black beaver hat; over this is thrown a white veil that reaches to the floor. Around him are a number of assistants. Sitting and standing just outside of the railing are a number of old gentlemen of venerable mien, dressed precisely like the Rabbi, and also wearing beaver hats and veils. The congregation is composed entirely of groups of men, excepting a gallery in the far end of the room, where some women are seen. Great massive columns of stone rise from the floor to the ceiling. There is a solemnity expressed in the picture that is instantly felt. The coloring is sober, an olive gray tone pervading the entire composition. It is a picture that speaks for itself, and the fact that the painter was unknown to fame does not in any way mar its message or true worth.

No. 128
“PORTUGUESE
SYNAGOGUE AT
AMSTERDAM”



VII



DOUARD FRÈRE

The great sympathetic movement which is the glory of modern French art, and of which Chardin was the progenitor, reappeared again in Charles Fortin, who brought into it an ease, a grace that was lacking in Chardin's work. This movement finally culminated in Millet and Frère, who, while yet in the studio of Delaroche, speaking of his master, said, "What he has done for dukes, saints and heroes I will try to do for these inglorious folk of the by-way." He took up the work in which his affections centered and painted poverty, unconscious and beautiful. Especially drawn to child life among the peasants, he saw in these little ones something deeper and more interesting than their nut brown complexions or the paintable qualities of their costumes. He would often paint a group of children in a room whose walls were bare and without decorations, yet by the earnestness of his work every part of the canvas possesses a charm which you instantly feel. The children of his pictures are happy in their environments; indeed to their inventive fancy the great world centers in their playthings. Into his little pictures of humble life Edouard Frère has breathed a love,

a tenderness, that sinks deeply into the affections. He has, as it were, taken the flowers of the field and grafted them into the human heart. Speaking of this sympathetic movement as compared with contemporaneous art John Ruskin said, "It is mainly because the one painter has communion of heart with his subject, and the other only casts his eye upon it feelinglessly, that the work of one is greater than the other." This is the secret of Frère's art. In his little canvases you feel the pulsations of a big warm heart, beating in unison with the subjects chosen, touching everything with the same spirit that caused Burns and Wordsworth to sing the songs of the flowers of the field. Such art will live because of its human sympathy, and its influence will be felt wherever the love of home and of childhood is treasured.

When the shadows of war and death hung over France some Prussian officers were going the rounds of the Parisian studios. Coming to that of Frère, their hilarity ceased. Touched by these pictures of humble life, which brought the memory of the Fatherland vividly before them, they issued orders that the painter of them should go and come unmolested, and that his studio should be protected during their occupancy.

There are six beautiful examples of Frère's art to be seen in this collection. "Preparing Dinner," is the largest and is hung with the smaller canvases grouped around it. Here you have a beautiful painting of an old kitchen in a well-to-do peasant family. Running diagonally across the picture is the outer wall of rough plaster. Toward the center is an archway that leads to a window. On the walls of this archway are hung ladles and spoons, and

FRÈRE

"He painted the country children in all their performances and amusements, in a way that made him the Columbus of a before undiscovered world around the capital. * * He harvested every district of France, always returning with golden sheaves."

Moncure D. Conway

No. 124
"PREPARING
DINNER"

FRÈRE

"He painted the simple peasants as he saw them, giving interest to the humblest objects hanging on their walls, with a sentiment, not forced, that appealed to the intelligent observer."

Henry Bacon

a shelf across the bottom of the window is filled with apples and onions. Stooping over and emptying something from a brown bowl into a larger vessel is an old peasant woman whose figure is bunchy and picturesque. The light from the window falls like a benediction on her head. Just back of her is a large brown earthen jug, a water bucket and some bits of blue ware. A quaint old chest is at the inner end of the arch; on it is a split basket in which you see a piece of pumpkin. A large head of cabbage lies on the floor. Back of the chest, and partly lost in the shadow of the corner of the room, stands an old cupboard, on which are seen jugs, bottles and other utensils. Starting from the alcove and running to the upper right-hand corner of the picture a line is stretched on which hang some clothes. There is a wonderful charm about this canvas. It expresses the home idea of simple plenty wherein contentment dwells. The coloring is rich and beautiful. In the depths of its shadows it is wonderful. The quiet subdued light seems to hallow everything it touches, and as you contemplate this picture you feel the sensations that thrilled the painter, whose tender nature fitted him for rendering the charm of such a scene.

No. 127
"THE LITTLE
HOUSEKEEPER"

In the center of a room is seen an old porcelain stove, small, and square in shape. Around it are bands of brass to hold the porcelain in place. A brown earthen stew pot is on the stove and bending over it is a sweet-faced little girl. "The Little Housekeeper" is busily stirring the contents with a large spoon. Scattered about the floor are bits of wood. A yellow gray jar stands in front of the stove, through whose doors a bit of fire flickers dimly. At the back is an alcove in which are bottles, jars and

FRÈRE

various cooking utensils. On the wall a coffee box and some tin dishes hang. The corner of a window comes in one side of the canvas. The coloring of the picture is warm, tender and sympathetic. There is an earnestness in every touch that tells with charming effect.

"Helping Herself" shows a bright little miss, her joy centered in a pitcher of milk, whose contents she samples with intense satisfaction. Her little figure is bent backwards to offset the weight of the pitcher. The drawing of this little girl is charming; she is the essence of childhood. The greater part of her face is concealed by the mouth of the pitcher, but enough is revealed to show a rosy complexion surrounded by glossy yellow hair. She stands in front of a window, and the light touches her affectionately. Opening out of the wall is a cupboard, above which is an alcove filled with dishes. On the wall is a curious willow rack in which spoons are arranged. The floor is made of yellowish gray tile. Throughout the entire canvas there is a transparent amber tone. It is a simple bit of child life tenderly painted.

In "A Cold Day" you are introduced into a more spacious room. Here you see also the beginning of an art idea, asserted by several pictures from the illustrated papers tacked on the wall. In the center of the room are three children gathered around a diminutive stove. One little boy sits on a bench, his feet resting on the hearth of the stove. To the left of him is a little miss who is stooping over to warm her hands. Her sweet face, beautiful in its childishness, is turned sympathetically to the little brother by her side. Bits of brown hair peep from under a black cap. Standing back of her is a large boy in a whitish-gray blouse and a strange cap, the

No. 126
"HELPING
HERSELF"

No. 125
"THE COLD DAY"

FRÈRE

front of which comes down under his chin. At the rear is a pine table on which is a gray stone jug, some bowls, glasses and dishes. The same beautiful sentiment for home life is felt here as in all the others.

"Going to School" is an incident of boyhood. It is winter and the ground is covered with snow. You get a glimpse of a street, dreary and deserted, save by a lonely cab seen in the dim distance. The air is cold and frosty. In the front of the picture a boy is seen walking briskly. The action is finely expressed. He wears a cap with great ear muffs, and has a red comforter around his neck. Strapped on his back is a school satchel and a dinner bucket. He is stooping forward, holding his face so that the brim of his cap protects it from the wind, which blows stiffly. His hands are pushed deeply into his pockets. Although simple in subject, it is seriously painted, and with great care.

No. 122
"THE LITTLE
DRESS-MAKER"

"The Little Dress-Maker" is one of the daintiest of the group, and one that appeals to you with the tenderest sympathy. In the little doll mother you can trace all those beautiful attributes which cluster around home life and make it sacred. This embryo mother is deeply absorbed in making a dress for her little doll, which to her childish fancy is as dear as the real. Sitting on a step in front of a door leading out of the room is the motherly little girl. Her hair is brushed down primly over her temples and gathered into a knot on the back of her head. She is a picture of tidiness as she sits plying the needle whose every stitch is sealed with love. The doll, which she holds between her knees, seems watching patiently the bit of pink out of which a new dress is being shaped. On the floor in front of her is a little box filled with bits of rags, the belongings of the doll-child,

FRÈRE

"The finest characteristic of modern art is its sympathy. In ancient times the best art frequented the palace; now it lingers in the cottage. And he who of all men truest represents this sympathetic tendency is rightly named Edouard Frère—Edouard the Brother."

John Ruskin

while on a chair to the right is a small toy dresser. The little girl wears a brown-black waist, greenish-blue apron and a brown-red dress, and a blue handkerchief is around her neck. On the floor is a pair of scissors. There is something so peaceful and beautiful in this miniature domestic scene that one can almost picture out the future of this child. You feel the emotion of the artist whose heart was touched by the beauty of the incident, and who has transmitted to posterity that which he so deeply felt; something which all who see the picture may share.



EDWIG KNAUS

Among the painters of child life who have honored the present century, Knaus stands as one of the best. As an interpreter of childish character as found in the villages and hamlets of "the Fatherland" no one has surpassed him. He has studied all the characteristics of childhood and has caught with rare skill those attributes that belong to rustic life. Like Edouard Frère, he has sung the song of the "inglorious folk of the by-way," only with more realism than his gentle brother. There is a mingling of the grave and the gay that is delightful, in the subjects chosen by this master, and while his manner differs widely from that of his French contemporary, the same serious love of children is felt in his efforts. It is said of him that he entered the Berlin Academy with limited resources, and as soon as they were exhausted he was dismissed, as not possessing any especial talent. Ten years later he was selected as professor of painting in the in-

stitution. Knaus has been honored by almost every civilized country and his works are treasured by all connoisseurs. This collection possesses two choice examples of his art, the larger, called "Mud Pies," being exceptionally fine.

In a low-toned landscape, several children are seen engaged in making mud pies. On the right side of the canvas lies an old log, the nearer end of which is flat on the top, forming a table on which the mud is being kneaded and shaped. Standing at the end of the log is a little boy who is perhaps enjoying his first pair of trousers; his back is turned toward us and his attitude is the very essence of childishness. His clothes, which are a dark olive brown color, seem to fit too snugly about his shoulders, causing the trousers to hitch up at the sides, and the absence of a button or two adds to the picturesqueness of his costume. This youngster is busily engaged in flattening out some mud on the log in front of him. His tow-colored hair shines with silken-like gloss, and hangs in ringlets about his neck. At his side is a tot of a girl whose face is framed in golden hair. She, too, is absorbed in kneading mud. A blue cap crowns her head, and the sleeves of her waist being rolled up, show that her arms still retain the dimples of babyhood. Her dark blue dress, tucked up behind, displays a pair of rosy bare feet. Sitting on the log is a larger girl, a fine type of German childhood. She seems to be head steward and is giving orders to a wee child who runs toward her in a stumbling baby-like way, with both hands full of dirt. She fairly beams with humor as she notes the earnestness of the little one who waits on her. This smaller girl is a picture of childish innocence, as she runs with

wide open mouth. Her hair, all matted and tangled, is of reddish golden hue. She wears a dress of warm red, from underneath which a bit of white skirt draggles. In the lower left hand corner a serious little maiden is digging up mud with her hands from a shallow ditch that runs across the commons. She is a brunette with a red cap and blue dress, and seems to feel the gravity of the occasion. Quite a distance back is a boy who knows how to save labor. He stands with his legs wide apart and a pile of mud between his feet. Holding his hands in such a way as to avoid soiling his clothes, he calls lustily for some one to come and carry the mud for him. He is a lazy, unkempt youngster who might nevertheless develop into a genius, his face displays so much intelligence and character. He is barefooted, but a long blouse adorns him. Back of him a swine-herd is seen driving swine across the commons. Still farther back some houses crown the sloping green with here and there a gnarled old apple tree to add to the picturesqueness of the scene. The color of the picture is rich, deep, and harmonious, and in it one of those scenes from childhood that most of us remember is brought before us with vivid truth.

"The Truant" is an incident of boy life that comes within the universal experience of man. In the center of the picture is an old lady whose temper has been wrought up to a high pitch. Her face and clenched fist plainly indicate the penalty in store for the offender, a bright little boy who trots doggedly in front of her. He is nude and carries his clothes in his hands. In the background is a shallow stream, where his companions are seen paddling in the water. A larger boy stands on a sand bank and taunts his unfortunate companion. This is undoubt-

KNAUS

"I will not venture to compare this greatest of German genre painters with Hogarth, mainly because the two stand so wide asunder, and yet they are similar in satire, in shrewd insight into individual character, as well as in sympathy with nature, in her unsophisticated form."

J. Beavington
Atkinson

No. 4
"THE TRUANT"

KNAUS edly the bad boy of the neighborhood. The light from the lowering sun gives a ruddy, golden glow to everything, and falling on the flesh of the naked bathers lends them a glow of color that is very beautiful. The front of the picture—rocks, weeds, flowers, and a bit of old fence over which vines trail—is in shadow. A ray of light striking on the old lady's white waist throws the shadows into purpling grays. The drawing and coloring is strong and true, possessing all of the seriousness that is a distinct characteristic of the artist.



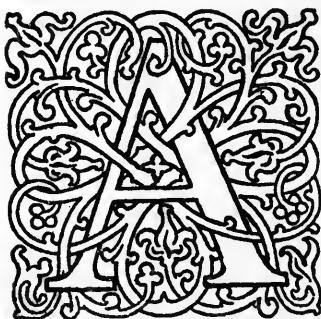
VIII

CARL BECKER

Carl Becker, one of the most distinguished of living German artists, is noted as a technician of great skill. He chooses subjects that afford him an opportunity to display his powers. His pictures are quite popular with the collectors of our country, as well as those of Europe. A picture from his brush here is called "A Petition to the Doge." It is an incident of the palmy days of Venice and presents a scene of much elegance. Standing in the inner court of his palace is the Doge, tall, dignified and dressed with official pomp. His robes are of dull gold and red, trimmed with ermine; a red cap adorns his head. He is reaching out his hand to a lady who, dressed in black, is delivering a paper to him. She is in a kneeling posture and presses the form of a little child closely to her side as if fearful of some impending danger. Just back of the lady, and half concealed in shadow, is a man whose presence seems ominous. In the court are a number of figures, among them a beautiful young page who seems deeply concerned in the affair. To the left stands a halberdier, stiff and official. His uniform is of somber purple-red, black and fawn color. The interior of the court and cham-

No. 33
"THE PETITION
TO THE DOGE"

ber is very elegant with its elaborate hanging and inlaid floor. The picture is rendered with great technical strength, and is rich and glowing in color. The painting of the flesh is masterly, and the expression of the faces, especially of the woman and child, is beautiful. The drapery is also finely characterized, Becker being noted for his skill in the painting of brilliant stuffs.



ANDREAS ACHEN-

BACH & The art of Achenbach was naturalistic and remarkable for its dramatic effect of light, shade and motion. He was essentially a painter of startling effects and was especially fond of

painting wild and tumultuous seas under the influence of a storm. He was one of the leaders of the once famous Dusseldorf school. There are two of his best canvases in this collection, both representing nature in unrest. The "Windy Day at Schevening" is a scene on a wild and picturesque coast, a bluff above the sea where some quaint low stone buildings are grouped. A dangerous storm cloud envelops the sky, and the waves, dashing madly against the shore, are torn into a seething mass of foam that is caught up by the furious winds. White sea gulls flit here and there, adding to the dreariness of the scene. A rift of sunlight falling on the buildings in the center of the picture, striking their red tile roofs and creamy white walls, produces a startling effect. The earth is scant of verdure and is covered with sand, which is blown and whirled about by the wind. Some peasant women, huddled together, are struggling to

No. 68

"WINDY DAY AT
SCHEVENING"

gain the bluffs overlooking the sea, the blowing sand partly obscuring their figures. At one side is an old fortification where some rusty cannon are half buried in the earth; near by an old woman crawls on the ground striving to gain a view of the sea. Some men on a turret are tugging helplessly at a signal flag which is almost blown from the staff; just beyond is a watch tower. The effect of the wind, the gloom of the sky and the marvelous sunlight are rendered with realistic truth.

The same power for delineating the storm is shown in "Clearing Up—Coast of Sicily." The sun is partly gone down behind a cloud that lies low in the horizon, turning its edges into gold. The horizon is warm and glowing; the higher clouds are dark and gloomy, but bars of light radiate from the sun, tearing their way through them. The sky is grand in its wilderness, and the water, while not painted as well as the sky, yet is fine. As a whole, the gloom of the coming night is rendered with great skill, showing a serious study of those turbulent expressions of nature which Achenbach rendered with honesty and great seriousness.

 **ARL LEOPOLD MULLER** Muller is a Professor in the Academy of Vienna and a painter of many distinguished pictures. His style is chaste and free from sensationalism, and his coloring of a rich transparent kind that is always delightful. In the five small sketches in Egypt, which represent the artist in Mr. Walters' collection, there will be seen the result of the thoroughness with which the artist

ACHENBACH

"The tendency of Achenbach's genius is realistic in the highest and best sense of the word. He explores nature in her most secret traits, in order to seize upon what is characteristic in essence, form and color."

Henry Ottley

No. 55
"CLEARING UP—
COAST OF SICILY"

No. 1
"FIVE STUDIES
FROM LIFE IN
EGYPT"

studies his subjects. These little pictures are framed into one long panel and are quite decorative in effect. In the center of the panel is a study of the head of an Egyptian beauty. The face is a refined one. Her almond-shaped eyes, strange and dreamy in expression, are of that dark and liquid brown that belongs to the Orient. Her mouth, which is rather voluptuous, is charming. The nose is very expressive, and her shapely neck is lost in filmy white drapery. The head is crowned with a wealth of brown-black hair, on top of which is a bit of red drapery, brought in dark contrast against a cool amber-toned background. The rich warm blood of the East courses through the soft olive-toned flesh. While the features are very carefully painted, there is nothing about them that suggests laborious work.

The panel on the right of this represents an old, tumbled-down fire-place and hearth on which are scattered bits of brick, tile, ashes and debris. It is done with an exquisite touch. The ashes on the hearth are so lightly painted that you imagine that a draft down the chimney would send them flying. On the left of the center panel is a study of a room, with walls of red and buff tile, set in stripes. A fire-place blackened with soot, some old chairs, and a broken doorway through which you get a glimpse of light, completes the picture. It is charming in color; warm and oriental in the extreme.

The two pictures at either end of the frame are carefully painted profile studies of girls, evidently painted from the same model. Like the other panels, they possess a great deal of beauty and blend with them into one harmonious whole.



UGUSTE PETTEN-KOFEN. "The Market of Sznolnok, Hungary," is a noted example of the work of Pettenkofen, who is celebrated for his unusual skill in finish and truth of atmosphere. He has been a faithful student of certain old Dutch and Flemish masters, and his pictures possess much of their seriousness. This canvas is small, notwithstanding which the figures are executed in a manner that would put to shame many more pretentious painters. Here are picturesque low huts with thatched roofs, market stalls, and the various carts and vehicles incidental to a market. Groups of people stand about in bright colored costumes, talking and bartering. Vegetables, flowers and stuffs give bright bits of color. In the foreground are scattered pumpkins, melons, geese, ducks and cabbage. To the left, and coming toward you, is a cart to which three horses are hitched. They are advancing at great speed, and cause clouds of dust to rise from the road. The picture is quiet and gray in tone, and in coloring rather cool. The carefulness of finish and the skillfulness with which the figures and animals are studied make it one of the most remarkable of the small canvases of the collection, and unlike anything ever seen by the writer.

No. 110
"THE MARKET OF
SZNOLNOK,
HUNGARY"

"A long study of 'The Hungarian Market' has induced this pleasant recapitulation of the facts of this artist's career, and begotten the desire to make the name of the Austrian Meissonier a more familiar household word in the western world."

Stranahan



IX

JOSEPH M. W. TURNER What Byron wrote of Venice, Turner painted in brilliant, scintillating colors. He was not only a man of marked genius and originality as a painter, but was a poet of the most ideal type. In his painting he was not always true to individual nature; he sought rather to depict the emotional picture which took form while he contemplated her. Within him were vast resources of the stuff which dreams are made of. Scientific facts, botanical truths, never bothered him, because he dealt with feeling alone. Possessing the genius for work, and an utter disregard for conventional forms, he developed great powers in certain directions, light, color and atmosphere being his supreme attainments. In these respects he carried his art beyond that of any previous epoch. The unfathomed depth of shadow and the brilliant dazzling light of a noonday sun were his. Speaking of his paintings, the late William M. Hunt said, "One hundred years from now Turner will be counted among the greatest who ever lived. He could carry the scale higher and farther than any one else; his colors are iridescent. The Venetians could get such colors only by painting transparently, but his is solid

throughout." No one looking at this picture will doubt this estimate of Turner's genius.

The one picture by Turner in the collection, his "Grand Canal, Venice," is a triumph in these respects. Pitched in a high key, the entire canvas revels in a pale yellow-white atmosphere of the dreamiest sort, into which everything is painted with a solid, sure touch. The sky is of a warm, silvery blue-gray tone, flakey white clouds forming an archway which curves gracefully down until lost in the horizon where mystery reigns supreme. On either side and at the back are buildings of a warm whitish color which seem to shimmer and dance in the hot sunlight in which they are bathed. These lights are painted with a firmness which shows a thorough grasp of the subject. The shadows of the most tender blue-gray have a color effect like that of an opal. They mingle with the sky and form a background more dreamy and poetic than can be imagined. It is a picture of light, distinct and original. In the center of the canvas boats and gondolas are grouped into a highly picturesque mass of color. Here emerald and sapphire, indescribable blue and amber, are set amid pearls, forming a revelry of color which charms the senses. These objects recede in a long row until lost in the distance. Buildings and boats are reflected in broken colors in the water, their beauty enhanced by the tremulous effect produced by the slightly agitated surface of the canal. It is a poem of strange and mysterious beauty, a dream of Venice, such as could only come from a supersensitive, poetic nature. Such was Turner's.

TURNER

No. 157
"GRAND CANAL
VENICE"

"Turner is a most instructive subject for the student of art, because he is always and above all things the artist. With all his study of objects and effects, he was never a naturalist. The real motive of every one of his compositions is to realize some purely artistic conception, not to copy what he saw; consequently he lived in a state of mental activity and feeling which can not be the least understood until we know what the artistic intelligence is, and what are its necessities, its purposes, and its aspirations."

Hamerton



AURENZ ALMATA
TADEMA One of the distinct characters in the art of the century is Tadema. He possesses a strong individuality and a style that is purely his own. No painter living has greater genius for invention than he; he has a refinement, a certain repose, a wonderful knowledge of the various objects which go to make up his pictures that is unequalled. In subject his pictures are usually classic, but while true to the sentiment of those ages they are yet filled with a warmth born of a living, sensitive spirit in touch with the beauty and life about him to-day. In his creative life Tadema lives in a purely classic atmosphere. What Fromentin did for the Orient Tadema has done for the beautiful ideals of the Greeks and Romans of the ages long ago. True to the epoch from which his subject is chosen, he breathes into the pictures which others would paint with severity a love and a tenderness which prove him to be a poet-painter of the first rank. A picture by him received the unanimous vote of the jury at the World's Fair of 1893, a distinction conferred on no other artist exhibiting. This collection is rich in the work of Tadema. It is doubtful if five as great pictures, of equal merit, of any one painter can be found in any single collection in the world.

No. 118
"A ROMAN
EMPEROR—
CLAUDIUS"

"A Roman Emperor," is the largest of his canvases in the gallery and one that is unsurpassed in intensely dramatic effect. On the floor of a large room one sees the dead bodies of Caligula and the occupants of his household. The soldiers, fearing that they have missed

ALMA-TADEMA

some member of his family, have returned; searching, they find Claudio concealed behind some tapestry. A soldier is seen pulling the hanging to one side; he stands in a mocking attitude as if paying homage to his greatness. Claudio stands as pale and rigid as if dead. Terror and cowardice are depicted in every muscle and tendon of his body; he seems paralyzed with fright, his eyes fairly start from their sockets. The light falls squarely on this figure, which, with his robe of light greenish blue and white surrounded by the pale olive tones of the tapestry, makes a wonderful mass of color in light, against which the soldier who holds the drapery comes in bold relief. The painting is startling in its realism—the ghastly pallor of his face, the deathlike glare of his eyes, the open mouth through which almost comes a groan of despair, only checked by his intense fright. It is indeed a triumph of dramatic art. On the extreme left, beyond the murdered emperor and his family, are the soldiers with their trappings of war, armor, shields and draperies. In this group are some women whose heads and the upper part of their figures only are seen, but are painted with a relief that is remarkable. This group with its rich color and texture is set against a background of warm reds, yellows and plum colors. The floor, which is beautifully inlaid with tile, is of fine design and painted with rare skill. Just to the left of Claudio, and back of the soldier who exposes him, is a piece of furniture of rare beauty. Then there is the wonderful marble with its rich color and texture that only Tadema can paint. The entire picture is executed with a power supremely dramatic.

"Sappho" is one of Tadema's most poetic compositions. In it the wonderful gifts of the

"The Roman Emperor" is in its artistic merits a picture thoroughly representative of the artist's work, being full of beauty and color of an inimitable kind, deep and minute in explicit finish, but by no means small in executive feeling."

Critique

No. 32
"SAPPHO"

ALMA-TADEMA

"As for the 'Sappho,'
the light of the
summer blue sea,
the gold of the poet's
lyre and the white
of the sun-warmed
marble are now only
memories in England,
for the picture has
found a far-away
home."

The Art Journal

artist are brought into full play. Sappho was a Greek poetess so talented and beautiful she was called "the tenth muse" by her contemporaries. Being enamored of a young poet named Alcæus, she is here seen in his presence, accompanied by her scholars. The scene is laid in an open theater of semi-circular form built of creamy white marble. Sitting in a graceful chair is Alcæus, playing an accompaniment to his poems on a lyre inlaid with an exquisite design in mother-of-pearl of some legend or story. The character of his face is strongly brought out, and as he sits touching the strings he seems to forget his surroundings and become completely absorbed in his song. He wears a robe of a light warm pinkish yellow which sets off the bronzed flesh of his face and arms. Opposite him, sitting on the lowest tier of seats, is Sappho. She leans forward with her chin on her hands, which rest on the top of a little bronze stand in front of her, on the lower part of which is a figure of Fame in bronze. She is listening to the poet's impassioned words with enraptured attention. The drawing of her figure is purely Greek in character and is a charming example of Tadema's art.

She sits in an unconscious, abandoned position which is very beautiful. Her face clearly expresses the delight she derives from the songs of the bard. On the stand in front of her is a wreath of laurel. Just beyond is Sappho's sister. She is wonderfully lovely in face and figure as she stands with one hand resting on Sappho's shoulder while with the other she holds a manuscript. Her hair, hanging loosely over her shoulders, is garlanded with flowers and her dress is of a pale lavender fabric covered with a rich pattern. Back of her, on a higher seat, are three of Sappho's scholars,

ALMA-TADEMA

whose beauty is only equaled by the pleasure expressed on their faces. The two sitting behind Sappho are dressed in gray-green and buff. The third is in a salmon-colored dress. Her head is beautiful in type and crowned with reddish bronze hair. She sits gazing across the sea with her arm resting on the back of the seat. She is the picture of graceful, dreamy beauty. Beyond the theater, and lining the water's edge, olive trees picturesquely stretch their spreading branches. They are of the tenderest warm olive green, the rich color of their trunks coming in beautiful harmony with the deep blue of the sea, a blue that only Tadema can paint. No finer setting for these figures could be found than this wondrous sea. The theater of pinkish creamy white and the color scheme of the figures, with their pale lavender, pink, buff, green, salmon, yellow, are like a cluster of tea-roses in a vase of deep blue green. The faultless drawing, the color harmonies, the calm blue of the sky, all combine to make it one of the most charming pictures of the collection. Refined, beautiful and poetic, it is filled with the artist's best inspiration.

The next picture, the subject of which, "The Triumph of Titus," was suggested by Mr. Walters, contains all those qualities of skill in drawing and color found in the other two, and added to them is a certain elaboration of details that in its way is unsurpassed. On a little canvas, upright in shape, you see a stairway composed of several landings, leading down from a temple. Titus has returned from Jerusalem with spoils of conquest taken from the sacred temple which have been distributed amid religious ceremonials in the temple of Jupiter Victor at the Palatine. On the stairway

"To our mind Mr. Tadema is fortunate, inasmuch as he practices, without any sacrifice of science, a kind of excellence which is readily intelligible; for the sympathy—even the unlearned sympathy—of the many is a cheering thing which few great artists would be indifferent about possessing."

The Art Journal

No. 12
"THE TRIUMPH OF
TITUS"

ALMA-TADEMA

"It may be said advisedly that no pictures of the present day exhibit more thorough excellence than those of Mr. Alma-Tadema, though for the most part Greek and Roman antiquity are the source from which the inspiration of his art is derived. Mr. Tadema's pictures as works of art are never sacrificed to the mere pedantic display of skill and learning."

Prof. John Weir

you see Titus clad in gold armor, being escorted in triumph from the temple. He is led by his daughter, who holds his hand, according to a custom which enacted that the triumphator should be accompanied by his youngest child. Just in front of them is Domitian, brother and successor to Titus, who turns as if engaged in conversation with his niece. Preceding this group is Vespasian, the father of Titus, who, according to the custom, officiates as a priest. He wears a robe of white and bears in his hands the vessels used in the ceremonies. The figures of this group, which is a part of the great shadow that covers the lower half of the canvas, are modeled and rounded out perfectly. The drawing and the character in the faces are a triumph of skillful art. These figures and the deep shadows filled with somber purples, blues and olives are low in tone, but the upper landing of pale pink marble is flooded with dazzling light. At the top of the stairway are rows of priests robed in white and bearing aloft bunches of yellow palms. In the center is the altar on which are the many spoils of victory. From this landing, the large massive columns of the temple rise majestic in form, while between them the deep, beautiful blue sky is seen. At the lower edge of the picture are several heralds preceding Titus. Only the upper part of their figures is revealed. They are crowned with wreaths, and bear long reed poles in their hands. The white robes, the flesh tones, the yellow palms, the pink stairway, are all bathed in a flood of brilliant luminous light, accented by the deep shadows of the lower part of the canvas; they make a mass of color charming beyond description, and from the standpoint of Tadema's art this is as wonderful a bit of painting as could be

found. While painted realistically, it is yet a poem of rare beauty and is beyond question one of the artist's greatest works.

Another canvas, also upright, is called, "Sister Is Not In." In the center is a door draped with tender olive-colored hangings. In front of it is a young girl of great beauty of face and form. As she stands with her arms extended she holds the drapery tightly together, thus closing the doorway. Just back of her a young man's face is seen through an opening in the curtain. To the left of them and concealed behind the end of a divan the sister is seen, her face beaming with mischievousness. The girl standing in front of the doorway is beautifully proportioned, and her costume does not conceal the graceful lines of her figure. There is a refinement about the picture that is very fascinating, and although less important in subject than its companions, it is none the less beautiful.



RITON RIVIERE

Briton Riviere undoubtedly is one of the strongest of English painters. His art rises above the commonplace into the realms of poetry. He finds his greatest inspiration among the ruins of by-gone ages, which he clothes with beautiful sentiment. "Syria—The Night Watch" possesses great dramatic power and beauty, and is one among the many great pictures of the collection. There are but few of the better class of English pictures in America; many think that all English art has been reduced to the literary painter, whose only aim and end is to tell some story. This canvas will

ALMA-TADEMA

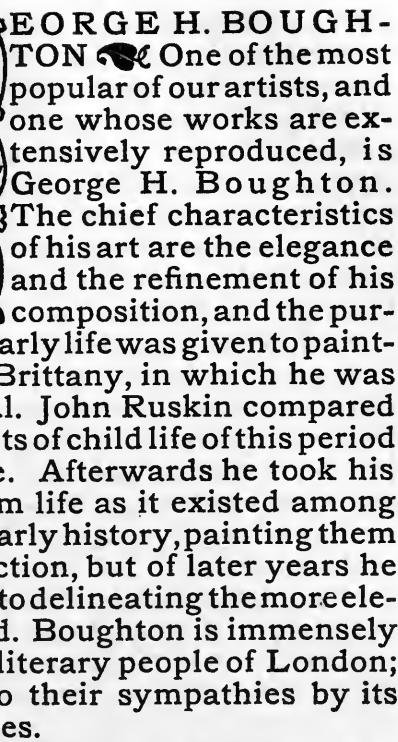
No. 14
"MY SISTER IS
NOT IN"

No. 19
"SYRIA—THE NIGHT
WATCH"

RIVIERE

"The artist's potent individuality reveals itself in the dramatic elements of the design."
F. G. Stevens in
The Portfolio

be a revelation to such persons; it will deliver a message of far greater import; it is like a vision, a dream of mystic beauty that will always linger with you. Rising in bold relief against the sky are seen the ruins of some ancient temples, telling their silent story of the genius of the artists of the past. They have outlived those who created them, and stand like monuments over the desolation and decay that speak of ancient grandeur. Man with his varied experience has departed. This was the arena wherein love, sorrow, hope and despair mingled and men worked out their destiny. Now desolation reigns supreme. The wondrous civilization of this once famous city has become the abode of wild animals. Bathed in a glory of mellow, moonlit atmosphere, these great piles of stone stand like ghosts of former ages. The power with which the desolate stillness is painted is wonderful. You feel the influence stealing in on you. Something has disturbed this great silence. Three ponderous lions advance stealthily and cautiously toward you, contemplating the condition about them. Their step is as light as that of a cat. They come from around a bit of the ruins that throws deep, long shadows across the front of the picture. One of them, as if hearing the scream of some wild bird as it flies overhead, crouches slightly and glares upward. The lion in advance turns his head to one side and the light, striking his eyes, makes them gleam like coals of fire. The picture is marvelous in its beauty. The warm silvery moonlight veils everything in a mysterious, dream-like atmosphere. The drawing of the lions is fine, and the color is handled with power and great feeling.



GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

One of the most popular of our artists, and one whose works are extensively reproduced, is George H. Boughton. The chief characteristics of his art are the elegance and the refinement of his composition, and the purity of his types. His early life was given to painting the peasants of Brittany, in which he was unusually successful. John Ruskin compared some of his simple bits of child life of this period to the work of Frère. Afterwards he took his subjects largely from life as it existed among the Puritans of our early history, painting them with marked distinction, but of later years he has devoted himself to delineating the more elegant life of England. Boughton is immensely popular among the literary people of London; his art appealing to their sympathies by its story-telling qualities.

"The Waning Honeymoon" is a canvas of this late manner. On a stone seat under some beautiful shade trees sit a man and wife. He is at the right with his back against the tree, sitting stiff and unconcerned and pretending to read, while with one hand he pats the family dog, who seems to offer his sympathy. Behind him, on the opposite side of the tree, sits the wife, her face glowing with color. She is trying hard to be dignified. Her sympathetic heart goes out to him, but she will not show truce. She holds a cluster of autumn roses which she would like to give him, but he must speak the first kind word. Leading away from her is a well-worn pathway that passes through a landscape full of flitting shadows, like the expres-

No. 42
"THE WANING
HONEYMOON"

"What Boughton does best in figure painting is women and children, his types being never without grace of figure and gesture, and having often for sentiment something of that reserved gentleness which belongs to lives that have to be passed less in pleasure than in patience."

Sidney Colvin

BOUGHTON

sion of her young face, while on the opposite side of the tree, and passing in front of her husband, is a pathway leading in another direction. These two roads might lead them widely apart. Spring has passed, the summer ended and chill winter is approaching. With it has come the waning of the honeymoon. It is a bit of sentiment, yet true to life; one of those cloud-shadows that gives place to brighter sunlight.

No. 73
"VENUS
AND NEPTUNE"

"Venus and Neptune" represents a bit of coquetry between an old tar and a pretty fisher-maiden. The man is large and wears the light blue suit common among the Holland fishermen, while the lass has on a white dress with dainty figures in it. The picture is strong, being very solidly painted and with the figures well modeled.



JOHN EVERETT MILLAIS  Millais is a distinguished painter of the English school whose pictures are refined and beautiful in sentiment. He was one of the first to join the "Pre-Raphaelite" movement in English art. During this period he won great distinction by his ideal compositions representing life among the Huguenots. In later years he abandoned the movement and now paints in an entirely different manner. His pictures are always popular and are extensively reproduced. The single representation of this painter in the collection, "News from Home," is very different from his usual subjects and is quite pretty in sentiment. The chief actor is a British soldier in full uniform of red. He is evidently on guard duty, and has

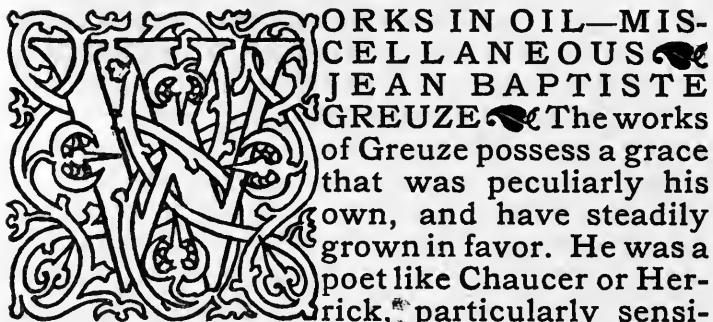
No. 94
"NEWS FROM
HOME"

just received a letter. He stands leaning on his gun while reading it. The painting of the uniform and trappings is excellent. The face is interesting and refined in type, and his expression shows his deep interest in the contents of his letter. The figure is broadly lighted and the color is glowing and harmonious, the reds being exceptionally good. Strong in drawing and solidly painted, it stands well among the great canvases by which it is surrounded.

MILLAIS



X



ORKS IN OIL—MIS-

CELLANEOUS JEAN BAPTISTE

GREUZE.

The works of Greuze possess a grace that was peculiarly his own, and have steadily grown in favor. He was a poet like Chaucer or Herrick,

particularly sensitive to the quaint and dainty sentiment found

in women and children. In painting the latter he was particularly successful and his child heads are highly prized. "The Milk Maid," the one example of his skill to be seen here, is very tender in sentiment and color.

It is like the quaint visions of those old English poets whose verses are the perfection of sentiment. She is a dainty little tea-rose of a maiden, with big violet eyes whose depths seems those of heaven, lips full of rich sweetness like the choicest wild berries and cheeks of creamy white with blushes like the hues of old-fashioned carnations.

Tender half shadows play here and there on her face, their quality as light and transparent as the dew-drop. Her hair is like the sheen of the spider web when it is touched by the first ray of the morning sun, and seems to shimmer in a play of golden light. It is a song of rustic gladness transposed into living colors, a poem from a by-gone day of youth

No. 158

"THE MILK MAID"

"The simple genre which Chardin introduced became, a little later, a more sentimental genre in the treatment of Jean Baptiste Greuze, of whose works sentiment is the key-note."

Stranahan

just budding into consciousness. Every touch, every stroke of the brush seems charged with the vital elements and grace of youth. It is like the sweet-brier in its wild, unconfined beauty, and filled with the very essence of artless, graceful rusticity.

BARTHOLOMEUS VAN DER HELST

This portrait, "Anna Maria Schumann," although painted some three centuries ago, is as clear and fresh as if finished but yesterday. The subject was a lady noted for her mental attainments, which are clearly indicated in the picture. The head shows all the carefulness of the old Dutch artists, who were thoroughly sincere in everything they painted. This picture has the distinction of being the only old master of the collection. Surrounded as it is by the best work of the most celebrated artists of modern times, it recalls the fact that far back in the past men understood the art of painting and worked according to methods that guaranteed preservation of their efforts for the benefit of the world for centuries to come, a thing that many great artists have failed to consider, and which some of our distinguished living painters still fail to heed.

ADOLPHE YVON

Yvon, a pupil of Delaroche, and painter of many distinguished pictures, was an officer of the Legion of Honor and the recipient of many other rewards. This portrait head of Napoleon III was painted from life by Yvon as a study for his celebrated picture of the battle of Solferino. It is strong, carefully painted, displays a very fine appreciation of character, and has the stamp of real dignity about it. His coat is profusely decorated with souvenirs of honor. The color is quiet and rather gray. It is a modern historical portrait of great interest.

WORKS IN OIL

No. 72
"ANNA MARIA
SCHUMANN"

No. 131
"PORTRAIT OF
NAPOLEON III"

WORKS IN OIL

No. 20
"DAMASCUS"

ALBERTO PASINI

The picture which stands for Pasini among the famous canvases here has a peculiar charm of its own, and is full of airiness. The author of it was an honorary professor of the academies of Parma and Turin and distinguished for his little pictures of Eastern subjects, in which buildings and small figures are painted with great beauty. The little canvas, "Damascus," reveals a charming bit of architecture, a building constructed of stucco. Its quaint windows, strange green lattice-work, blue-gray, pink and plum-gray tiles, and dull red roof give a beautiful effect of color, which is heightened by windows of colored glass and a wrought iron railing. In the small square or court that composes the foreground is a large circular pool of water from which some horses are drinking. Back of this is another group of horses; their owners, standing near, are engaged in conversation and their forms and those of the horses are reflected in the pool. These figures and horses, although small, are extremely well drawn and painted. The rich colors of the animals and of the costumes of the men are charming. It is a clear, bright, little gem, beautiful and refined in painting. The horses and dainty figures are almost like those of Fromentin.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

A painter of gracefulness, Charles Chaplin, whom many have likened to Watteau, is represented by a charming little picture, full of religious feeling. In "Devotion" two little children kneel at a wayside shrine. Pure and innocent, they lift their hearts in prayer. In front of them is a basket of wild flowers freshly gathered in the fields, and near them lies a shepherd's crook. The sentiment of the picture is

No. 140
"DEVOTION"

"Chaplin is a man of light and pleasing talents. The eighteenth century has bequeathed to him in part the secret of its easy and voluptuous grace."
Ernest Duvergier de Hauranne

very beautiful and almost like a Frère in its appreciation of childhood.

ANTOINE ÉMILE PLASSAN

Plassan is represented by four small bits of life. "Devotion" is a picture of a young girl, partly disrobed, contemplating an image of some saint or guardian angel. It possesses much beauty. In "Prayer" a young girl kneels beside her bed. Her bared shoulders and the light falling on them are beautifully painted. The picture is exquisite in finish and sentiment. "Disappointment" and "The Model" display the same carefulness of finish as the others. The last one is a delightful study of a young model who has fallen asleep. The painting of the flesh is glowing and tender in color.

SIMON SAINT-JEAN

There are two small still-life pictures by this artist, who was noted for finish and the rich beauty of his color. One is a fine study of oranges, grapes and raspberries, painted with great skill. The fruit is almost as juicy and tempting as the real, the peeled orange being unusually well done. They are painted in open air and grape leaves lie about them. The other is an arrangement of roses, daisies and nasturtiums, showing the same realism and delicacy of finish. They look as though just culled.

EDOUARD DETAILLE

One of the strongest of living military painters, Edouard Detaille, who, like De Neuville, was a soldier during the Franco-Prussian war, has here a fine picture of a mounted picket guard in full uniform, painted with the skill which has made his work famous. Erect and soldierly in bearing is this French trooper, planted so firmly in his saddle. His uniform and accoutrements are painted with great elaboration of detail and his uniform is filled

WORKS IN OIL

No. 83
"DEVOTION"

No. 77
"PRAYER"

No. 66
"DISAPPOINT-
MENT"

No. 99
"THE MODEL"

No. 76
"STILL LIFE"

No. 21
"THE PICKET"

WORKS IN OIL

No. 17
"TOREADORS
BEFORE ENTERING
THE ARENA"

with a solidly painted figure. The charger is executed with almost the finish of a Meissonier, and shows a thorough study of the anatomy and bone structure of the horse. The landscape is lighted by a warm evening glow which gives a ruddy cast to the coloring. It is a fine example of one of a remarkable group of painters, now passing away, whose works will stand as a living record of the history of the present time.

JEHAN GEORGES VIBERT

This painter is a Parisian, pure and simple, a man of great original talent and brilliancy in the handling of color. The picture described below is a delightful example of his skill and differs from his usual subjects, having much about it that suggests Madrazo. The subject is completely Spanish, being "Toreadors Before Entering the Arena." A number of torreadors are at prayer prior to a bull fight. It is a strange exhibition of man's selfish nature; this effort to get himself into a high spiritual condition just before entering upon the torture of wild beasts. Kneeling upon a carpet in front of an altar, on which are a crucifix, tapers and other sacred objects, are several actors who are to try their skill with ferocious and maddened bulls. They are gayly attired and bespangled, and form a brilliant galaxy of showy splendor. Back of the kneeling figures stand two handsome toreadors, who are engaged in conversation and appear unconcerned in what is transpiring. They are picturesquely dressed and hold sombreros in their hands. A señorita is seen leaning over the railing of the altar gossiping with people on the outside. The picture is full of vital character and drawing and reveals in its finish the thoroughness of Vibert's method.

"Vibert's pictures are remarkable for delicacy of touch and nice feeling for color. He, as all the other Parisian artists, studies nature constantly."
Miss Brewster

GEORGE CLAIRIN

There is a splendidly painted picture here by Clairin. In it skillful painting and charming color vie with each other for supremacy. It is a subject chosen because of its fitness for the display of his powers. "Entering the Harem" is a canvas of peculiar beauty, both from the decorative and realistic points of view. In fact, it is like many of the pictures of the day, as the subject is but a pretense for the display of technical skill. In this respect it is certainly a remarkable canvas. In the center of the composition is an Oriental of distinction, about to enter his harem. He is tall, dignified and splendidly formed, and wears a robe of filmy cream white silk as light as gossamer, in whose shadows yellow and pearl tints play. This robe falls from the top of his head to the ground. Underneath is a garment of warm pink that is charming in tone, and in the midst of this mass of delicate texture his face is seen, a strange, ashen gray color, but of a fine Eastern type. He stands on a magnificent rug of red, velvety in texture, and just back of him is a Nubian in dark and somber garb, evidently a body-servant. He holds a drawn sword in his hand. Beyond is a tapestry of beautiful design. Standing farther back is a servant who is drawing aside some rich curtains from a door through which you get a glimpse of the luxuriousness of the interior of the harem. Through an archway of highly polished stone inlaid with creamy yellow and pale blue can be seen walls sumptuous with pale and dainty color in which salmon, light buff, dull red and turquoise blue are woven into intricate designs. Sitting about the floor are the inmates. In one corner of the picture are some bits of still life, exquisitely painted, but thrown in simply for effect. Here

WORKS IN OIL

NO. 144
"ENTERING THE
HAREM"

WORKS IN OIL

orange, lemon, red, green and black are massed, giving a strong contrast to the more delicate color of the other parts.

ALEXANDRE CALAME

No. 35
"THE JUNGFRAU,
SWITZERLAND"

Calame painted the sublime poetry of the mountains of Switzerland, his native country, with great power and rugged truth. He shows a supreme effort in "The Jungfrau," which is a remarkable rendering of the wildness of the Alps. The great mountains rise in grandeur, their tops piercing the heavens. Cloud shadows cast a shroud-like gloom here and there, while the white crowns of never-melting snow that have laid there perhaps for thousands of years loom up with ghostly effect. Great shafts of sunlight tear through the solemn grandeur of the distance. Rocky hills, dashing streams, and misty waterfalls make up one of those sublime symphonies of nature that no man has painted with more feeling and truth than Calame.

CHARLES L. MULLER

No. 115
"A PORTRAIT"

This painter is represented by a strongly painted, somber-toned portrait of a lady with finely modeled features. There is something out of the ordinary about the canvas. It seems an echo of the past; it might have been executed by one of the old Italians. The color is rich and strong and very beautiful in tone.

PIERRE JEAN CLAYS

No. 23
"MOONLIGHT IN
HOLLAND"

"The water has found in Clays a marvelously exact painter; he gives it movement, limpidity, life, and with happy talent he knows the spots where the sun's rays cross it to fill it with light."

Critique

"Moonlight in Holland" is by Pierre Jean Clays, who, although a Belgian, paints pictures distinctly Dutch in style. The sky in this one is bright and silvery, showing the moon high in the upper sky. The atmosphere is fine; the distance, full of mystery, forms a background for some boats whose sails are full of rich brown gray coloring. The picture is full of fine qualities and shows the thorough habit

of Dutch and Belgian artists of studying the phenomena of atmosphere peculiar to their climate.

WORKS IN OIL

No. 64
"THE AMATEUR"

VICTOR CHAVET

"The Amateur" is a little picture of marked interest because of its refinement and finish. A gentleman of distinguished appearance and a faultless wig is leaning over a table writing something in which he is greatly interested. The table is covered with a fabric of Oriental design. The gracefulness of his form is enhanced by a long gray coat, red breeches, and white hose. Behind him stands a boy who holds a small portfolio of prints; and farther back are some pictures leaning against the wall. The little canvas is modest and unassuming, but painted with exquisite skill.

ANTOINE ROTTA

A fine specimen of modern art is "A Hopeless Case" by Rotta, who is distinguished among contemporary Italian genre painters. A young girl has brought a dilapidated old shoe to the village cobbler, who doubts the possibility of mending it. The expression of his face tells the girl of the hopelessness of the case, which causes her to hang her head in despair, while she toys with her dress. The old cobbler is a fine character, and every part of the picture is realistic to a high degree. The coloring is strong, rich and deep, a characteristic of the modern Italian school.

ALFRED STEVENS

Stevens, who was distinguished for his single female figures dressed in elegant costumes, has two quiet and characteristic pictures, "Palm Sunday" and "News from Afar." Both canvases display Stevens' mastery of modern types. The latter represents a woman who has just received a message of sad import.

No. 22
"THE HOPELESS
CASE"

No. 87
"PALM SUNDAY"

No. 132
"NEWS FROM AFAR"

WORKS IN OIL

She has laid the letter on the table and stands with one hand pressed to her heart. Her face is beautiful and her expression betrays the pent-up emotion which fills her soul. She is dressed in a gown of fawn-colored satin that is painted with much skill. The table is covered with a green cloth and on it is a vase in which is a spray of flowers.

E. KURTZBAUER

No. 71
"THE DISPUTE"

"The Dispute" represents four men playing cards. They are arguing about some point in the game. The character of the men is fine in its realism, a feature of the old Munich school.

JEAN JACQUES HENNER

No. 92
"THE NYMPH"

A dainty little nude figure, "The Nymph," is by Henner, a famous master of breadth, who paints delicate flesh and broad effects of light that are lost into dark shadowy backgrounds with Correggio-like effect. This little picture is exceedingly charming; its luminous painting of flesh fairly shines.

FLORENT WILLEMS

No. 89
"THE HEALTH OF
THE KING"

A painting by Willems shows several couriers rising from around a table and clinking their glasses high above their heads with a "Health to the King." It is bright in color and elaborate in finish, a good example of modern Flemish art.

BENJAMIN VAUTIER

No. 6
"CONSULTING HIS
LAWYER"

"Vautier never expects us to be satisfied with the costumes in place of the characters of the people he represents; on the contrary, his figures, in their faces and in every line of detail, express their individualities with marked force."

Critique

Vautier's "Consulting the Lawyer" is one of the many fine bits of character painting in the collection and is devoid of much of the superficial still-life that often mars pictures of this class. A hale and typical disciple of Blackstone, of fine face and bearing, is busily engaged in examining some papers. He holds a quill pen in his mouth while reaching for a document. He wears a coat of brown-red plush, and a ruffled shirt bosom and is altogether a

real, old-school gentleman. His client is a fine old man, too, with a nervous, smoothly shaven face. He is explaining some difficult points to the lawyer. The room is plain but full of rich and deep coloring; the background of shelves laden with books is especially interesting.

JOHANN WILHELM PREYER

This "Still Life" by Preyer, is an arrangement of oysters, a bit of lemon, some nuts and a slender glass partly filled with wine, painted with the close realism that was characteristic of the Dusseldorf School. It is equal in this respect to the works of the old Dutchmen who painted similar subjects.

MIHALY MUNKACSY

During the early part of Munkacsy's career he painted a series of remarkable pictures, inspired by incidents of life in his native country, for which he was eminently fitted and which he rendered with distinguished power. The struggles through which he was passing at this period seemed to fit him for rendering scenes of unusual pathos. In after years when fame and fortune came to him the seriousness that marked his early life was lost in the affectations of a gilded notoriety. The one picture by him which is hanging on the walls among this great company is one of the best of his early works. It is called "The Story of the Battle." In a room with arched ceilings and beautifully broken walls are several persons around a table listening to a youth who is giving an account of a battle. His face is pale and shows that he has been through great suffering; one hand rests on a crutch while with the other he emphasizes his story with gestures. Sitting in front of him is an old gentleman, probably his father, and behind him is a youth, in an attitude of close attention,

WORKS IN OIL

No. 10
"STILL LIFE"

No. 106
"THE STORY
OF THE BATTLE"

WORKS
IN OIL

who seems to be trying to mentally grasp the incident related. On the farther side of the table sit two men who thoughtfully listen to the recital. Near them stands a girl. A mug and glasses on the table speak of good cheer. The costumes are picturesque and effectively arranged, as is everything that enters Munkacsy's pictures. The types of faces are studied with realistic truth to nature and the color, though strong, is yet sober and very effective.

GILBERT STUART

No. 24
"PORTRAIT
OF WASHINGTON"

Stuart was, perhaps, the greatest portrait painter our country has produced, and one among the foremost of his time. He is represented by his famous portrait of Washington, a performance of great value and merit. As a painter, Stuart was deservedly noted for his flesh coloring. His style was elevated and pure. The head of Washington is masterly in drawing and painting, the flesh being remarkable. The glowing rich carnations in it are mingled with silvery gray half tints in a manner which is very fine. He used color in his pictures with a mottled touch peculiarly his own. There is an air of dignity about the head that befits the subject; it is one of the treasures of our early art in a field that was prolific of skillful men.

ASHER B. DURAND

No. 104
"THE CATSKILLS"

In a large canvas, "The Catskills," dated 1859, by the venerable Asher B. Durand, the rendering of detail is a prominent feature. It is in many respects a fine picture and one can not get away from the fact that in it are qualities that are woefully absent from much of our present landscape art. While it may not hold together as a whole, and you find yourself picking out parts, yet there is a sincerity, a devotion to nature that is refreshing. Durand

was a refined, beautiful type of the early American painter.

CHARLES LORING ELLIOTT

A portrait of the painter Durand, from the brush of Charles Loring Elliott, shows a man of refined feeling who looks as though he might have belonged in the same sphere as Whittier and Longfellow. The picture is remarkably good in execution, and shows Elliott to have been one of the best portraitists of our country and among the best of his time. His brush-work was skillful, his color robust, and he possessed an appreciation of character that is in bold relief against some of our modern portrait artists who have reduced the art to the province of still-life.

The "Portrait of the Artist, by Himself," is a strong piece of painting, showing Elliott with a broad brimmed hat and a great cloak which gives him a picturesque, unconventional air. His rich dark healthy complexion, piercing brown eyes and long black hair mark him as a distinct character of his day. Elliott was indeed an honor to our early art. He was thoroughly sincere in all he painted.

WILLIAM O. STONE

A splendid portrait of Mr. W. W. Corcoran, whose munificent gift placed one of the grandest art institutions of our country in the Capital City, occupies a place on these walls. The refined face reveals a beautiful spirit which seems to illumine the canvas. The tender, mild, yet earnest expression of the eyes, and the silken white hair, are rendered with beauty and feeling.

GEORGE A. BAKER

In the "Portrait of George A. Baker," painted by himself, we see that Baker's art was not so vigorous as Elliott's, yet it is strong and

WORKS IN OIL

No. 114
"PORTRAIT OF
A. B. DURAND, N. A."

No. 130
"THE ARTIST,
BY HIMSELF"

No. 146
"PORTRAIT OF
W. W. CORCORAN"

No. 147
"PORTRAIT OF THE
ARTIST,
BY HIMSELF"

**WORKS
IN OIL** refined, and holds its own, even hanging as it does in close proximity to some of Bonnat's greatest works.

No. 129
"A PORTRAIT"

His "Portrait of a Lady" is a picture of the artist's daughter. It shows us a face beaming with life. It is painted delicately and with an appreciation of feminine grace that is delightful. Baker was a sincere and earnest man and his nature is reflected in his work.



XI



THE WATER-COLOR GALLERY  East of the Oriental room is a small gallery dedicated to drawings and water-colors. It is quiet and harmonious in decoration and arrangement, and although small, within its confines are many art treasures of great value. There are a number of charming drawings by the great men of Barbizon as well as by other masters of distinction. The drawings of Millet, Diaz and Rousseau will be found especially interesting. The drawings of Bida, whose illustrations of religious subjects are among the best of the century, are all here; also work by the brilliant Fortuny, Jacquemart, Zamacois, Israels and others. An important collection is that of the water-colors of Léon Bonvin, the Messonier of wild flowers and weeds. The visitor will see nearly every picture ever produced by this wonderful artist, who never could be persuaded to paint cultured flowers, choosing only those of the fields and byways. We would give the place of honor to the drawings of Jean François Millet because of their matchless beauty, unlike that of any other artist. They are as complete as his matured paintings. Indeed Millet, in whatever material he worked,

WATER-
COLOR
GALLERY

No. 248
"THE
SHEPHERDESS"

realized always that which he sought with deep never-failing seriousness.
JEAN FRANÇOIS MILLET

The drawing of "The Shepherdess" is made with crayon and tinted suggestively with pastel; a favorite method of Millet's, and one in which he was incomparable. The poetic side of peasant life is beautifully brought out in this charming pastoral. A peasant girl stands knitting while attending her flock. She, like the squirrel or the tiny bee, thinks of the days to come, of the winter with its frosts, its blights. She is thinking with her hands, while her faithful flock, huddled closely together, taste the sweets of the tender young grass. The warm, soft light with which the sky is flooded throws a halo about her form that is like the aura surrounding those beings seen in visions. Patience, love and contentment are her attributes; beauty her being. All the tenderness and domestic love of Millet's nature is felt in this beautiful picture.

No. 226
"THE SOWER"

"The Sower" is a wonderful drawing of a subject that brought forth the most cruel and bitter criticisms from those who could not and would not understand him. Here was a picture that meant something; just what no one knew. Each critic, influenced by prejudice, saw an imaginary meaning which came from his own distorted fancy. All of them agreed, however, that the sentiment expressed by the artist was dangerous; none stopped to feel its beauty or try to learn its silent lesson. To me all that Millet did is full of lessons and pregnant with meaning. He is a veritable revelation, a message of humanity for humanity's sake. In it one feels Millet's big heart. The man is sowing. He is doing it cheerfully; it is his work, his mission. He does it not in

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

selfishness, but that others may reap blessings from his labor. Some seeds may fall in stony ground and some by the wayside, but those that fall in good ground shall bear fruitage and give life to many. Whoever has toiled in the field in the early spring, when the rich loam is freshly turned, has seen the birds of all kinds busily getting life and sustenance out of it. The ploughed field, the sower, and the crow are inseparable. They are a part of the season. Millet knew this because he lived with nature. The sky in this beautiful picture is full of promise. No rainbow spans it, but life, light and air vibrate in every part. Even the man in the distance seems happy in his work. The crows that fly with broken movement through the sky add beauty to the scene. The heart of Millet felt its charm and he drew it with all the power of his great nature. Nothing could be finer, more expressive.

"The Sheepfold" is the original design from which the beautiful painting in the main gallery was executed. It is done in black crayon and is fairly flooded with light. No drawing without the use of color could surpass it in its light, its atmosphere.

In this little room is the original design from which the famous "Angelus" was painted. The sentiment of reverence for the hour, the simple devotion, the religious feeling expressed are supreme. From far across the low flat plains come the sounds of the bells, causing faithful believers to turn their thoughts away from the fields, from the unproductive soil, from pain, sorrow and care. They call upon their simple hearts to be lifted up, away from the present unto a hope of better things. How beautiful is the composition of this little picture and how simple the elements compos-

"He could express the thoughts which filled his sleeping and waking hours with an ease and simplicity, a clearness and directness, which nothing could hinder or obscure. All his noblest qualities are present here. His wonderful powers of draughtsmanship, his mastery of form, his tender and profound feeling—we find them all."

Julia M. Ada
in *The Portfolio*

No. 201
"THE SHEPHERD
AT THE FOLD
BY MOONLIGHT"

No. 200
"THE ANGELUS"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 235
"EDGE OF THE FOREST"

ing it! But how great must have been the man whose hand could infuse into this simplicity a sentiment that has touched the hearts of all nations.

NARCISSE DIAZ

One can see in the water-color, "The Edge of the Forest," the beauty of simplicity. Here is a motive many have passed unnoticed, yet Diaz has made of it a beautiful picture. It is so large in every respect, save actual dimensions, that you marvel at its effect. It is only five by eight inches in size but the grand old forest of Fontainebleau is wonderfully realized in it. Across the foreground extends a row of splendid oaks, whose long branches reach out and mingle affectionately with each other. These trees are in shadow, but beyond them the grand mass of foliage is lighted up by brilliant sunlight, which touches the trunks and boughs of the trees, giving them a charming pink gray tone. Through the foliage at the top are seen bits of blue sky. This is without exception one of the daintiest and yet broadest landscapes in the room.

MARIANO FORTUNY

Fortuny, who was always brilliant, never displayed greater power with his brush than in "Don Quixote," which, from a painter's stand-point, is a supreme attainment. The Spanish hero is seen in a half-sitting position arranging some details of dress and evidently preparing for one of his extravagant adventures. The peculiar costume, which evidently was the inspiration of the picture, is painted with that mastery that was Fortuny's alone. Everything is characterized with an unsurpassed vitality. The costume, the metals, the flesh, all the different textures, are brilliantly rendered. The bared upper half of the figure is

No. 218
"DON QUIXOTE"

WATER-
COLOR
GALLERY

especially fine; the bones, muscles and tendons are all strongly indicated. The piece of metal furniture on which he sits, and its elaborate design, the effective arrangement of the background, as well as the other accessories, are rendered with a skill that belonged only to this artist, who was a great master of effect and picturesque light and shade.

In "The Mendicant" my elbow touches an old friend; at least my sympathy goes out to him. I have seen many editions of him. He is like a dried-up weed in the midst of a forest filled with beauty and life, or like an old shoe that has seen its best days. This tree may have borne fruit in the far-off past, but now it can only cast a shadow. Like the branch of a weed reaching out for the dew-drop is his outstretched hand. Perhaps some one will render aid so that life may hold its frail parts together for a little while longer. There is something pathetic in the picture, aside from the greatness with which Fortuny has expressed himself. As a painting it is powerful and makes one think of the sullen expression with which he painted the figure in the "Door of the Seraglio," one of the Hundred Masterpieces. In its technique it is not as strong as the "Don Quixote," but there is a depth of feeling expressed that is of a higher order and which makes it a picture that sets one's imagination to work. It is of a more universal interest. These two, with the great picture in the main gallery, "The Rare Vase," make a trio of water-colors by Fortuny that are simply wonderful.

EDUARD ZAMACOIS

Another gifted Spaniard, Eduard Zamacois, is represented by the water-color, "Waiting at the Church Porch." The coloring in this picture is much brighter than in the two For-

No. 237
"THE MENDICANT"

No. 254

"WAITING AT THE
CHURCH PORCH"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

"Zamacois, with a manner almost as perfect as Meissonier's, is a satirist; he is a man of wit, whose means of expression is comparable to a jeweled and dazzling weapon,—so much so that to express his rich and intense color, his polished style, he has been said to embroider his coarse canvas with pearls, diamonds and emeralds."

Eugène Benson

No. 246
"XANTHE AND PHAON"

tunys, which are subdued in tone. The reds of some of the draperies are remarkably brilliant. A number of servants in gay attire are waiting on the steps of the church, while their masters worship within. The nearest one, in a richly embroidered red coat, leans against a column, engaged in conversation with an old man sitting on the steps, who with much animation emphasizes an argument with gestures. Back of him is an elderly lackey listening attentively to their talk. Near them is a group of persons whose faces show feelings of disgust. The bearing of the fellows is pompous; they evidently feel the importance of their position, and are drawn and painted with consummate art. It is one of the strongest water-colors in the collection.

LAURENZ ALMA-TADEMA

There is a bit of history connected with the little water-color, "Xanthe and Phaon," that is charmingly romantic. Alma-Tadema once painted a picture he called "The Question." George Ebers, enamored by its beauty, caught the inspiration and wrote a beautiful ideal story based upon it, which he dedicated to the artist. Complimented by the tribute, Tadema entered fully into the spirit of the work when the wish was expressed by a friend to possess a picture painted by him from a scene in the book, to represent Xanthe and Phaon, the two principal characters. It is not necessary to read the book in order to see that Tadema has realized a beautiful ideal, for this is one of the most beautiful water-colors of the collection, and one in which Tadema has painted his most poetic feeling. On an elevated marble seat sits the beautiful young girl, Xanthe, her head crowned by a wealth of golden red hair. One arm lies gracefully along the back of the seat,

the elbow of the other rests in her lap. Her fingers are touching her mouth. She seems in deep study; she is halting between two opinions. Stretched at length on the seat is the youthful Phaon, who, with upturned face, pleads his case. They are lovers, but have drifted apart by a series of misunderstandings. Xanthe has come to this seat beside the fountain and found Phaon asleep. She chides him for sleeping while the sun shines and accuses him of rioting and keeping late hours. Phaon explains that during the nights he has watched her father's olive groves, driving away those who would destroy them. Thus paving the way, Phaon asks "The Question" as to her love. This is the moment that Tadema has beautifully illustrated. Xanthe's lap is filled with luscious roses, such roses as only Tadema can paint. Some of them have fallen at her feet. Over the seat is a stella on which are some Greek inscriptions and a branch of olives. At the left a stairway leads down from the seats, with roses scattered on it here and there. Beneath the lovers is a pool of crystal water, in which the blue sky, the marble walls and the two figures are reflected in a charming mass of color, on the surface of which the petals of roses float. Above is the sky, blue and undisturbed save by some white clouds that drift in the far-away distance. The calm sea is a strange blue-green color that is incomparable in its depths. Nothing could be more beautiful or ideal. The girl's face is charming. Her costume is of grayish pink. The youth is of dark complexion; he has black hair, and wears a yellow-gray robe. The blue of the sky, the creamy white marble and the roses make an array of beautiful colors gem-like in their purity.

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

"The great aim of Tadema's art is to bring his Egyptians, Romans, and Greeks within the scope of our sympathies, or at least of our comprehension of them as men and women; not as simply Romans, or Greeks, or Egyptians."

Helen Zimmern

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 245
"TWIXT VENUS AND BACCHUS"

Nos. 250-251
"TWO PORTRAITS OF HIMSELF"

No. 221
"COURTYARD OF THE ARTIST'S STUDIO"

"The day when M. Meissonier sets the signature at the bottom of the finished task, he is satisfied that he has poured his talent completely into his picture. * You could not get from him at any price a work which he does not himself judge to be carried out to its full intensity."

Albert Wolff

"Twixt Venus and Bacchus" is good in color and textures, and under the name of almost any other artist would rank high, but as a Tadema, compared with the picture just described and the great examples of his art in the main gallery, it loses. It is beyond dispute that nowhere is Alma-Tadema so finely represented as in this collection. Nothing by him sent to the English exhibit, or the Loan Collection, at the Chicago Fair, equaled the great canvases found here.

JEAN LOUIS ERNEST MEISSONIER

Two portraits of himself, drawn in red and black chalks, give us Meissonier at the age of forty. They are beautifully finished, present two very different views of the artist and show him to have been rather slender at that age. They are as carefully drawn as a line engraving, and are valuable as early portraits of the great man who forged his way through all obstacles until he became one of the distinct characters of his time.

One of Meissonier's finest water-colors is of the open courtyard of his studio. It has all of the strength and depth attained by him at his best in the stronger medium of oil. A beautifully caparisoned cavalier, graceful and elegant of figure, is seen leaning against the wall of a court. His aspect is one of gayety, as with upturned face he seems to be singing a ditty to some fair one above. In his hands he holds a slender whip which he bends into a graceful curve. He is the height of picturesque beauty in his black slouch hat, gray coat, broad lace collar, tan colored boots and broad leather straps across his shoulders, from which hangs a sword. His face fairly beams with life. His ruddy complexion, sandy hued hair and artistic costume make a charming effect of color.

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON

The two water-colors by Boughton are good examples of his style. "The Fairy Tale" is painted in the extreme pre-Raphaelite manner. An old woman who has been gathering fagots is sitting on the ground telling fairy tales to a little girl whose every nerve is alert with interest. As an example of a phase of English art which for some years held sway it is fine. Autumn with its sober tints is well expressed, and though one may not like the almost painful manner in which each dead leaf is painted, yet there is so much that is serious about the picture that you can not help being deeply interested.

"A Brittany Interior" is a fine bit of painting, very different from the former in treatment. There is a Frère-like spirit in it. A young peasant woman is rocking a cradle in which is a sleeping child. The light falls from a quaint window, touching the figure of the girl in a beautiful manner. It is peaceful and homelike in sentiment and in its treatment is more simple than "The Fairy Tale."

JULES FERDINAND JACQUEMART

Jacquemart is noted for his etchings of still-life and objects of art. Hamerton says of him, "I never knew the glory and beauty of noble old work in the precious stones and metals till Jules Jacquemart taught me. The jewels of the Louvre were familiar to me, but a veil hung between me and their true splendor; and it was only when Jacquemart had etched them one by one that I learned to know them truly." The one picture by him here is a water-color which shows him to have also possessed splendid talent in landscape painting. Jacquemart sang few songs but sang them well. The song of the mountains was never rendered more beautiful-

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 252
"THE FAIRY TALE"

No. 241
"A BRITTANY INTERIOR"

No. 220
"A LANDSCAPE"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

ly than it is in the water-color, "A Landscape." You are up, way up, on a hill overlooking an undulating valley, studded with habitations of men and culminating in rock-ribbed hills that lift their proud heads to meet the sky. Monarch-like, they stand robed in purple grandeur. The receding hills and dales are clothed in warm pinks, tender greens and purpling shadows, on which the summer sunlight loves to linger. Over them hangs a veil of mist that adds a charm to the scene and which is painted with a great appreciation of the picturesque. There is a calm peacefulness in the picture that is felt as soon as you look at it. Jacquemart died in the prime of life. He only painted a few pictures, eighteen in all.

EUGÈNE ISABEY

No. 228
"MARINE"

Here are two fine examples of Isabey's marine painting. In No. 228 is a splendid gray sky, strange in its effect. The sea stretches away to the left and in the distance are some high blue gray cliffs. Near the front of the picture is a rocky ledge on which some fishermen have built their huts. They are positive in color, and very rich and shadowy in effect. Near these huts are two small fishing boats. The foreground is a surf-washed beach over which you can almost see the water creep and recede.

No. 232
"MARINE"

In No. 232 the hulls of two old boats lie on the beach. The one in the foreground is strong and sober in color, and vigorously painted. Back of it is a second boat, its picturesque effect heightened by the foggy atmosphere that intervenes. Beyond is a promontory, bold and rugged; a fisherman's hut stands near. In the foreground, with its warm-colored rocks and dark pools of water, some fisherwomen dressed in red and blue form a mass of rich color. These boats and bluffs come in sober tones against a

"Isabey takes the first motifs at hand; a stile, a stone, a yawl, painted by him has a spiritual air; his rapid and nervous touch has the certainty of dash of a sweeping hand."
Théophile Gautier

cloudy white sky through which bits of blue are seen. The picture is wonderfully interesting.
FRANCIS HOPKINSON SMITH

The latest acquisition to the collection of water-colors is a splendid example of this artist, who is a native of Baltimore. It is called "Over a Balcony." The placing of this picture upon the walls is a fitting testimonial to the merits of the painter, who seems to flit here and there as free as the wind, gleaning fresh gems of beauty from almost every clime. This is Venice, always beautiful; you are looking from a balcony above, and directly over, the Grand Canal. This point of view throws the horizon high up in the picture, thus giving a very broad sweep of the limpid waters. To the right, and occupying the edge of the picture, is part of a tall building or palace, whose outline sharply cuts against the receding objects. Projecting from its front is a quaint balcony, supported by huge lions' heads, and filled with plants and flowers, set in vari-colored pots. They are all sharply defined and give great accent to the picture. From this point, and extending away in picturesque perspective, are the palaces which front on the canal, with here and there bits of gardens. This line of buildings culminates in the grandly imposing domes of Santa Maria della Salute, which rises god-like out of the waters. Behind and above them is painted a sky which revels in the glory found only in the Adriatic; it is luminous and beautiful. From this great mass of light the eye sweeps back in successions of delight along the waters of the canal, whose bosom images the sky in all its simple beauty, and is broken here and there by gondolas and poles which give accent to the water textures. It is a fine realization of air, space and color, subdued and subjective.

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 272
"OVER A BALCONY"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 249
"A DUTCH INTERIOR"

JOSEF ISRAELS

Israels is the greatest of living Dutch painters. No one living can equal the pathos with which he can express himself; indeed, there is a power in his work which has molded the art of figure painting in this country, even. The art of Israels differs from that of any contemporary painter. His depth of color is marvelous. He is a master of both oil and water-colors, working in either with equal facility. His water-color here is "A Dutch Interior." In a cool, shadowy room a child sleeps in a plain wooden cradle. The mother is busily engaged in knitting, her back turned towards a quaint window, such as are found only in Holland. A little kitten sits on the floor, playfully watching the woman's hands ply the needles. It is a poem of domestic happiness, told in a way befitting the simplicity of the life. Repose is its most beautiful characteristic. Seriousness is the foundation of Israels' art, and beauty the frame-work of its construction. The life and work of this great Dutchman has been one of sturdy and gradual growth; he has never wavered from the ideal towards which he has journeyed. His great painting, "Alone," shown at the World's Fair of 1893, is one of the grandest expressions of hopeless melancholy in existence.

FÉLIX ZIEM

No. 240
"HOLLAND"

There are a number of water-colors in the room by this artist. In them are to be seen many of the qualities found in his pictures in the main gallery. They are most of them Venetian in subject, with morning and evening effects. One among them is so unlike the pictures by him already described that on seeing it you think of the painters of the country in which the scene is laid. The atmosphere in this little picture, "Holland," is especially beauti-

ful, and as in all of Ziem's pictures, the sky is a prominent feature. Warm gray clouds float through a murky, creamy sky. A low, flat plain forms the distance, which is dotted with picturesque trees and windmills, deep and rich in color. These effects are reflected in some water that divides the distance from the foreground, a flat stretch of land rather marshy in character. Standing at the edge of the water are some cows. The quiet, peaceful sentiment and the warm, gray tone throughout the picture are very fine. It is an excellent piece of painting.

ISIDORE ALEX. AUGUSTIN PILS

The drawing in "Artillery Practice" shows Pils to have been a thorough student of military life. These artillerymen are going through some manœuvres of the drill. The group in front, shifting the position of a cannon, is especially fine. You feel the exertion they are making to move it. The picture fairly bristles with energy; indeed, you realize at once Pils' mastery of drawing. Its color is strong and vigorous; the strength of the medium being tested to its fullest extent.

In No. 227, by the same artist, a Zouave in full uniform stands resting on his gun. He is a typical French soldier, and in his uniform of blue and red, with yellow hose, makes a picturesque figure. The picture is strongly and boldly painted.

ARY SCHEFFER

A remarkable drawing by Scheffer, whose manner was extremely chaste and pure, is his "Dante and Beatrice." In it all the characteristics of his art are exemplified. The figure of Beatrice is full of innocence and beauty. The finish is exquisite and yet very broad.

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 222
"ARTILLERY PRACTICE"

No. 227
"THE ZOUAVE"

No. 211
"DANTE AND BEATRICE"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 238
"THE FISH MARKET"

FREDERICK WALKER

"The Fish Market" is finished with the skill of Teniers. On a large slab of marble in front of a stall is a varied collection of fish, all sizes and colors. The keeper, a fat old man, stands commenting on the quality of his goods to a maiden who looks wistfully at them. At one side a youthful Lord Fauntleroy, with hoop in hand, is leaning over a tub in which something has attracted his attention. The stall is painted green, the keeper's garb is blue, and the young girl is dressed in dark yellow. The picture is strong, and elaborate in its execution.

JEAN MARIE SAINT-ÈVE

No. 207
"THE TEMPTATION ON THE MOUNT"

"The Temptation on the Mount" is a fine drawing made from the original painting by Ary Scheffer. Christ is represented as standing on an eminence. He is calm and dignified in his bearing. Close by him is the tempter, every feature lighted with devilish cunning. The characteristics of the original painting are finely translated into white and black.

THÉODORE ROUSSEAU

No. 239
"PEN-AND-INK DRAWING"

A pen-and-ink drawing by Rousseau shows the patient carefulness with which he studied tree forms. He characterized both the trunks and foliage with a bold, free line; after which the various tones were washed in with simple flat tints. The picture is so true and effective that one can almost feel the dark, rich velvety green of the foliage, notwithstanding it is simply a monochrome. The relationship between the trees and sky is especially strong.

No. 223
"A LANDSCAPE"

Another beautiful drawing is "A Landscape." There is an air about it that is so quiet, so peaceful. While there was a vein in Rousseau's nature that enabled him to paint a wild, turbulent landscape, filled with foreboding gloom, at the same time no one could render

the repose of a still summer day with greater success than he. This picture is drawn with black crayon, the effect heightened by the use of hard pastel. The scene represents a small woodland glade in which Rousseau was especially fond of working. Slender young trees line its edge and a peasant's cottage nestles among them. A pool of quiet water in the foreground mirrors the objects near by. The upper sky is clouded, but the clouds are so light they seem to be lifting up.

HENRIQUE DUPONT

Dupont's drawing for the engraving of "The Marriage of St. Catherine" by Correggio is as fine a piece of reproductive drawing as was ever executed from an original. It is in black and white, yet all the beauty of the picture has been translated into this one simple medium with a delicacy and faithfulness that is remarkable. Dupont was one of the most distinguished engravers of the century. Enamored of this beautiful masterpiece, he desired to make an engraving of it that should be the crowning work of his career. As the authorities declined to permit the great work to be removed from the Louvre, Dupont was employed ten months in producing this elaborate and careful drawing, as the only means of securing the spirit of the original. That he succeeded perfectly the drawing attests. Every characteristic of the great Italian is preserved.

FELIX O. C. DARLEY

Darley was one of our most original artists, and his illustrations and pictures were favorably known in continental Europe. "On the Trail" is one of the best drawings ever made by him. It is an incident of the life of the Indian, that primitive American who is now almost driven from his native country. In a deep

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 205
"THE MARRIAGE OF ST. CATHERINE"

No. 210
"ON THE TRAIL"

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

forest, where mystery and loneliness dwell, a party of Indians are tracking an enemy. They are cautious and alert, as if sensing the proximity of what they are seeking. The leader of the party is sprawling on the ground with one ear pressed tightly to it; listening for the sound of footsteps. This was a custom among the North American Indians, some of whom could hear the approach of men or horses in this way a long distance. The drawing of the figures, the careful study of the types, the wildness of the forest, all bespeak the ability of the artist.

PIERRE JEAN CLAYS

No. 206
"MOONLIGHT ON THE THAMES"

A water-color of great truth and beauty is "Moonlight on the Thames," by Clays, who has caught the strange mystery of the light of the moon, with murky, yeasty water shimmering in a subdued, strange glow. The sky is covered with white clouds through which the moonlight is thinly sifted. Against it the brown sails of some boats are painted with charming effect.

ROSA BONHEUR

No. 208
"ANDALUSIAN BULLS"

Among the drawings by distinguished artists, two by Mlle. Rosa Bonheur are remarkable as showing the carefulness with which she studies animals. The "Andalusian Bulls," with long, curly hair, not unlike that of the buffalo, are drawn with a realistic skill and evidently with great truth to the models, and "The Conversation" shows the love oftentimes displayed between man and his faithful friend. A shepherd is seen talking with his dog. They seem to be giving mutual exchanges of affection, while the flock is grazing near by.

R. C. WOODVILLE

No. 224
"THE CONVERSATION"

The "Soldier's Experience," is by Woodville, who was one of our early painters, and delineated incidents of every-day life. A sol-

No. 234
"SOLDIER'S EXPERIENCE"

dier is relating his adventures to an interested audience that listens with amazement. The picture is well drawn and shows the artist to have been in advance of those of his times who tried to paint this kind of subject.

WILLIAM HUNT

This artist was a relative of Holman Hunt, the great Pre-Raphaelite, and was distinguished for his still-life. He was one of the best water-colorists of England in this field, and No. 230 is an excellent example of his work.

F. GIACOMELLI

No one ever studied birds with greater love than Giacomelli, who arranged them into charming little groups, decorative in effect. Here are a score or two of little birds sitting closely together on a twig. They are chattering glibly of matters of import to birdland, or probably arranging a rehearsal for a concert that will bring notes of joyousness to many ears. Their plumage is varied and charmingly painted.

WATER-COLOR GALLERY

No. 230
"STILL LIFE"

No. 247
"BIRDS"



ÉON BONVIN It is almost vain to attempt to write anything of the life of this Bonvin, because nothing can convey an idea of his character or unique skill half so well as his miniature water-colors. But all will be interested in an inkling of the life, environments and sorrows of this strange man, a life not "writ in sand," but in living colors. The sorrows, the joys, all the varied emotions that moved him found expression in his pictures. Bonvin possessed the soul of art. He was as timid as a child. His nature was filled with the grand harmonies of music, but he sought in vain for an outlet through that medium; for, having a wife whose thought was of gain and who knew nothing of these gifts and could not understand him, Bonvin's life was rendered miserable. Filled with emotion, he would seat himself at an instrument to study the great masters, Beethoven, Mozart or Bach, only to hear the sharp voice of his wife demanding a cessation; as that style of music was not pleasing to the customers of their inn, and they must have patronage. So the soul of Bonvin sought a more silent expression through his pictures. But peculiar in temperament, he could not turn to the great center of art, Paris; his companions, the weed and the wild flower, were not to be found there. So singular was his sensitive nature that he could not paint the cultured flowers, refusing when solicited, saying, "I can not paint this." The dead weed, the spotless daisy, the sweet violet, the tall spears of grass were his friends. He could go to the tiniest wild flower that grew,

"By instinct, the result of a mysterious transmission, of which science can only note the effect, he was a painter, a musician, an artist, sensitive to harmonies of all kinds."

Philippe Burty

and tell his sorrows, and with smiling faces these wee, modest ones would comfort him. Often in the dead of night, when slumber held those about him in her silent chains, Bonvin would sit in his room painting bits of still-life that are unequaled in their way. After spending many hours in silent communion with these matchless drawings, I make bold to say that in all the history of art only one Léon Bonvin ever existed. And his life as written in his works can only be found and read in this little room, as nearly all his works are here.

BONVIN

Turning away from the shadows that hovered over his domestic life, Bonvin always found sympathy in the fields. As he was passing, a beautiful rose lifted its head and spoke to him, and with a skill worthy of a Meissonier he painted it with its branches against a silvery sky, in all its dewy joyousness.

No. 268

Then again some lovely white asters turned to him and smiled. With consummate art he expressed the gladness of their beauty. Pure and white, with yellow centers, they are set gem-like against the early morning sky, their petals and leaves rendered with marvelous skill.

No. 265

In another picture night is stealing on, but he has gone forth, and seen, amid the gathering darkness, a slender bush whose form is shaped into wondrous lace against a crimson sunset. Gloom and mystery are expressed in the sky, which is worthy of Rousseau, the painter of the great "Winter Solitude."

No. 263

The day has been unusually hard; he goes to the field. The tender little spears of grass, with their varied kin, and the big sturdy thistle give him a joyous welcome. The sky brightens, the landscape of gloom gives place to one scintillating with light, amid which he paints

Nos. 255 and 271

BONVIN his friends the grasses and weeds, and tells their story of grace and beauty; while birds perched on their tiny stems give back the gladness of morning in happy song.

No. 261

Or, filled with the sentiments of the hour, Bonvin expresses his feeling in some lovely bluebells that lift their heads to a rainy summer sky.

No. 257

Then in another the sadness of his environment has fallen like a shroud over him. A leaden-gray evening sky is broken by a small patch of pale, sickly, yellow light. Out of the almost blackness of this gloom a few slender dead weeds lifted their heads, and he painted them.

So he went on and on; you can read each step as you gaze at these wonderful little water-colors. Grapes not much larger than a pin head are rounded and developed with a truth to nature beyond a parallel in art. Oranges, pomegranates, mustard cups, napkins, radishes, carrots, dried herrings, old bottles, anything, served as models.

No. 256

A glass filled with the tops of blue grass and tiny field flowers whose blossoms are not much larger than the seeds of the grass, are painted with charming beauty.

No. 269

In another, a slender glass, partly filled with white wine, stands on a table near great bunches of green and blue grapes, a decanter, two large pears, some nuts, and a knife, all seeming as large as life, and yet painted in a space of less than four inches.

No. 262

Some old-fashioned pinks, red and white, are stuck in a glass. They are very small, yet their textures and forms are rendered so beautifully that they seem like the real.

No. 262

A cluster of violets are so freshly and sweetly painted that they would lose nothing out

among their native verdure and we even seem to catch their perfume.

A portrait of his wife standing in a kitchen culling vegetables is as fine as that of any master who made a specialty of such subjects. It is as serious as though painted by Leys. The reds of the drapery are as brilliant as those in the Zamacois water-color. The copper stewpan is painted with a skill equal to that of Fortuny, and the wonderful shadows of the room have the depth of Isabey.

Such the work and such the life of Léon Bonvin. He seemed to have been cast in a condition that he could in no way lift himself out of, and left with scarcely anyone who could understand or sympathize with him. The owner of these pictures, whose purchase of them was the only encouragement he ever received, and who bought everything he painted, often advised him to take his work to Paris. But he shrank from the excitement of the city and found his only solace in the solitude of nature.

You turn and see standing in the corner of the room a picture of night, dark and indistinct. There are the outlines of distant buildings, and some weeds in the foreground are defined against the sky, where the moon hangs in all her serene beauty. Mystery enshrouds all; it is a night in which strange things might occur. In such a scene and such an hour we can imagine the poor, hopeless artist. When a cloud like that of night had swept over his soul, he sought the woods, and there, among his only friends and neighbors, the grass, the flowers, the tiny weeds, the strong thistles, they found the body of Léon Bonvin.

Surely the longing of his beautiful soul now knows that which was denied him while among men. As for his works, they will live

BONVIN

No. 262

"Léon Bonvin has expressed all the variety of beauty, all the profound poetry, that is contained in these humble models."

Phillipe Burty

No. 266

BONVIN

"His works are the complete confession of the whole man, and his life is open as the day; both one and the other have left profound memories in the minds of those who have studied them."

Philippe Burty

to tell the silent story of his life. That they have never been separated, all who have seen them will be thankful. That they have fallen into hands that will treasure them because of their intrinsic beauty, makes one feel that, after all, perhaps these pictures owe to the unhappy condition under which they were created much of their beauty. The sorrows of Millet brought into his works an element which under happier conditions might never have been expressed.



LEXANDRE BIDA

Bida was a student under Delacroix, and no artist of the century has made a deeper study of the religious side of Oriental life than he. As an illustrator of Bible subjects he is undoubtedly one of the most conscientious and careful among the artists of his day. Bida's drawings are studied with painstaking skill. They are always true to the life and costumes of the periods and countries illustrated. The spiritual side of the religious sentiment is also always strongly developed. Gérôme and he studied and traveled extensively in the Orient together, and between the two there existed a strong friendship. When the remarkable drawing, "Prayer on the Housetops," was shown to Gérôme he studied it in silent admiration, then exclaimed, "I have done nothing to equal this." The drawings of Bida are highly prized by those who are fortunate enough to own them, and many of his choicest are among the treasures of this household. In the Louvre a number of his best works are honored as they deserve.

"Prayer on the Housetop" is now one of this collection. Prayer, a distinct part of human emotion, never found a finer expression than in this drawing. All the spiritual communion that is a part of Oriental religion is brought vividly before you. Standing on the top of a house, with folded hands and covered head, the devotee, his face up-turned, utters his prayer. His figure, a dark and somber robe covering it, with statuesque, bronze-like effect stands full against the evening light. Be-

No. 203
"PRAYER ON THE
HOUSETOP"

BIDA side him, and prostrate on the roof, is a man who silently listens, or utters his own devotional plea to the great Allah. On buildings farther away, others are seen. Beyond them, bathed in a strange atmosphere, are the domes of mosques and temples. In the upper sky are some clouds that run horizontally across the picture and give a strange effect to the scene. The composition of the picture is so pure, so simple, and so devotional in feeling that you can not stand in front of it without realizing the emotion it strives to express.

No. 204

"AND JESUS SAID:
THIS DAY IS
SALVATION COME
TO THIS HOUSE."

Another important drawing is "Christ Blessing the Household of Zachariah." "And Jesus said: This day is salvation come to this house." A more beautiful ideal of Christ was probably never drawn than this exquisite one of Bida's. Jesus stands in the door of the house of Zachariah, in the midst of a flood of light which falls on his back, throwing the front of his figure into shadow. With one hand he holds the door ajar; the other is outstretched toward the master of the house, who stands in an attitude of welcome. The drawing displayed throughout the picture is masterly. The greatest charm, however, is the magnificent rendering of light. It is simply indescribable in its effect.

No. 202

"MOSES"

"This artist represents with wonderful power the life and scenery of Oriental countries, and his scriptural scenes are not surpassed in force and directness by any other painter of like motives."

Clara Erskine Clements

There is a grandeur in the life and character of Moses that has engaged the attention of the greatest masters of all ages. In his drawing of the Hebrew law-giver, Bida has represented him as tending his flock. He is sitting on a rock, in a wild mountainous landscape, and clothed in a robe which falls in simple folds. He appears to be in deep meditation, the character of the man being strongly and carefully brought out. Back of him is a ledge of rocks, between which bits of sky show. This drawing, dark shadowy and somber, bears an ex-

pression of gloom that is very dramatic, and is a worthy conception of this great personality.

In another, on the steps of a temple, whose columns rise grandly, are grouped "The Foolish Virgins," bearing their empty lamps. Some are standing, while others lie sleeping on the floor. Back in the shadowy doorway are those who knocked at the door, only to be disappointed. There is much beauty in the graceful figures of the women and a certain indolence is expressed in them that is in keeping with the subject.

BIDA

No. 229
"THE FOOLISH
VIRGINS"



XII



THE BARYE COLLECTION  Barye, above all things, was original. Géricault paved the way for Delacroix. The great Millet was the culmination of a movement inaugurated by Chardin. In fact, almost every distinct evolution in art has been the result of gradual growth, or development, but there was no prophet, no John-the-Baptist, to prepare the way for Barye; he was alone, and was understood by very few. During the early period of his childhood, while yet at play, the love of animals showed itself, when every substance that would yield to his touch was shaped into miniatures of them. One of the great lessons to be learned from the life of this master was the persistency with which he met and overcame all obstacles, surmounted all difficulties. He studied the character, habits and peculiarities of animals with a tenacity that is unparalleled in the annals of art. Not content with the materials of the plastic art, every conceivable method of art expression, oil, water-color, pencil, crayon, pen and etching point, each found in him a student, struggling for mastery. Barye was a colorist of strange weird power; he always found the tones best fitted to his subject. This is not

"If I should now be asked what is in my opinion the master quality of Barye, I should say that it was force.

That and order are the merits of the master upon which we must above all insist."

M. Eugène Guillaume

alone true of his paintings, but also applies to his immortal bronzes, where color and texture are strongly felt.

For three thousand years the grand possibilities of life in the animal kingdom as themes for art had been lost sight of, save in the half-animal and half-human types found in pictures of mythological subjects, or when used as motives in entirely conventionalized forms. Suddenly some unseen force awakened the slumbering powers of Barye's genius into a living flame whose brilliancy was to light the way to a greater appreciation of one of the great links in the chain of constantly evolving life. Like the persistency of Truth was the gradual growth of interest in his matchless works. At first the bigoted and prejudiced power that presumes to dictate what shall constitute art met every new work with ridicule or bitter denunciation. Repeatedly were the works of this man of destiny rejected, and medals awarded to men whose coming and going we now see caused scarcely a ripple on the great ocean of creative art. But while those in authority were denying his talent, the public hailed with delight the advent of each new piece. Poverty, the crucible in which genius is often tried, was not unknown to him, his early work being entirely lost under the name of his employer, but genius will show itself; only, however, as the direct result of persistent toil. It is a pleasure to know that one of the first to appreciate and lend substantial aid to him was the proprietor of this collection of his works. There existed a friendship between him and the artist that covered thirty years and never dimmed. A short time before Barye's transition, as trustee of one of the great art institutions of this country, this friend placed an

THE BARYE COLLECTION

"A complete sincerity, and profound knowledge have served and illuminated his genius. The structure of beings, their attitudes, their movements, their instincts, he has penetrated and expressed with the calm haughtiness of a Lucretius who sees in the balance of life and death the play of unflinching law."

M. Poubelle

THE BARYE COLLEC- TION

"The genius of Barye, like many great artists of our time, has—to our shame, be it repeated—been earlier and more generally recognized in America than in Great Britain. The better half of all his portable works, in its finest examples, is at the present moment in the United States. Baltimore is the resting-place of the greater number of the master's productions."

The Art Journal

"The water-colors of Barye are no less remarkable than his bronzes. They have the same qualities, grandeur of aspect and intensity of life."

Eugène Véron

order in his hands for copies of all his available works. When told this, Barye threw up his hands, and exclaimed, "My God, my country never did this for me!"

In the room dedicated to Barye in this house are the priceless originals which represent almost the entire work of his life. Thus the most comprehensive collection of Barye's work is to be found in the house of his friend. In the beautiful square in front of it is the first monument ever erected to his memory. It consists of five bronzes, cast by Barbédienne, the famous "Lion in Repose," very large, and four groups, "Peace," "War," "Force Protecting Labor" and "Order Protecting the Industrious and Learned Nations."

The visitor will be struck by the strange expression found in the water-colors and studies in oil which adorn the walls of the Barye room. In some of them the artist has advanced far into the province of Eugène Delacroix. There is a peculiar tone in some of them that looks as though they had had their source in molten bronze. In one, you are in a damp, marshy place where rank verdure grows and in which venomous reptiles have their haunts. On the limb of a tree, a strange swampy growth, amid dark rich foliage worthy of Rousseau or Diaz, are coiled brilliantly colored serpents. In another is painted a wild mountainous country, in the midst of whose solitude is a lion, the sole master of the field. Another represents a desolate sea-shore, showing a broad expanse of water as a background against which the ponderous form of an elephant is seen. The wild deer, the fierce tiger, the beautiful leopard, whose spots tell with delightful effect against deep olive-toned foliage and moss-covered rocks—indeed in the entire array of

drawings, not only the skill, but the temperament of the artist is revealed in a wonderful way.

From these let us turn to the grand originals in bronze that will live throughout the endless cycles to come. Varied as is the collection in subject, from the most pretentious groups to the tiniest objects, all are treated with seriousness. Here you will find the marvelous "Orleans Groups," those grand conceptions, displaying the terrible force of wild animals struggling for existence, which in their power are unsurpassed in any epoch of art.

"The Tiger Hunt" is a powerful study of action. On the back of a huge elephant are three natives engaged in deadly combat with two fierce tigers, one of which has leaped nearly on to the men, who are fighting him off with spears. On the opposite side of the elephant the other tiger crouches close to the ground, ready to spring. The action is so spirited that you almost expect him to leap. It is so true, so vital, and expressed with such skill and reality that you marvel.

There is something strangely beautiful about "The Hunt of Wild Ox," in the arrangement of the component parts, as well as in the action. There is no contrast of position; instead, the movement all runs in one direction. The two men in armor are almost identical in dress and action; the horses are not unlike, and the wild ox, who is crushed to the earth by the weight of the horses, faces in the same direction as the rest, producing almost a symphony of line. Underneath the group, and below the prostrate ox, are its victims, a horse and man. At the rear is a dog that has been killed. Taking all in all, this is not only one of the most brilliant and beautiful of Barye's composi-

THE BARYE COLLECTION

"A powerful genius, all observation and patience, which no contradiction ever moved, and which struggled for sixty years, less with a desire to shine than with the thought of satisfying itself by rendering homage to truth."

M. Eugène Guillame

THE BARYE COLLEC- TION

"Carrying his eager researches to the regions beyond animal limits, to the infinite of the spiritual world, he has come upon and questioned as a philosopher and naturalist, both in the attitude and expression of beasts, that nameless spirit which animates and directs them in the eternity of silence to which nature has condemned them."

Théophile Silvestre

tions, but also one of the most original and worthy of notice.

The same may be said of "The Hunt of the Elk," distinguished for its beautiful, symmetrical lines. The action displayed is terrible in its realism. In it man and beast are engaged in a deadly hand-to-hand encounter. The arrangement of this group is more compact than that of the "Tiger," or the "Ox Hunt."

In "The Hunt of the Bear," the last of this distinguished set of bronzes, there is something that reminds one of Millet; the drawing and treatment are large and massive, with very little detail, and like "The Hunt of the Elk," it is close and compact in composition.

"The Silver Lion" is a beautiful piece, unsurpassed in the realm of animal sculpture. His noble bearing stamps him truly the king of beasts. The action is wonderful; you can almost see him stealthily walking past, his eye apparently directed to some object far away. Power and force are written in every muscle. This great work was given by the city of Paris as the Grand Prize at the Longchamps Races of 1863. Barye, upon being commissioned to make it, carefully estimated the amount of silver required. On its completion, finding it lacked a small quantity of the amount he had been allowed, he had what remained made into a bar and carefully screwed underneath the base, thus satisfying his conscience. When, after long and fruitless efforts, the present owner succeeded in securing the work, and informed Madame Barye, the wife of the artist, of the fact, she became very anxious to examine it, making known for the first time the incident related. She turned it over and, with her face beaming with joy, exclaimed, "It is there!" As long as the masterpiece remains

in the hands of its present owner will the evidence of the simple honesty of his friend be a source of pleasure. It is the dream of the owner of this matchless work to see a colossal bronze reproduction of the Silver Lion placed on a simple foundation to commemorate the life of General U. S. Grant. Certainly it would be a grand thing and would go far towards offsetting the miserable array of public statuary in our cities.

The variety of Barye's work, both as to subject and manner of treatment, seems always fresh and inspiring, whether in the realms of mythology or in the delineation of a simple bird or a small lizard. There is sometimes a drollery expressed in a small space of two or three inches that causes one's face to wreath in smiles, as in "*The Dancing Bear*," or the "*Heron and the Tortoise*."

You have but to turn around here and your eye falls on another expression of animal life delineated with a power that is wonderful. I mean the "*Jaguar Devouring a Hare*," one of the best things from the master. Hungry and famished, a jaguar has pounced upon a helpless hare. Crouching flat to the ground, he crushes his teeth into its body and sucks its warm life blood, the effect of which, touching the sense of taste, causes sensations of delight to quiver through his form—sensations which he feels to the tip of his tail!

"*The Walking Wolf*" belongs in the first rank of Barye's works. It was dedicated to his friend, Théodore Rousseau. The presence of this animal might be expected in the mysterious shadows that lie afar down the mid-distance of the matchless landscape, "*Winter Solitude*."

Character is the chief point in the grotesque-

THE BARYE COLLECTION

"This exhibition of Barye's works is imposing, as well from number as from the quality of the pieces composing it. It appeals to the feelings also, because it bears testimony of an immense labor, and of that indefatigable conscientiousness which is the honesty of art."

Charles Blanc

THE BARYE COLLEC- TION

looking dromedary whose angular, awkward, shambling movement is naively given, and again in the clumsy, rollicking action of the "Elephant Running."

A remarkable group, in many ways, is the "Elk Surprised by a Lynx." The action and the ferociousness of the lynx are expressed with directness and power. An elk has been caught by a lynx, whose teeth and claws are fastened into the back of its neck. The fleet-footed stag is helpless, and with head thrown back, sinks to the earth in agonies of pain.

The "Panther Seizing a Stag" is like the former in its realism. The conception and modeling is broad and in spirit it is like the "Hunt of the Wild Ox."

The "Python Crushing a Crocodile" is a marvelous piece of drawing, and as a work of modeling, nothing could surpass it. The slimy texture of the huge reptile, the graceful curves of its body, and the ease with which the coils are rendered, make it a remarkable performance. The "Mounted Arabs Killing a Lion" is a strongly composed group, and the "Tartar Warriors Checking a Horse" is another instance of Barye's power of rendering action.

In the collection are numerous models in wax, a material much used by him. Here is the original model of "The Walking Tiger," one of Barye's greatest figures. The muscular action, structure of the bones, massive vise-like jaw, and stealthy tread will challenge the art of any age, ancient or modern. The great seated lion, called "The Philosopher," is grand in its dignity. And so throughout the entire animal kingdom this universal genius wrought with equal power.

Not confining himself to the delineation of animals, he also delved into the classic, the

THE BARYE COLLEC- TION

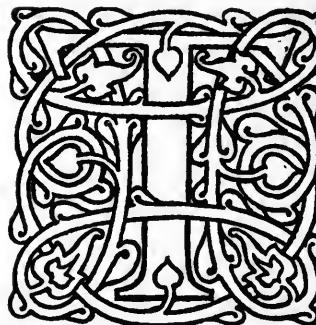
ideal, and portraiture, and wherever his hand touched, there sprang forth revelations of beauty. In "Roger Bearing Angelica on a Hippograff," the skill in the rendering of action, that was always fine in Barye, found its most beautiful expression. The hippograff, with its burden of beauty, fairly flies through the air, and the nude form of Angelica is charmingly drawn. "Theseus Slaying the Centaur Bianor," is a masterpiece already rated among the grand creations of plastic art, and the versatility of Barye is brought vividly before us as we contemplate his wonderful work in the field of decorative art, chief among which is the "Candelabra of the Three Goddesses," which will compare favorably with the works of masters who devote their whole lives to decorative sculpture. Whatever Barye undertook was always well done; all things were serious to him and found in him a serious interpreter. Life was but a span; work alone could lead him into the realization of the dreams of beauty that filled his mind and were waiting to be created. Men may come, and men may go, who will meet the requirements of the purely technical, but many decades will pass before another shall bring such originality of genius into his work as did he. In the realms of his chosen field of art, Anton Louis Barye is alone.

"From whatever distance and from whichever side we look upon Barye's bronzes or plasters, we find this impression and this character: his works remain artistic, and, by the pride of their carriage and the clearness of their outline, bear a victorious comparison with the greatest works of Assyrian sculpture."

M. Eugène Véron



XIII



THE PEACHBLOOM VASE  Some years ago the world was startled by the news that a small vase, the property of a lady of wealth, had been disposed of at an enormous price. The incident was glibly commented upon by those self-constituted learned men who dispose of things beautiful, born of the celestial spheres, with the same quill with which they deal out intellectual beatitudes on pork or base-ball. For them this little vase will have no message. Its proportions are entirely too diminutive; but if all the beautiful thoughts, all the lovely hues, all the sweetest odors, all the dainty textures—in fact, if all the beauty of the art and nature of the land of the celestial were distilled and refined into some material and shaped into one object that object might be the Peachbloom Vase. It is the perfect flowering of hundreds of years of Oriental art, the culmination of centuries of the most sacred devotion to the shrine of beauty. It is a gem that needs no setting; so frail, so perfect, that contrast with things less esthetic seems almost sacrilegious.

Its form is pure, beautiful and self-poised. Its color, while dainty, is matchless in its depth. The bloom of the peach conveys only a shad-

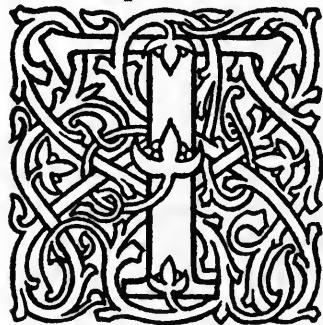
THE
PEACH-
BLOOM
VASE

owy description of its delicate beauty. Its glaze is of great perfection. When you gaze into its depths the surface is lost and it is as if you were looking into some crystal-like pool of water. Its indescribable pink is threaded with fine veins of mossy green that are charming. Its beauty can not be measured by bounds or limitations; there are no rules by which it can be analyzed. You feel its power coming to you like the odor of some unseen field of wild jessamine. Within the limitations of its simple form there is embodied something which all the wealth of the world can not create. A spirit is expressed in it that all the centuries of our boasted civilization can not duplicate. Go where you will, in any clime, you may search the treasures of all created beauty for its counterpart. It is not to be found. Then can such a marvel be measured by wealth, what though it cost a million dollars, if ten million could not reproduce it? In a special case in the Oriental Gallery will be seen a number of fine specimens of this variety of porcelain, but once let your eye feast on the exquisite simplicity of this vase and you have advanced into a higher realization of beauty.

The first introduction to this wonderful piece of porcelain was one of exultation, of joy never to be forgotten. Each successive sitting with it brought new influences, new sensations of delight, until its beautiful spirit had found an abode where it will linger through eternity. Its plain, simple surface is without a touch of decoration, yet it is the perfection of decorative art; its entire surface might be covered with your hand, yet it contains a world of grace. It is as if the spirit of beauty had found a new birth, had been reincarnated into its simple form. It is said that one of the porcelains that

THE
PEACH-
BLOOM
VASE

was held sacred by the ancient celestials, whose blue color was likened unto the sky after a rain, became almost extinct, and the pieces of it being as rare as the most precious stones, were worn as jewels. So who knows but that, in the countless generations to come, the fragments of this charming vase may likewise rival the precious stones of those days? Surely nothing could surpass its intrinsic beauty. Those who are fortunate enough to have felt its charm can congratulate themselves on having seen something that has no counterpart in the civilized world.



THE ORIENTAL GALLERY  The Oriental Gallery, to which the visitor is introduced before entering the main gallery, contains one of the most comprehensive and important collections of its kind to be found anywhere outside of the great national museums of Europe. This is especially true of the Chinese and Japanese objects, representative of the golden ages of their matchless art; some of the very choicest specimens, now in existence, are treasured within this room.

In their simplicity and gracefulness of form, delicacy of texture, and purity of color nothing could surpass the potteries and porcelains of the Chinese. The records of that nation show that pottery was produced by them some three thousand years prior to the Christian era. From that time to the early part of the last century the art flourished, at times reaching a perfection never equaled by any other nation. Beauty was the ideal, the very soul of their art, and

nature the inexhaustible source of their inspiration, the great school wherein perfect form and color were combined in objects of unrivaled beauty. In their porcelains are found all the varied colors and textures of both fruits and flowers, the green sap of the verdure, the ethereal blues of the sky, the rich warm red of the blood of the ox, the delicate forms and textures of the eggs of the fish, beautifully suggested in the crackled effects, the deep black-greens and texture of the melon, the delicate hues of tea, and the bloom of the peach, the incomparable colors of the plum; in fact, the possibilities of nature's suggestiveness seem to have been almost exhausted by them.

The opening of their ports and the consequent introduction of western business, with its so-called civilization, came like a blight to the flower-like art of the Orient, causing it to wither and die. Then the light which had illumined the land of the celestial, whose beauty was like the stars set into the fathomless blue of the night, in so far as production was concerned, was completely buried beneath the rubbish of insincerity and multiplicity of commercial institutions.

The Japanese, like their neighbors, date their art far back into the dim past, and like them, the art of this people is a growth that has become a part of their being, distinct and characteristic. Strange, weird and grotesque, their forms, their decorations are so imbued with the Japanese character that all attempts of others to imitate them have proved futile. However, the art of Japan has exerted such a wide influence over the art of western nations that today it permeates almost all the schools of the civilized world. As religions of the East have always exalted beauty, fostered spirituality

THE ORIENTAL GALLERY

"Regarding the ceramic art from the stand of true decorative principles, whether in its strongest characteristic, or in the more subtle refinement and delicacy of treatment both of color and general manipulation, there can be no question that the Chinese have established their pre-eminence in this artistic development, compared with all that has been accomplished up to the present time." From the introduction to pamphlet on the Orientals of the collection

From a paper on Japanese lacquers in
The Art Amateur,
October, 1880
"The largest and best collection in the United States is undoubtedly that of Mr. W. T. Walters, of Baltimore, and dealers who ought to know say that there is no private collection in Europe to surpass it."

and suppressed grossness, so the beauty and purity of their art is ever an inspiration to higher and better forms, and leads you at once to nature.

In this room the connoisseur will find an exhaustive collection of Chinese porcelain and pottery. The Chinese collection alone numbers fourteen hundred pieces, and the Japanese three or four hundred, while other objects, such as bronzes, ivories, lacquers, swords and various appliances of swords, jades, crystals, in fact everything of interest covering centuries of history, are here to be seen—a collection of over four thousand pieces. Arranged in cases in the main gallery will be found a beautiful and comprehensive collection of gold lacquers, covering a period of over eight centuries, the finest collection of this kind of lacquer in the world. It is a delightful array of the art that is above all Japanese in character, in its beauty of color, strangeness of form and gracefulness of line. Every touch, every splotch, has meaning, has expression in these matchless productions. The spaces wherein the surface was not even touched by the hand of the artist is still full of decorative suggestiveness. In other words, the Japanese artist, with a sweeping line and a splash or two of his brush, can fill a space with an ease and effect that no one else can approach. That freedom which artists of other nations seek for in vain, and can only catch by accident, seems natural with the Japanese. Accidents play no part in the results obtained by the men of the Orient, who attain only by persistent and painstaking work in the production of these lacquers, so spontaneous, so free and thoroughly decorative. Years of labor in the process of lacquer-making have been essential to

THE
ORIENTAL
GALLERY

their production, work which never has been and never will be rivaled.

Aside from the Oriental collection will be found most beautiful specimens of the choicest ceramics of other nations. This room is, indeed, a veritable world of beauty, and becomes a joy forever to those who study it long enough to truly see it.



APANESE AND CHINESE BRONZES

Where there is so much beauty and such infinite variety it is impossible to describe all, but we can not pass the bronzes without stopping to do homage to them. Of all

the materials through which art has sought expression, none possesses a more sober elegance than bronze, and no material in which the creations of genius have been embodied has withstood the storms of centuries with so little deterioration. That silent sentinel of by-gone ages, Cleopatra's Needle, in Central Park, shows the ravages of time everywhere save where this beautiful metal has been used. On its surface time has failed to register.

In passing from the Oriental Gallery you enter a little room, long and narrow, whose color and effect are somber. In some way one is carried in thought to the sacred temples of the East, with their strange mysteries, for whose service some of the greatest triumphs of Oriental art have been executed. A finer expression of the sacred art of the East could not be found than in the large bronze incense burner which stands in the center of the Oriental Gallery from the sacred temple of Kanyeizi in

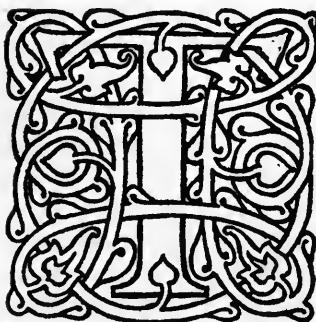
JAPANESE
AND
CHINESE
BRONZES

Uyeno, Tokio, to which it was dedicated in the year 1700. The revolutions of 1867 proved disastrous to the revenue of the priests, who, being compelled to part with this great work, sold it to a collector in Tokio, from whence it passed into this collection. It shows all the characteristic ingenuity of Japanese art. A huge sea dragon holds the lid, which is surmounted by the god of the sea. It is symmetrically spiral in form and is wonderfully impressive in size, being some twelve feet high.

A description of the many remarkable works in Japanese bronze would be too lengthy for the space allotted here, but we must not forget the Chinese bronzes which occupy one side of the smaller room. Here the same distinct personality that is so marked in their porcelains is seen in beautiful objects into which silver, gold and varied metals have been beaten into the bronze with charming effect. Here will be found incised work as well as relief, in which all of their quaint skill is expressed. One of the most charming things in the Chinese collection is a vase whose smooth surface is iridescent with color into which flakes of malachite have been introduced with unique effect. The process by which this strange work was accomplished is unknown. As a collection it is distinct because of the distinguished bronze workers represented. It embraces the greatest known to Chinese and Japanese art.



XIV



THE HEAD IN WAX Among the many rare objects which have an abiding place in this household, the one known as "The Head in Wax" holds an enviable place. It has no parallel, save in its counterpart, attributed to Raphael, which is treasured in the museum at Lille, France, of which this is a remarkable copy. It is so perfectly done that the most expert could not distinguish one from the other. It was executed by request of M. Alexandre Dumas, fils, who feasted on its beauty while he lived. The bust is about half life-size and represents a young woman of remarkably fine face, Italian in type, and of a blonde complexion. The hair, which is rather sandy in color, is arranged simply on the forehead and gathered back over the ears. The forehead is charmingly developed and has great expression. The brows are full, extend well over the eyes, and are exquisitely formed. The eyes are sensitive and slightly sad in expression. The joining of the nose with the brows is delicately treated, the lines curving up and uniting with the brows in a way that is simple and beautiful. The nose is a little long, though not prominent, being slender; the nostrils are delicately defined.

It is attributed to Raphael because it is so much in his sentiment and style. This, however, is doubted by many who attribute it to other sources, as it is not understood that Raphael ever worked in this material. Be that as it may, there is something about it that shows strongly the influence of the great Italian master.

R. B. G.

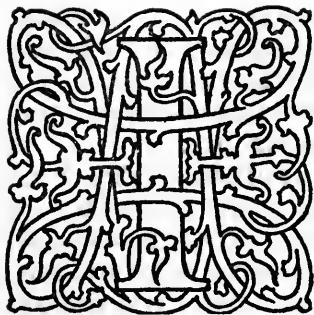
THE HEAD IN WAX

"It is a head of penetrating beauty. The lips, thin, curved and deliciously full of life, are illumined by an indescribable smile. The waving hair is of a dark golden tone; the eyes sapphire blue; the lips carmine—all painted with the brush in light tones which have spent themselves and acquired a real softness. The chin, the mouth, the cheek, the arch of the brow are of ideal perfection. * * She becomes a sort of worship to those who know her, and have spent a quiet half hour with her."

Louis Gonse

The mouth is one of her most delightful features and is modeled closely to life, being free from any attempt at idealization. The lips seem to move, while around them hover intoxicating smiles that wreath and play like ripples on water kissed by a summer breeze. The lips possess all the fascinating beauty that lingers around the corners of the mouth of the matchless "Magdalene" of Correggio. The chin protrudes slightly, giving strength of character to the lower part of the face. The contour of the head is very fine, being a beautiful oval. The cheeks are slightly slender, and give a spiritual effect to the face, which, with the fullness and warmth expressed in the other features, make a charming character. Underneath the brow, and looking out from the shadows that lurk there, the eyes droop in innocent modesty. They are of the strange pale blue color only found among the darker races. The neck and shoulders are shapely. The coloring is chaste, pure and simple. Innocence and tender maidenhood rest like a benediction on this lovely head, whose beauty grows upon you until you are fascinated by its spell.

It is well described in the following letter from Dumas to a friend: "I would like to show thee on a table near my book-case, before a large silk hanging embroidered with fantastic animals of all colors, the head of a young girl in wax, an only copy which I have had made of the one at the Museum of Lille, which they attribute to Raphael. I believe it to be by Leonardo, but my opinion does not alter the fact. This head is divine. Gras copied it as a labor of love. It is the great All in a small volume, because its expression is the image of life, and the material of which it is made evokes a sensation of death."



VORIES: "PSYCHE" AND "PHRYNE"

Two of the most beautiful ivories that are in existence give light to the room in which they are placed. They are "Psyche" and "Phryne." The latter, which is the latest acquisition to the collection, is the perfection of conscious female beauty. Its style and qualities point to it as of the sixteenth century, and it has been attributed to Benvenuto Cellini, but is more likely to have been by John of Bologna. The artist whose hand formed this bit of ivory into the exquisite embodiment of life surely dwells in the realms of the beautiful in the great beyond. I can think of nothing among the treasures of ancient or modern sculpture more perfect. There may be grander things, there may be higher realizations of ideal standards, but here is form in its perfection, yet warm and sympathetic and full of the charm of nature. So symmetrical, so graceful, so exquisitely shaped is it that nothing could compare with its peculiar fascination.

The figure is of slender type, with beautifully rounded limbs, so slight and youthful that she looks as though she might be one of those nymphs of the woods who dance to the music of the waterfall. The pose is of great simplicity, being graceful and natural; when viewed from any position you look in vain for a blemish, a weak point. The textures and undulating lines are so deftly wrought that you lose the impression of the substance out of which it is formed and seem in the presence of real living flesh. The warm color of the ivory gives a

charm that is especially beautiful. While this little figure is as perfect as one could wish and reaches the ideal of perfection of form, yet there is a truth about it which makes you feel that it is a careful study from life.

The other ivory is a youthful "Psyche." How light and airy is this charming figure poised on tiptoe, her moth-like wings extended as if she were about to rise into the air. She is the embodiment of youthful and unconscious beauty, with limbs that still retain some of the childish form whose every joint is spinned with dimples. Chaste, pure and innocent, it is as joyous and happy a thought as ever sprang from the hand of a sculptor. The charming face has all the quaintness of a Greuze, and the wonderful growth of hair that is gathered into a knot on the top of the head is so finely executed that it seems to have the fluffy texture of real hair.

What a beautiful trio these marvelous gems of sculpture make, the "Head in Wax," the "Psyche," and the "Phryne," unparalleled in beauty, faultless in execution, and stamped by the most refined genius! And yet the creator of each of them is unknown.



MINIATURES

There is a charm in old miniatures that suggests the perfume that comes from pressed flowers that have been carefully laid away and treasured because of the memories which they recall. With

miniatures comes the influence of bygone days, with its stays, brocades, powdered wigs, and quaint old snuff boxes. They belong to a time when culture

and aristocracy were real. The miniature has a character distinctly its own among the graphic arts. It is the aristocrat of the arts of painting, the very essence of dainty elegance and refinement.

Here are to be seen some charming examples by the great French artist, Jean Baptiste Isabey, who was a pupil under David, the leader and apostle of classicism. Isabey shows the influence of this famous school, which was chaste and refined. The portraits of Empress Josephine and Queen Hortense, No. 180 and No. 181, are two of his best works. They were both painted from life. They are exquisite in finish, pure in color, and have an elegance about them that befits the station of the subjects. No. 182 is another remarkably fine portrait of Empress Josephine, and was painted from life by E. Saint, a distinguished artist of the period. This miniature was presented directly by the Empress to Maréchale Bertrand; it is so inscribed. The Empress is represented as she is painted in David's great picture of the coronation.

No. 183, by Jean Baptiste Isabey, represents Empress Marie Louise, second wife of Emperor Napoleon. No. 184, by N. Fuger, of Vienna, is a fine portrait of Marie Therese de Bourbon, daughter of Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette. No. 185 is a miniature of Madame Elizabeth, sister of Louis XVI, and was painted from life by Sauvage. No. 186, by the same artist, represents The Dauphin (Louis XVII). A remarkable miniature, representing Emperor Napoleon I in the uniform of a "Grenadier de la Garde," is No. 187, painted from life by Jean Baptiste Isabey. No. 188, by Talani, is a cameo portrait of Empress Josephine. The above miniatures, 180 to 188 inclusive, were

MINIATURES

"Isabey was the head of the miniaturists. He painted with decision and breadth in locket pictures. Failing as a historical painter, he was a faultless miniaturist at a day when that art was very fashionable. He treated these minute portraits with a real breadth of execution, and had a long and brilliant career."

Critique

among the objects inherited at St. Helena from Napoleon I by the Maréchale Bertrand, from whose grandson they came directly to this collection.

No. 189, by E. Saint, is of Count d' Artois, brother of Louis XVI, and afterwards Charles X of France. No. 191 is a portrait of Lord Fitzwilliam, painted from life by Richard Cosway.

No. 192, by Pierre Adolphe Hall, a pupil of David, represents the artist Girodet, a distinguished classicist of that period. No. 193, by the same artist, is an exquisitely painted miniature of Queen Marie Antoinette. Hall has been called the Van Dyck of miniaturists, because of the quality of his work. No. 194, by Muneret, a pupil of Isabey, represents the Emperor Napoleon I, and Nos. 195 and 196, by Camino, are portraits of the artist's grandchild. This group of miniatures, while small in numbers, is very choice in quality and adds a distinct note to the great collection.



FINAL GLANCE

There are so many things of importance yet unmentioned that it seems almost a crime against the beautiful to leave them without a word of recognition. There are, for instance, the incomparable Chinese and Japanese draperies, which are beautiful beyond description; and the charming Marie Antoinette Room, a perfect facsimile of her famous boudoir, a dream of blue and white whose elegance is of the daintiest sort. Turning from this you enter a Dutch Room, wherein all the sturdiness of the Hollandish character is carved into wood or painted into tiles. Here

A FINAL GLANCE

and there throughout the house are mosaics, curios, jewels, statuary and drawings. The latter include many works of Gavarni, whose delineations of character were never equaled. Among other remarkable things are two large volumes of original drawings by the most eminent artists of the world, in which each one was requested to give his individual idea of the sentiment, "Prayer," to be expressed in his own way and confined to no especial religion. The results are bound in two immense books of matchless beauty. Since the descriptions were written of the pictures found in this collection, one of the best examples of George Inness has been added, thus honoring one whose name in the future by virtue of his great talent will rank among those whose works give this collection its peculiar distinction.

So with the myriads of beautiful objects yet unmentioned, I turn with a feeling akin to sadness back into the humdrum of everyday, commonplace things. But the memory of the dreams of beauty seen and felt within this modest house is still mine.

No sign is placed to tell of the matchless treasures in the house on Mt. Vernon Square, but when you have once entered its portals you are lifted into a grander realization of life and its possibilities.



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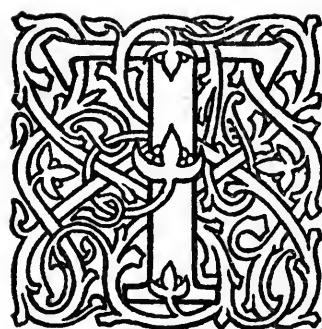
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